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Babylonian Marriage Market

Photogravure from the original painting by Edwin Long

THIS illustrates a custom of ancient Babylon described by Herodotus seemingly with approbation and certainly with gusto. Annually there were assembled in the temple all the maidens who had reached the age of marriage during the year. First the attractive girls were auctioned off to the highest bidders, and then the ill-favored ones were put on the block and disposed of to the suitors who were willing to accept the lowest amounts as dowries, these sums being provided from the fund just collected through the sales of the first lot.

BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN LITERATURE

COMPRISING

THE EPIC OF IZDUBAR, HYMNS, TABLETS, AND CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY

EPIPHANIUS WILSON, A.M.

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THE CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION SOCIETY

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

THE great nation which dwelt in the seventh century before our era on the banks of Tigris and Euphrates flourished in literature as well as in the plastic arts, and had an alphabet of its own. The Assyrians sometimes wrote with a sharp reed, for a pen, upon skins, wooden tablets, or papyrus brought from Egypt. In this case they used cursive letters of a Phœnician character. But when they wished to preserve their written documents, they employed clay tablets, and a stylus whose bevelled point made an impression like a narrow elongated wedge, or arrow-head. By a combination of these wedges, letters and words were formed by the skilled and practised scribe, who would thus rapidly turn off a vast amount of "copy." All works of history, poetry, and law were thus written in the cuneiform or old Chaldean characters, and on a substance which could withstand the ravages of time, fire, or water. Hence we have authentic monuments of Assyrian literature in their original form, unglossed, unaltered, and ungarbled, and in this respect Chaldean records are actually superior to those of the Greeks, the Hebrews, or the Romans.

The literature of the Chaldeans is very varied in its forms. The hymns to the gods form an important department, and were doubtless employed in public worship. They are by no means lacking in sublimity of expression, and while quite unmetrical they are proportioned and emphasized, like Hebrew poetry, by means of parallelism. In other respects they resemble the productions of Jewish psalmists, and yet they date as far back as the third millennium before Christ. They seem to have been transcribed in the shape in which we at present have them in the reign of Assurbanipal, who was a great patron of letters, and in whose reign libraries were formed in the principal cities. The Assyrian renaissance of the seventeenth century B.C. witnessed great activity among scribes and book collectors: modern scholars are deeply indebted to this golden age of letters in Babylonia for many precious and

imperishable monuments. It is, however, only within recent years that these works of hoar antiquity have passed from the secluded cell of the specialist and have come within reach of the general reader, or even of the student of literature. For many centuries the cuneiform writing was literally a dead letter to the learned world. The clue to the understanding of this alphabet was originally discovered in 1850 by Colonel Rawlinson, and described by him in a paper read before the Royal Society. Hence the knowledge of Assyrian literature is, so far as Europe is concerned, scarcely more than half a century old.

Among the most valuable of historic records to be found among the monuments of any nation are inscriptions, set up on public buildings, in palaces, and in temples. The Greek and Latin inscriptions discovered at various points on the shores of the Mediterranean have been of priceless value in determining certain questions of philology, as well as in throwing new light on the events of history. Many secrets of language have been revealed, many perplexities of history disentangled, by the words engraven on stone or metal, which the scholar discovers amid the dust of ruined temples, or on the *cippus* of a tomb. The form of one Greek letter, perhaps even its existence, would never have been guessed but for its discovery in an inscription. If inscriptions are of the highest critical importance and historic interest, in languages which are represented by a voluminous and familiar literature, how much more precious must they be when they record what happened in the remotest dawn of history, surviving among the ruins of a vast empire whose people have vanished from the face of the earth?

Hence the cuneiform inscriptions are of the utmost interest and value, and present the greatest possible attractions to the curious and intelligent reader. They record the deeds and conquests of mighty kings, the Napoleons and Hannibals of primeval time. They throw a vivid light on the splendid sculptures of Nineveh; they give a new interest to the pictures and carvings that describe the building of cities, the marching to war, the battle, by sea and land, of great monarchs whose horse and foot were as multitudinous as the locusts that in Eastern literature are compared to them. Lovers of the Bible will find

in the Assyrian inscriptions many confirmations of Scripture history, as well as many parallels to the account of the primitive world in Genesis, and none can give even a cursory glance at these famous remains without feeling his mental horizon widened. We are carried by this writing on the walls of Assyrian towns far beyond the little world of the recent centuries; we pass, as almost modern, the day when Julius Cæsar struggled in the surf of Kent against the painted savages of Britain. Nay, the birth of Romulus and Remus is a recent event in comparison with records of incidents in Assyrian national life, which occurred not only before Moses lay cradled on the waters of an Egyptian canal, but before Egypt had a single temple or pyramid, three millenniums before the very dawn of history in the valley of the Nile.

But the interest of Assyrian Literature is not confined to hymns, or even to inscriptions. A nameless poet has left in the imperishable tablets of a Babylonian library an epic poem of great power and beauty. This is the Epic of Izdubar.

At Dur-Sargina, the city where stood the palace of Assyrian monarchs three thousand years ago, were two gigantic human figures, standing between the winged bulls, carved in high relief, at the entrance of the royal residence. These human figures are exactly alike, and represent the same personage—a Colossus with swelling thews, and dressed in a robe of dignity. He strangles a lion by pressing it with brawny arm against his side, as if it were no more than a cat. This figure is that of Izdubar, or Gisdubar, the great central character of Assyrian poetry and sculpture, the theme of minstrels, the typical hero of his land, the favored of the gods. What is called the Epic of Izdubar relates the exploits of this hero, who was born the son of a king in Ourouk of Chaldea. His father was dethroned by the Elamites, and Izdubar was driven into the wilderness and became a mighty hunter. In the half-peopled earth, so lately created, wild beasts had multiplied and threatened the extermination of mankind. The hunter found himself at war with monsters more formidable than even the lion or the wild bull. There were half-human scorpions, bulls with the head of man, fierce satyrs and winged griffins. Deadly war did Izdubar wage with them, till as his period of exile drew near to a close he said to his mother, " I have dreamed a dream; the

stars rained from heaven upon me; then a creature, fierce-faced and taloned like a lion, rose up against me, and I smote and slew him."

The dream was long in being fulfilled, but at last Izdubar was told of a monstrous jinn, whose name was Heabani; his head was human but horned; and he had the legs and tail of a bull, yet was he wisest of all upon earth. Enticing him from his cave by sending two fair women to the entrance, Izdubar took him captive and led him to Ourouk, where the jinn married one of the women whose charms had allured him, and became henceforth the well-loved servant of Izdubar. Then Izdubar slew the Elamite who had dethroned his father, and put the royal diadem on his own head. And behold the goddess Ishtar (Ashtaroth) cast her eyes upon the hero and wished to be his wife, but he rejected her with scorn, reminding her of the fate of Tammuz, and of Alala the Eagle, and of the shepherd Taboulon—all her husbands, and all dead before their time. Thus, as the wrath of Juno pursued Paris, so the hatred of this slighted goddess attends Izdubar through many adventures. The last plague that torments him is leprosy, of which he is to be cured by Khasisadra, son of Oubaratonton, last of the ten primeval kings of Chaldea. Khasisadra, while still living, had been transported to Paradise, where he yet abides. Here he is found by Izdubar, who listens to his account of the Deluge, and learns from him the remedy for his disease. The afflicted hero is destined, after being cured, to pass, without death, into the company of the gods, and there to enjoy immortality. With this promise the work concludes.

The great poem of Izdubar has but recently been known to European scholars, having been discovered in 1871 by the eminent Assyriologist, Mr. George Smith. It was probably written about 2000 B.C., though the extant edition, which came from the library of King Assurbanipal in the palace at Dur-Sargina, must bear the date of 600 B.C. The hero is supposed to be a solar personification, and the epic is interesting to modern writers not only on account of its description of the Deluge, but also for the pomp and dignity of its style, and for its noble delineation of heroic character.

Epiphanius Wilson.—

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ISHTAR AND IZDUBAR

[*Translated by Leonidas Le Cenci Hamilton, M.A.*]

ALCOVE I

TABLET I: COLUMN I

Invocation

O LOVE, my queen and goddess, come to me;
My soul shall never cease to worship thee;
Come pillow here thy head upon my breast,
And whisper in my lyre thy softest, best,
And sweetest melodies of bright *Sami*,[1]
Our Happy Fields [2] above dear *Subartu*;[3]
Come nestle closely with those lips of love
And balmy breath, and I with thee shall rove
Through *Sari* [4] past ere life on earth was known,
And Time unconscious sped not, nor had flown.
Thou art our all in this impassioned life:
How sweetly comes thy presence ending strife,
Thou god of peace and Heaven's undying joy,
Oh, hast thou ever left one pain or cloy
Upon this beauteous world to us so dear?
To all mankind thou art their goddess here.
To thee we sing, our holiest, fairest god,
The One who in that awful chaos trod
And woke the Elements by Law of Love
To teeming worlds in harmony to move.
From chaos thou hast led us by thy hand,
[5] Thus spoke to man upon that budding land:
"The Queen of Heaven, of the dawn am I,
The goddess of all wide immensity,

1 "Samu," heaven.
2 "Happy Fields," celestial gardens, heaven.
3 "Subartu," Syria.
4 "Sari," plural form of "saros," a cycle or measurement of time used by the Babylonians, 3,600 years.
5 From the "Accadian Hymn to Ishtar," terra-cotta tablet numbered "S, 954," one of the oldest hymns of a very remote date, deposited in the British Museum by Mr. Smith. It comes from Erech, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, city of Babylonia. We have inserted a portion of it in its most appropriate place in the epic. See translation in "Records of the Past," vol. v. p. 157.

For thee I open wide the golden gate
Of happiness, and for thee love create
To glorify the heavens and fill with joy
The earth, its children with sweet love employ."
Thou gavest then the noblest melody
And highest bliss—grand nature's harmony.
With love the finest particle is rife,
And deftly woven in the woof of life,
In throbbing dust or clasping grains of sand,
In globes of glistening dew that shining stand
On each pure petal, Love's own legacies
Of flowering verdure, Earth's sweet panoplies;
By love those atoms sip their sweets and pass
To other atoms, join and keep the mass
With mighty forces moving through all space,
'Tis thus on earth all life has found its place.
Through Kisar,[6] Love came formless through the air
In countless forms behold her everywhere!
Oh, could we hear those whispering roses sweet,
Three beauties bending till their petals meet,
And blushing, mingling their sweet fragrance there
In language yet unknown to mortal ear.
Their whisperings of love from morn till night
Would teach us tenderly to love the right.
O Love, here stay! Let chaos not return!
With hate each atom would its lover spurn
In air above, on land, or in the sea,
O World, undone and lost that loseth thee!
For love we briefly come, and pass away
For other men and maids; thus bring the day
Of love continuous through this glorious life.
Oh, hurl away those weapons fierce of strife!
We here a moment, point of time but live,
Too short is life for throbbing hearts to grieve.
Thrice holy is that form that love hath kissed,
And happy is that man with heart thus blessed.
Oh, let not curses fall upon that head
Whom love hath cradled on the welcome bed

[6] "Kisar," the consort or queen of Sar, father of all the gods.

Of bliss, the bosom of our fairest god,
Or hand of love e'er grasp the venging rod.

Oh, come, dear Zir-ri,[7] tune your lyres and lutes,
And sing of love with chastest, sweetest notes,
Of Accad's goddess Ishtar, Queen of Love,
And Izdubar, with softest measure move;
Great Samas'[8] son, of him dear Zir-ri sing!
Of him whom goddess Ishtar warmly wooed,
Of him whose breast with virtue was imbued.
He as a giant towered, lofty grown,
As Babil's[9] great *pa-te-si*[10] was he known,
His armèd fleet commanded on the seas
And erstwhile travelled on the foreign leas;
His mother Ellat-gula[1] on the throne
From Erech all Kardunia[2] ruled alone.

COLUMN II

The Fall of Erech

O Moon-god,[1] hear my cry! With thy pure light
Oh, take my spirit through that awful night
That hovers o'er the long-forgotten years,
To sing Accadia's songs and weep her tears!
'Twas thus I prayed, when lo! my spirit rose
On fleecy clouds, enwrapt in soft repose;
And I beheld beneath me nations glide
In swift succession by, in all their pride:
The earth was filled with cities of mankind,
And empires fell beneath a summer wind.
The soil and clay walked forth upon the plains
In forms of life, and every atom gains
A place in man or breathes in animals;
And flesh and blood and bones become the walls

[7] "Zir-ri" (pronounced "zeer-ree"), short form of "Zi-aria," spirits of the running rivers—naiads or water-nymphs.
[8] "Samas," the sun-god.
[9] Babil, Babylon; the Accadian name was "Diu-tir," or "Duran."
[10] "Pa-te-si," prince.
[1] "Ellat-gula," one of the queens or sovereigns of Erech, supposed to have preceded Nammurabi or Nimrod on the throne. We have identified Izdubar herein with Nimrod.
[2] "Kardunia," the ancient name of Babylonia.
[1] "O Moon-god, hear my cry!" ("Siu lici unnini!") the name of the author of the Izdubar epic upon which our poem is based.

Of palaces and cities, which soon fall
To unknown dust beneath some ancient wall.

All this I saw while guided by the stroke
Of unseen pinions:
Then amid the smoke
That rose o'er burning cities, I beheld
White Khar-sak-kur-ra's [2] brow arise that held
The secrets of the gods—that felt the prore
Of Khasisadra's ark; I heard the roar
Of battling elements, and saw the waves
That tossed above mankind's commingled graves.
The mighty mountain as some sentinel
Stood on the plains alone; and o'er it fell
A halo, bright, divine; its summit crowned
With sunbeams, shining on the earth around
And o'er the wide expanse of plains;—below
Lay Khar-sak-kal-ama [3] with light aglow,
And nestling far away within my view
Stood Erech, Nipur, Marad, Eridu,
And Babylon, the tower-city old,
In her own splendor shone like burnished gold.
And lo! grand Erech in her glorious days
Lies at my feet. I see a wondrous maze
Of vistas, groups, and clustering columns round,
Within, without the palace;—from the ground
Of outer staircases, massive, grand,
Stretch to the portals where the pillars stand.
A thousand carvèd columns reaching high
To silver rafters in an azure sky,
And palaces and temples round it rise
With lofty turrets glowing to the skies,
And massive walls far spreading o'er the plains,
Here live and move Accadia's courtly trains,
And see! the *pit-u-dal-ti* [4] at the gates,
And *masari* [5] patrol and guard the streets!

[2] "Khar-sak-kur-ra," the Deluge mountain on which the ark of Khasisadra (the Accadian Noah) rested.

[3] "Khar-sak-kal-ama" is a city mentioned in the Izdubar epic, and was probably situated at the base of Khar-sak-kur-ra, now called Mount Elwend. The same mountain is sometimes called the "Mountain of the World" in the inscriptions, where the gods were supposed to sometimes reside.

[4] "Pit-u-dal-ti," openers of the gates.

[5] "Masari," guards of the great gates of the city, etc.

And yonder comes a *kis-ib*, nobleman,
With a young prince; and see! a caravan
Winds through the gates! With men the streets are filled!
And chariots, a people wise and skilled
In things terrestrial, what science, art,
Here reign! With laden ships from every mart
The docks are filled, and foreign fabrics bring
From peoples, lands, where many an empire, king,
Have lived and passed away, and naught have left
In history or song. Dread Time hath cleft
Us far apart; their kings and kingdoms, priests
And bards are gone, and o'er them sweep the mists
Of darkness backward spreading through all time,
Their records swept away in every clime.
Those alabaster stairs let us ascend,
And through this lofty portal we will wend.
See! richest Sumir rugs amassed, subdue
The tilèd pavement with its varied hue,
Upon the turquoise ceiling sprinkled stars
Of gold and silver crescents in bright pairs!
And gold-fringed scarlet curtains grace each door,
And from the inlaid columns reach the floor:
From golden rods extending round the halls,
Bright silken hangings drape the sculptured walls.

But part those scarlet hangings at the door
Of yon grand chamber! tread the antique floor!
Behold the sovereign on her throne of bronze,
While crouching at her feet a lion fawns;
The glittering court with gold and gems ablaze
With ancient splendor of the glorious days
Of Accad's sovereignty. Behold the ring
Of dancing beauties circling while they sing
With amorous forms in moving melody,
The measure keep to music's harmony.
Hear! how the music swells from silver lute
And golden-stringèd lyres and softest flute
And harps and tinkling cymbals, measured drums,
While a soft echo from the chamber comes.

But see! the sovereign lifts her jewelled hand,
The music ceases at the Queen's command;
And lo! two chiefs in warrior's array,
With golden helmets plumed with colors gay,
And golden shields, and silver coats of mail,
Obeisance make to her with faces pale,
Prostrate themselves before their sovereign's throne;
In silence brief remain with faces prone,
Till Ellat-gula [6] speaks: "My chiefs, arise!
What word have ye for me? what new surprise?"
Tur-tau-u,[7] rising, says, "O Dannat [8] Queen!
Thine enemy, Khum-baba [9] with Rim-siu [10]
With clanging shields, appears upon the hills,
And Elam's host the land of Sumir fills."
"Away, ye chiefs! sound loud the *nappa-khu!* [1]
Send to their post each warrior *bar-ru!*" [2]
The gray embattlements rose in the light
That lingered yet from Samas' [3] rays, ere Night
Her sable folds had spread across the sky.
Thus Erech stood, where in her infancy
The huts of wandering Accads had been built
Of soil, and rudely roofed by woolly pelt
O'erlaid upon the shepherd's worn-out staves,
And yonder lay their fathers' unmarked graves.
Their chieftains in those early days oft meet
Upon the mountains where they Samas greet,
With their rude sacrifice upon a tree
High-raised that their sun-god may shining see
Their offering divine; invoking pray
For aid, protection, blessing through the day.

[6] "Ellat-gula," the queen of Erech, the capital of Babylonia.

[7] "Tur-tan-u" was the army officer or general who in the absence of the sovereign took the supreme command of the army, and held the highest rank next to the queen or king.

[8] "Dannat" (the "Powerful Lady") was a title applied to the Queen, the mother of Izdubar (Sayce's ed. Smith's "Chal. Acc. of Gen.," p. 184). We have here identified her with Ellat-gula, the Queen of Babylon, who preceded Ham-murabi or Nammurabi, whom the inscriptions indicate was an Accadian. The latter we have identified with Nimrod, following the suggestion of Mr. George Smith.

[9] "Khumbaba" was the giant Elamitic king whom Izdubar overthrew. We identify him with the King of the Elamites who, allied with Rim-sin or Rimagu, was overthrown by Nammurabi or Izdubar.

[10] "Rim-siu," above referred to, who overthrew Uruk, or Karrak, or Erech. He was King of Larsa, immediately south of Erech.

[1] "Nap-pa-khu," war-trumpet.

[2] "Bar-ru," army officer.

[3] "Samas," the sun-god.

Beneath these walls and palaces abode
The spirit of their country—each man trod
As if his soul to Erech's weal belonged,
And heeded not the enemy which thronged
Before the gates, that now were closed with bars
Of bronze thrice fastened.
See the thousand cars
And chariots arrayed across the plains!
The marching hosts of Elam's armèd trains,
The archers, slingers in advance amassed,
With black battalions in the centre placed,
With chariots before them drawn in line,
Bedecked with brightest trappings iridine,
While gorgeous plumes of Elam's horses nod
Beneath the awful sign of Elam's god.
On either side the mounted spearsmen far
Extend; and all the enginery of war
Are brought around the walls with fiercest shouts,
And from behind their shields each archer shoots.

Thus Erech is besieged by her dread foes,
And she at last must feel Accadia's woes,
And feed the vanity of conquerors,
Who boast o'er victories in all their wars.
Great Subartu [4] has fallen by Sutu [5]
And Kassi,[6] Goim [7] fell with Lul-lu-bu,[8]
Thus Khar-sak-kal-a-ma [9] all Eridu [10]
O'erran with Larsa's allies; Subartu
With Duran [1] thus was conquered by these sons
Of mighty Shem and strewn was Accad's bones
Throughout her plains, and mountains, valleys fair,
Unburied lay in many a wolf's lair.

[4] "Subartu" is derived from the Accadian "subar" ("high"), applied by the Accadians to the highlands of Aram or Syria. It is probable that all these countries, viz., Subartu, Goim, Lullubu, Kharsak-kalama, Eridu, and Duran, were at one time inhabited by the Accadians, until driven out by the Semites.

[5] "Sutu" is supposed to refer to the Arabians.

[6] "Kassi," the Kassites or Elamites. The Kassi inhabited the northern part of Elam.

[7] "Goim," or "Gutium," supposed by Sir Henry Rawlinson to be the Goyim of Gen. xiv, ruled by Tidal or Turgal ("the Great Son").

[8] "Lul-lu-bu," a country northward of Mesopotamia and Nizir.

[9] "Kharsak-kala-ma," the city supposed to lie at the base of Kharsak-kurra, or Mount Nizir, or Mount Elwend. The same city was afterward called Ecbatana.

[10] "Eridu," the land of Ur, or Erech.

[1] "Duran," Babylonia.

Oh, where is Accad's chieftain Izdubar,
Her mightiest unrivalled prince of war?

The turrets on the battlemented walls
Swarm with skilled bowmen, archers—from them falls
A cloud of wingèd missiles on their foes,
Who swift reply with shouts and twanging bows;
And now amidst the raining death appears
The scaling ladder, lined with glistening spears,
But see! the ponderous catapults now crush
The ladder, spearsmen, with their mighty rush
Of rocks and beams, nor in their fury slacked
As if a toppling wall came down intact
Upon the maddened mass of men below.
But other ladders rise, and up them flow
The tides of armèd spearsmen with their shields;
From others bowmen shoot, and each man wields
A weapon, never yielding to his foe,
For death alone he aims with furious blow.
At last upon the wall two soldiers spring,
A score of spears their corses backward fling.
But others take their place, and man to man,
And spear to spear, and sword to sword, till ran
The walls with slippery gore; but Erech's men
Are brave and hurl them from their walls again.
And now the battering-rams with swinging power
Commence their thunders, shaking every tower;
And miners work beneath the crumbling walls,
Alas! before her foemen Erech falls.
Vain are suspended chains against the blows
Of dire assaulting engines.
Ho! there goes
The eastern wall with Erech's strongest tower!
And through the breach her furious foemen pour:
A wall of steel withstands the onset fierce,
But thronging Elam's spears the lines soon pierce,
A band of chosen men there fight to die,
Before their enemies disdain to fly;
The *masari*[2] within the breach thus died,

[2] "Masari," guards of the palace, etc.

And with their dying shout the foe defied.
The foes swarm through the breach and o'er the walls,
And Erech in extremity loud calls
Upon the gods for aid, but prays for naught,
While Elam's soldiers, to a frenzy wrought,
Pursue and slay, and sack the city old
With fiendish shouts for blood and yellow gold.
Each man that falls the foe decapitates,
And bears the reeking death to Erech's gates.
The gates are hidden 'neath the pile of heads
That climbs above the walls, and outward spreads
A heap of ghastly plunder bathed in blood.
Beside them calm scribes of the victors stood,
And careful note the butcher's name, and check
The list; and for each head a price they make.
Thus pitiless the sword of Elam gleams
And the best blood of Erech flows in streams.
From Erech's walls some fugitives escape,
And others in Euphrates wildly leap,
And hide beneath its rushes on the bank
And many 'neath the yellow waters sank.

The harper of the Queen, an agèd man,
Stands lone upon the bank, while he doth scan
The horizon with anxious, careworn face,
Lest ears profane of Elam's hated race
Should hear his strains of mournful melody:
Now leaning on his harp in memory
Enwrapt, while fitful breezes lift his locks
Of snow, he sadly kneels upon the rocks
And sighing deeply clasps his hands in woe,
While the dread past before his mind doth flow.
A score and eight of years have slowly passed
Since Rim-a-gu, with Elam's host amassed,
Kardunia's ancient capital had stormed.
The glorious walls and turrets are transformed
To a vast heap of ruins, weird, forlorn,
And Elam's spears gleam through the coming morn.
From the sad sight his eyes he turns away,

His soul breathes through his harp while he doth play
With bended head his agèd hands thus woke
The woes of Erech with a measured stroke:

O Erech! dear Erech, my beautiful home,
Accadia's pride, O bright land of the bard,
Come back to my vision, dear Erech, oh, come!
Fair land of my birth, how thy beauty is marred!
The horsemen of Elam, her spearsmen and bows,
Thy treasures have ravished, thy towers thrown down,
And Accad is fallen, trod down by her foes.
Oh, where are thy temples of ancient renown?

Gone are her brave heroes beneath the red tide,
Gone are her white vessels that rode o'er the main,
No more on the river her pennon shall ride,
Gargan-na is fallen, her people are slain.
Wild asses [3] shall gallop across thy grand floors,
And wild bulls shall paw them and hurl the dust high
Upon the wild cattle that flee through her doors,
And doves shall continue her mournful slave's cry.

Oh, where are the gods of our Erech so proud,
As flies they are swarming away from her halls,
The Sedu [4] of Erech are gone as a cloud,
As wild fowl are flying away from her walls.
Three years did she suffer, besieged by her foes,
Her gates were thrown down and defiled by the feet
Who brought to poor Erech her tears and her woes,
In vain to our Ishtar with prayers we entreat.

To Ishtar bowed down doth our Bel thus reply,
"Come, Ishtar, my queenly one, hide all thy tears,
Our hero, Tar-u-man-i izzu Sar-ri,[5]
In Kipur is fortified with his strong spears.

[3] See Sayce's translation in the "Chal. Acc. of Gen.," by Smith, p. 193.
[4] "Sedu," spirits of prosperity.
[5] "Tar-u-mani izzu Sarri," son of the faith, the fire of kings, or fire-king.

The hope of Kardunia,[6] land of my delight,
Shall come to thy rescue, upheld by my hands,
Deliverer of peoples, whose heart is aright,
Protector of temples, shall lead his brave bands.

Awake then, brave Accad, to welcome the day!
Behold thy bright banners yet flaming on high,
Triumphant are streaming on land and the sea!
Arise, then, O Accad! behold the Sami![7]
Arranged in their glory the mighty gods come
In purple and gold the grand Tam-u[8] doth shine
Over Erech, mine Erech, my beautiful home,
Above thy dear ashes, behold thy god's sign!

COLUMN III

The Rescue of Erech by Izdubar

Heabani, weary, eyes his native land,
And on his harp now lays his trembling hand;
The song has ended in a joyous lay,
And yet, alas! his hands but sadly play:
Unused to hope, the strings refuse their aid
To tune in sympathy, and heartless played.
Again the minstrel bows his head in woe,
And the hot tear-drops from his eyelids flow,
And chanting now a mournful melody,
O'er Erech's fall, thus sang an elegy:

[1] "How long, O Ishtar, will thy face be turned,
While Erech desolate doth cry to thee?
Thy towers magnificent, oh, hast thou spurned?
Her blood like water in Ul-bar,[2] oh, see!
The seat of thine own oracle behold!
The fire hath ravaged all thy cities grand,
And like the showers of Heaven them all doth fold.
O Ishtar! broken-hearted do I stand!

[6] "Kardunia," the ancient name of Babylon.
[7] "Sami," heavens (plural).
[8] "Tamu," dawn or sunrise, day.
[1] The above elegy is an Assyrian fragment remarkably similar to one of the psalms of the Jewish bible, and I believe it belongs to the Izdubar epic (W. A. I. IV. 19, No. 3; also see "Records of the Past," vol. xi. p. 160).
[2] "Ul-bar," Bel's temple.

Oh, crush our enemies as yonder reed!
For hopeless, lifeless, kneels thy bard to thee,
And, oh! I would exalt thee in my need,
From thy resentment, anger, oh, us free!

With eyes bedimmed with tears, he careful scans
The plain, "Perhaps the dust of caravans
It is! But no!! I see long lines of spears!
A warrior from the lifting cloud appears,
And chariots arrayed upon the plain!
And is the glorious omen not in vain?
What! no?" He rubs his eyes in wild surprise,
And drinks the vision while he loudly cries:
"Oh, joy! our standards flashing from afar!
He comes! he comes! our hero Izdubar!"
He grasps his harp inspired, again to wake
In song—the cry of battle now doth break.

"Nin-a-rad,[3] servant of our great Nin,[4]
Shall lead our hosts to victory!
God of the chase and war, o'er him, oh, shine!
Tar-u-ma-ni iz-zu sar-ri![5]

"Let Elam fall! the cause of Accad's woes,
Revenge of Erech, be the cry!
This land our father's blessed, our king they chose,
Tar-u-ma-ni iz-zu sar-ri!
Our holy fathers sleep upon this plain,
We conquer, or we here will die;
For victory, then raise the cry, ye men!
Tar-u-ma-ni iz-zu sar-ri!"

The minstrel ceases, lifts his hands on high,
And still we hear his joyful waning cry:
Now echoed by yon hosts along the sky,
"He comes! Tar-u-ma-ni iz-zu sar-ri!
Great Accad's hosts arrayed with spears and shields
Are coming! see them flashing o'er the fields!

[3] "Nin-a-rad," literally "servant of Nin," or "Nin-mar-ad," "Lord of the city of Marad."

[4] "Nin," the god of the chase and war, or lord.

[5] "Tar-u-ma-ni izzu sar-ri," "son of the faith, the fire-king."

And he! bright flashing as the god's attire,
Doth lead in burnished gold, our king of fire.
His armor shines through yonder wood and fen,
That tremble 'neath the tread of armèd men.
See! from his jewelled breastplate, helmet, fly
The rays like Samas from the cloudless sky!
How martially he rides his sable steed,
That proudly treads and lifts his noble head,
While eagerly he gallops down the line,
And bears his princely load with porte divine;
And now, along the plains there sounds afar
The piercing bugle-note of Izdubar;
For Erech's walls and turrets are in view,
And high the standards rise of varied hue.
The army halts; the twanging bows are strung;
And from their chariots the chieftains sprung.
The wheeling lines move at each chief's command,
With chariots in front;
On either hand
Extend the lines of spears and cavalry,
A wingèd storm-cloud waiting for its prey:
And see! while Accad's army ready waits,
The enemy are swarming from the gates.
The charge, from either host, the trumpets sound,
And bristling chariots from each army bound:
A cloud of arrows flies from Accad's bows
That hides the sun, and falls among their foes.
Now roars the thunder of great Accad's cars,
Their brazen chariots as blazing stars
Through Nuk-khu's[6] depths with streams of blazing fire,
Thus fall upon the foe with vengeful ire.
The smoking earth shakes underneath their wheels,
And from each cloud their thunder loudly peals.
Thus Accad on their foes have fiercely hurled
Their solid ranks with Nin-rad's flag unfurled,
The charging lines meet with a fearful sound,
As tempests' waves from rocks in rage rebound;
The foe thus meet the men of Izdubar,
While o'er the field fly the fierce gods of war.

[6] "Nuk-khu," darkness (god of darkness).

Dark Nin-a-zu [7] her torch holds in her hand.
With her fierce screams directs the gory brand;
And Mam-mit[8] urges her with furious hand,
And coiling dragons[9] poison all the land
With their black folds and pestilential breath,
In fierce delight thus ride the gods of death.

The shouts of Accad mingle with the cries
Of wounded men and fiery steeds, which rise
From all the fields with shrieks of carnage, war,
Till victory crowns the host of Izdubar.
The chariots are covered with the slain,
And crushed beneath lie dead and dying men,
And horses in their harness wounded fall,
With dreadful screams, and wildly view the wall
Of dying warriors piling o'er their heads,
And wonder why each man some fury leads;
And others break across the gory plain
In mad career till they the mountain gain;
And snorting on the hills in wild dismay,
One moment glance below, then fly away;
Away from sounds that prove their masters, fiends,
Away to freedom snuffing purer winds,
Within some cool retreat by mountain streams,
Where peacefully for them, the sun-light gleams.
At last the foe is scattered o'er the plain,
And Accad fiercely slays the flying men;
When Izdubar beholds the victory won
By Accad's grand battalions of the sun,
His bugle-call the awful carnage stays,
Then loud the cry of victory they raise.

[7] "Nin-a-zu," god of fate and death.
[8] "Mam-mit," or "Mam-mi-tu," goddess of fate.
[9] "Dragons," gods of chaos and death.

COLUMN IV

Coronation of Izdubar

A crowd of maidens led a glorious van;
With roses laden the fair heralds ran,
With silver-throated music chant the throng,
And sweetly sang the coronation song:
And now we see the gorgeous cavalcade,
Within the walls in Accad's grand parade
They pass, led by the maidens crowned with flowers,
Who strew the path with fragrance;—to the towers
And walls and pillars of each door bright cling
The garlands. Hear the maidens joyful sing!

"Oh, shout the cry! Accadians, joyful sing
For our Deliverer! Oh, crown him King!
Then strew his path with garlands, tulips, rose,
And wave his banners as he onward goes;
Our mighty Nin-rad comes, oh, raise the cry!
We crown Tar-u-ma-ni iz-zu sar-ri!

Away to Samas' temple grand, away!
For Accad crowns him, crowns him there!
He is our chosen Sar[1] this glorious day,
Oh, send the Khanga[2] through the air!

Then chant the chorus, all ye hosts above!
O daughters, mothers, sing for him we love!
His glory who can sing, who brings us joy?
For hope and gladness all our hearts employ.
He comes, our hope and strength in every war:
We crown him as our king, our Izdubar!

Away to Samas' temple grand, away!
For Accad crowns him, crowns him there!
He is our chosen Sar this glorious day,
Oh, send the Khanga through the air!

Toward the temple filed the long parade,
The nobles led while Accad's music played;

[1] "Sar," king. [2] "Khanga," chorus.

The harps and timbrels, barsoms, drums and flutes
Unite with trumpets and the silver lutes.
Surrounded by his chieftains rides the Sar
In purple robes upon his brazen car.
Bedecked with garlands, steeds of whitest snow
The chariot draw in state with movement slow,
Each steed led by a *kisib*, nobleman,
A score of beauteous horses linked in span.
The army follows with their nodding plumes,
And burnished armor, trumpets, rolling drums,
And glistening spears enwreathed with fragrant flowers,
While scarfs are waving from the crowded towers,
And shouts of joy their welcome loud proclaim,
And from each lip resounds their monarch's name.

And now before the holy temple stands
The chariot, in silence cease the bands.
Around an altar stand the waiting priests,
And held by them, the sacrificial beasts.
The hero from his chair descends,
And bowing to the priests, he lowly bends
Before the sacred altar of the Sun,
And prays to Samas, Accad's Holy One.

[3] "O Samas, I invoke thee, throned on high!
Within the cedars' shadow bright thou art,
Thy footing rests upon immensity;
All nations eagerly would seek thy heart.
Their eyes have turned toward thee, O our Friend!
Whose brilliant light illuminates all lands,
Before thy coming all the nations bend,
Oh, gather every people with thy hands!
For thou, O Samas, knowest boundaries
Of every kingdom, falsehood dost destroy,
And every evil thought from sorceries
Of wonders, omens, dreams that do annoy,
And evil apparitions, thou dost turn
To happy issue; malice, dark designs;

[3] One of the Accadian psalms is here quoted from "Chaldean Magic," by Lenormant, pp. 185, 186. See also "Records of the Past," vol. xi. pl. 17, col. 2.

'And men and countries in thy might o'erturn,
And sorcery that every soul maligns.
Oh, in thy presence refuge let me find!
From those who spells invoke against thy King,
Protect one! and my heart within thine, oh, bind!
[4] Thy breath within mine inmost soul, oh, bring!
That I with thee, O Samas, may rejoice.
And may the gods who me created, take
Thy hands and lead me, make thy will my choice,
[5] Direct my breath, my hands, and of me make
They servant, Lord of light of legions vast,
O Judge, thy glory hath all things surpassed!"

The King then rises, takes the sacred glass,[6]
And holds it in the sun before the mass
Of waiting fuel on the altar piled.
The centring rays—the fuel glowing gild
With a round spot of fire and quickly spring
Above the altar curling, while they sing!

[7] "Oh, to the desert places may it fly,
This incantation holy!
O spirit of the heavens, us this day
Remember, oh, remember!
O spirit of the earth, to thee we pray,
Remember! Us remember!

"O God of Fire! a lofty prince doth stand,
A warrior, and son of the blue sea,
Before the God of Fire in thine own land,
Before thy holy fires that from us free
Dread Darkness, where dark Nuk-khu reigns.
Our prince, as monarch we proclaim,
His destiny thy power maintains,
Oh, crown his glory with wide fame!

"With bronze and metal thou dost bless
All men, and givest silver, gold.

[4] Literally, "Right into my marrow, O Lords of breath."
[5] Literally, "Direct the breath of my mouth!"
[6] Sacred glass, sun-glass used to light the sacred fire.
[7] Incantation to Fire ("Records of the Past," vol. xi. p. 137). The Accadian and Assyrian text is found in "C. I. W. A.," vol. iv. pl. 14, and on tablet K. 49,002, in the British Museum.

The goddess with the hornèd face
Did bless us with thee from of old.
From dross thy fires change gold to purity;
Oh, bless our fire-king, round him shine
With Heaven's vast sublimity!
And like the earth with rays divine,
As the bright walls of Heaven's shrine."

COLUMN V

Ishtar and her Maids in the Favorite Haunt of Izdubar

The king while hunting where a forest grows,
Around sweet hyacinths and budding rose,
Where a soft zephyr o'er them gently flows
From the dark *sik-ka-ti*[1] where Kharsak[2] glows;
And Sedu[3] softly dances on the leaves,
And a rich odorous breath from them receives;
Where tulips peep with heliotrope and pink,
With violets upon a gleaming brink
Of silver gliding o'er a water-fall
That sings its purling treasures o'er a wall
Of rugged onyx sparkling to the sea:
A spot where Zir-ri[4] sport oft merrily,
Where Hea's[5] arm outstretched doth form a bay,
Wild, sheltered, where his sea-daughters play;
A jasper rock here peeps above the waves
Of emerald hue; with them its summit laves.

Around, above, this cool enchanting cove
Bend amorous, spicy branches; here the dove
Oft coos its sweetest notes to its own mate,
And fragrance pure, divine, the air doth freight,
To sport with gods no lovelier place is found,
With love alone the mystic woods resound.

[1] "Sik-ka-ti," narrow mountain gorges.
[2] "Khar-sak," the Deluge mountain, where the ark rested.
[3] "Se-du," a spirit of the earth, and rivers.
[4] "Zir-ri," the spirits of the rivers, water-nymphs.
[5] "Hea," the god of the ocean.

Here witching Zi-na-ki [6] oft drag within
The waves unwilling Zi-si; [7] here the din
Of roars of sullen storms is never known
When tempests make the mighty waters groan;
Nor sound of strife is heard, but rippling rills,
Or softest note of love, the breezes fills.

And here the king in blissful dreams oft lies
'Mid pure ambrosial odors, and light flies
The tune in bliss; away from kingly care,
And hollow splendor of the courtly glare;
Away from triumphs, battle-fields afar,
The favorite haunt of huntsman Izdubar.

The Queen of Love the glowing spot surveys,
And sees the monarch where he blissful lays;
And watching till he takes his bow and spear
To chase the wild gazelles now browsing near,
She, ere the king returns, near by arrives
With her two maids; with them for love connives,
Joy and seduction thus voluptuous fly
Her Samkhatu,[8] Kharimtu [9] from the sky,
As gently, lightly as a spirit's wing
Oft carries gods to earth while Sedu sing.
Thus, they, with lightest step, expectant stood
Within this lovely spot beneath the wood.

Their snowy limbs they bare, undraped now stand
Upon the rock at Ishtar's soft command.
Like marble forms endued with life they move,
And thrill the air with welcome notes of love.
The *its-tu-ri Same mut-tab-ri* [10] sang
Their sweetest notes, and the *Khar-san-u* [1] rang
With songs of thrushes, turtle-doves and jays,
And linnets, with the nightingale's sweet lays,
Goldfinches, magpies and the wild hoopoes;
With cries of green-plumed parrots and cuckoos,

[6] "Zi-na-ki," pronounced "zee-na-kee," spirits of purity.
[7] "Zi-si," corn-gods, or spirits of the corn.
[8] "Sam-kha-tu," one of the maids of Ishtar, "Joy."
[9] "Kha-rima-tu," one of the maids of Ishtar, "Seduction."
[10] "Its-tu-ri Same mut-tab ri," "the winged birds of heaven."
[1] "Khar-san-u," forest.

Pee-wits and sparrows join the piercing cries
Of gorgeous herons, while now upward flies
The eagle screaming, joyful spreads his wings
Above the forest; and the woodchuck rings
A wild tattoo upon the trees around;
And humming-birds whirr o'er the flowering ground
In flocks, and beat the luscious laden air
With emerald and gold, and scarlet, where
These perfect forms with godly grace divine,
In loveliness upon the rock recline.
Sweet joy is slender formed, with bright black eyes
That sparkle oft and dance with joy's surprise;
Seduction, with her rare voluptuous form,
Enchanteth all till wildest passions warm
The blood and fire the eye beneath her charm;
All hearts in heaven and earth she doth disarm.
The Queen with every perfect charm displayed
Delights the eye, and fills the heart, dismayed
With fear, lest the bright phantom may dissolve
To airy nothingness, till fierce resolve
Fills each who her beholds, while love doth dart
From liquid eyes and captivates the heart.
She is the queen who fills the earth with love
And reigns unrivalled in her realms above.

Beware, ye hearts! beware! who feel the snare
Of Ishtar, lest ye tread upon the air;
When ye her rosy chain of fragrance wear,
When blindness strikes the eye, and deaf the ear
Becomes, and heartstrings only lead you then,
Till ye return to common sense again;
Enthralled mayhap and captive led in chains,
Ye then will leisure have to bear your pains;
Or if perchance a joy hath come to thee,
Through all thy joyous life, then happy be!

COLUMN VI

Izdubar falls in Love with Ishtar, the Queen of Love

The hour has come when Izdubar will seek
The cool enchantment of the cove, and slake
His thirst with its sweet waters bubbling pure,
Where Love has spread for him her sweetest lure,
The maids expectant listening, watch and wait
His coming; oft in ecstacies they prate
O'er his surprise, and softly sport and splash
The limpid waves around, that glowing flash
Like heaps of snowy pearls flung to the light
By Hea's [1] hands, his Zir-ri [2] to delight.
And now upon the rock each maid reclines,
While Ishtar's form beneath them brightly shines;
Beside the fountain stands the lovely god,
The graceful sovereign of Love's sweet abode.

"He comes; the shrubs of yonder jasmine near
Are rustling, oh, he comes! my Izdubar!"
And thus her love she greets: "Why art thou here?
Thou lovely mortal! king art thou, or seer?
We reck not which, and welcome give to thee;
Wouldst thou here sport with us within the sea?"
And then, as if her loveliness forgot,
She quickly grasped her golden locks and wrought
Them round her form of symmetry with grace
That well became a god, while o'er her face
Of sweetest beauty blushes were o'erspread;
"Thou see-est only Nature's robe," she said.
"'Tis all I wish while sporting with my maids,
And all alone no care have we for jades;
And if with thee we can in truth confide,
We here from all the world may cosey hide."
She hurls a glance toward him, smiling naïve,
Then bounding from the rock, peeps from a wave;
The waters fondling her surround, embrace
Her charms; and now emerging with rare grace,

[1] "Hea," god of the ocean.
[2] "Zir-ri," spirits of the river, the sea-daughters of Hea.

She turning says:
"Make haste, my hearts!
Come forth! attend your queen!" and then she parts
The azure waves, to where, in dumb surprise,
The King enchanted stands, and fondly eyes
The Queen divine, while fascinating thrills
Sweep wildly through his breast; as fragrance fills
The rose-tree groves, or gardens of the gods,
Or breezes odorous from the Blest Abodes.
A longing, rising, fills his inmost soul
For this sweet queen who offers him a goal
His stormy life has never known, since he,
His loved one lost beneath the raging sea;
And all his calm resolves to seek no more
A joy which passed and left his heart forlore,
Are breaking, vanishing beneath her charms,
Dissolving as the mists, when sunlight warms
The earth, then scorching drinks the rising dews;
Till he at last no longer can refuse,
And love directs while he the goddess greets:
"Such wondrous beauty here no mortal meets;
But come, thou Zir-ru,[3] with me sweetly rest;
Primroses, gentians, with their charms invest
My mossy couch, with odorous citron-trees
And feathery palms above; and I will please
Thee with a mortal's love thou hast not known;
In pure love mingling let our spirits run,
For earthly joys are sweeter than above,
That rarest gift, the honeyed kiss of love
On earth, is sweeter bliss than gods enjoy;
Their shadowy forms with love cannot employ
Such pleasure as a mortal's sweet caress.
Come, Zi-ru, and thy spirit I will bless;
The Mandrake[4] ripened golden, glows around;
The fruit of Love is fragrant on the ground."

Amid the Dud'im[5] plants he now reclines,
And to his welcome fate himself resigns;

[3] "Zir-ru," water-nymph.
[4] "Mandrake," the "love-plant."
[5] "Dud'im" or "dudaim," דודאים, or Chald. יברוחין and Syr. יברוחא, the "love-plant" or mandrake; perhaps also originally from "du-du" ("love") or ex.

The lovely queen beside him now doth lay,
And leads his soul along the blissful way
That comes to every heart that longs for love,
When purest joy doth bless us from above;
From her soft liquid eyes the love-light speaks,
And her warm hands she lays in his, and wakes
Beneath her touch a thrill of wild desire,
Until his blood now seems like molten fire.
Her eyes half closed begat a passion wild,
With her warm breast, her loves hath beguiled;
She nearer creeps with hot and balmy breath,
And trembling form aglow, and to him saith:
"My lips are burning for a kiss, my love!"
A prize like this, a heart of stone would move,
And he his arms around her fondly placed
Till she reclined upon his breast, embraced,
Their lips in one long thrilling rapture meet.
But hark! what are these strains above so sweet
That float around, above, their love surround?
An-nu-na-ci[6] from forests, mounts around,
And from the streams and lakes, and ocean, trees,
And all that haunt the godly place, to please
The lovers, softly chant and dance around
To cymbals, lyres until the rocks resound,
Of goddess Ishtar chant, and Izdubar,
The Queen of Love wed to the King of War.
And he alarmed starts up and springs away,
And furious cries, to Ishtar's wild dismay:

"What meanest thou, thou wanton brazen thing?
Wouldst thou on me the direst curses bring?"
And lo! the goddess is transformed! the crown
Of her own silver skies shines like the sun,
And o'er her dazzling robes a halo falls;
Her stately form with glory him appals,
For Heaven's dazzling splendor o'er her flows,
With rays celestial; o'er her brow there glows
A single star.

דך ("particula"), Arab. "possessorem designante," et ex rad. Arab. דרי ("aegrotavit"), or דגר or "amare." See Simoni's Lex. Man. Heb. et Chald. et Lat., pp. 204-206, and Park's Heb. Lex., p. 113, note †.

[6] "An-nu-na-ci," spirits of the earth.

"Have I embraced a god?"
He horrified now cries; and she doth nod
Assent.
"But, oh! wilt thou thy queen forgive?
I love thee! stay! oh, stay! my heart you grieve!"

He springs beyond the mystic circling ring,
And from their sight thus glides the angry King.
Beneath the wood himself he doth disguise
In tattered garments, on his steed he flies;
And when he comes in sight of Erech's gate,
His beggar's mantle throws aside; in state
Again enrobed, composed his anxious face,
Through Erech's gates he rides with kingly grace;
O'er his adventure thus the King reflects:
"Alas my folly leads, my life directs!
'Tis true, the goddess hath seductive charms,
E'en yet I feel her warm embracing arms.
Enough! her love from me I'll drive away;
Alas! for me, is this unfruitful day!"

TABLET II—COLUMN I

Ishtar's Midnight Courtship in the Palace of Izdubar.

As Samas' car sank in the glowing west,
And Sin the moon-god forth had come full drest
For starry dance across the glistening skies,
The sound of work for man on earth now dies,
And all betake themselves to sweet repose.
The silver light of Sin above bright flows,
And floods the figures on the painted walls,
O'er sculptured lions, softly, lightly falls;
Like grim and silent watch-dogs at the door
They stand; in marble check their leaping roar.
The King within his chamber went his way,
Upon his golden jewelled couch he lay.
The silken scarlet canopy was hung
In graceful drapery and loosely clung

Around his couch, and purple damask cloths
Embroidered with rare skill, preserved from moths
By rich perfumes, to the carved lintel clung
In graceful folds; thus o'er the entrance hung.

Queen Ishtar softly comes, and o'er his dreams
A mystic spell she draws, until it seems
While half awake he lies, that she is yet
Close nestling in his arms, as he had met
Her in the wood, and with her there reclined,
While her soft arms around him were entwined.
Thus while he sleeps she hovers o'er his bed
With throbbing heart, and close inclines her head
Until her lips near touch the sleeping King's,
But daring not to kiss.
She love thus brings,
All through his dreams; until one misty night,
While he yet restless tossed, the lovely sprite
Sunk him to deeper sleep with her soft lyre
While hanging o'er his couch consumed with fire
That nestling around her heart-strings fiercely burned
Until at last lulled by the strain he turned
Upon his couch at rest, and she now lay
Beside him closely, when she heard him say:
"My love thou art, but canst not be!" No more
He murmurs, then inflamed she sought the door.
"Perchance the *su-khu-li*[1] sleep not!" she said;
And satisfied, turned where her lover laid;
And to his royal couch she crept again;
Her bliss will have despite of gods and men.
Her hot and burning lips cannot resist
The tempting treasure lying there, nor missed
Shall be the dearest joys of love from her
Who rules all hearts in Heaven, earth, and air.
Her right divine that blessing sweet to take,
She will assert, her burning thirst to slake.

His couch the Heavenly Queen of Love now graces,
And on his breast her glorious head she places;

[1] "Su-khu-li," guards of the palace.

Embracing him, she softly through her lips
And his, the sweetest earthly nectar sips,
While he in sleep lies murmuring of love,
And she in blissful ecstasy doth move.
Her lips to his, she wildly places there,
Until to him it seems a fond nightmare.

And thus, against his will, she fondly takes
What he her shall deny when he awakes,
The stolen kisses both the lovers thrill:
Unquenched her warm desire would kiss him still,
But his hot blood now warms him in his dream
Which is much more to him than it doth seem;
And clasping her within convulsing arms,
Receives a thrill that all his nerves alarms,
And wakes him from the dreams she had instilled.
"What means this fantasy that hath me filled,
And spirit form that o'er my pillow leans;
I wonder what this fragrant incense means?
Oh, tush! 'tis but an idle, wildering dream,
But how delightful, joyous it did seem!
Her beauteous form it had, its breath perfume;
Do spirit forms such loveliness assume?"

The goddess yet dares not her form reveal,
And quickly she herself doth now conceal
Behind the damask curtains at the door.
When he awoke, sprang to the chamber floor,
As his own maid the queen herself transforms,
Says entering in haste:
"What wild alarms
Thee, Sar?" and then demure awaits reply,
In doubt to hear or to his bosom fly.
"My maid art thou? 'Tis well, for I have dreamed
Of spirits, as a Zi-ru fair it seemed."

COLUMN II

The King's Second Dream and Early Ride upon Sumir's Plain, and Hand-to-Hand Conflict on the Banks of the Euphrates

The night is fleeing from the light of dawn,
Which dimly falls upon the palace lawn;
The King upon his royal *dum-khi*[1] sleeps,
And to his couch again Queen Ishtar creeps.
In spite his dream to dismal thoughts she turns,
Her victim tosses, now with fever burns:
He wildly starts, and from his *dum-khi* springs,
While loud his voice throughout the palace rings:
"Ho! vassals! haste to me! your King!" he cries,
And stamping fiercely while his passions rise.
The *sukhu-li*[2] and *masari*[3] rush in:
"What trouble, Sar? have foes here come within?"
Then searching around they in his chamber rush,
And eagerly aside the curtains push.
The King yet paces on the floor with strides
That show the trouble of his mind, and chides
Them all as laggards; "Soon the sun will rise:
My steed prepared bring hence!" he turning cries.
He mounts and gallops through the swinging gates,
Nor for attendance of his vassals waits.
Nor turns his face toward the *nam-za-khi*,[4]
Who quickly opened for the King to fly
Without the gates; across the plains he rides
Away unmindful where his steed he guides.
The horse's hoofs resound upon the plain
As the lone horseman with bewildered brain,
To leave behind the phantoms of the night,
Rides fiercely through the early morning light,
Beyond the orange orchards, citron groves,
'Mid feathery date-palms he reckless roves.

[1] "Dum-khi," couch.
[2] "Su-khu-li rabi," attendants of the King.
[3] "Masari," guards of the palace.
[4] "Nam-za-ki," openers of the gates.

The fields of yellow grain mid fig-trees flash
Unseen, and prickly pears, pomegranates, dash
In quick succession by, till the white foam
From his steed's mouth and quiv'ring flanks doth come;
Nor heeds the whitened flowing mane, but flies,
While clouds of dust him follow, and arise
Behind him o'er the road like black storm clouds,
While Zu [5] the storm-bird onward fiercely goads
The seven [6] raven spirits of the air,
And Nus-ku [7] opens wide the fiery glare
Of pent-up lightnings for fierce Gibil's [8] hand,
Who hurls them forth at Nergal's [9] stern command,
And Rimmon [10] rides triumphant on the air,
And Ninazu [1] for victims doth prepare,
The King rides from the road into the wild,
Nor thought of danger, his stern features smiled
As the worn steed from a huge lion shied,
Which turning glanced at them and sprang aside;
Now Zi-pis-au-ni [2] fly before the King.
And yellow leopards through the rushes spring.
Upon Euphrates' banks his steed he reins,
And views the rosy wilds of Sumir's plains.

He looked toward the east across the plain
That stretched afar o'er brake and marshy fen,
And clustering trees that marked the Tigris' course;
And now beyond the plain o'er fields and moors,
The mountain range of Zu [3] o'er Susa's land
Is glowing 'neath the touch of Samas' hand;
For his bright face is rising in the east,
And shifting clouds from sea and rising mist,
The robes of purple, violet and gold,

[5] "Zu," the divine bird of the storm-cloud, the god worshipped by Izdubar, the god who stole the tablets of heaven.

[6] The seven wicked spirits in the form of men with faces of ravens.

[7] "Nus-ku," the gate-keeper of thunder.

[8] "Gibil," the god of fire and spells and witchcraft.

[9] "Ner-gal," director of the storms, the giant King of War, the strong begetter.

[10] "Rimmon," the god of storms and hurricanes.

[1] "Nin-a-zu," the goddess of fate and death.

[2] "Zi-pis-au-ni," spirits of the papyri, or reeds.

[3] Mountain range of Zu. The ancient name is unknown, but as Susa takes its name from Zu, the divine bird of the storm-cloud, we have given the mountains of Susiana their probable ancient name.

With rosy tints the form of Samas fold.
The tamarisk and scarlet mistletoe,
With green acacias' golden summits glow,
And citron, olives, myrtle, climbing vine,
Arbutus, cypress, plane-tree rise divine;
The emerald verdure, clad with brilliant hues,
With rose-tree forests quaffs the morning dews.
The King delighted bares his troubled brow,
In Samas' golden rays doth holy bow.
But see! a shadow steals along the ground!
And trampling footsteps through the copses sound,
And Izdubar, his hand placed on his sword,
Loud cries:
"Who cometh o'er mine Erech's sward?"
An armèd warrior before him springs;
The King, dismounted, his bright weapon swings.
"'Tis I, Prince Dib-bara,[4] Lord Izdubar,
And now at last alone we meet in war;
My soldiers you o'erthrew upon the field,
But here to Nuk-khu's [5] son thine arm shall yield!
The monarch eyes the warrior evil-born,
And thus replies to him with bitter scorn:
"And dost thou think that Samas' son shall die
By a vile foe who from my host did fly?
Or canst thou hope that sons of darkness may
The Heaven-born of Light and glory slay?
As well mayst hope to quench the god of fire,
But thou shalt die if death from me desire."
The giant forms a moment fiercely glared,
And carefully advanced with weapons bared,
Which flash in the bright rays like blades of fire,
And now in parry meet with blazing ire.
Each firmly stood and rained their ringing blows,
And caught each stroke upon their blades, till glows
The forest round with sparks of fire that flew
Like blazing meteors from their weapons true;

[4] "Dib-bara" ("the darkening one"), the son of Nuk-khu. He is supposed to have been the viceroy of Khumbaba, and led the attack upon Erech.

[5] "Nuk-hu," or "Nuk-khu," the god of darkness and sleep. He is sometimes called "Cus-u."

And towering in their rage they cautious sprung
Upon each, foiled, while the deep Suk-ha[6] rung.
At last the monarch struck a mighty blow,
His foeman's shield of gold, his blade cleft through;
And as the lightning swung again his sword,
And struck the chieftain's blade upon the sward,
A Sedu springs from out the tangled copse,
And at his feet the sword still ringing drops.
The King his sword placed at his foeman's throat
And shouted:
"Hal-ca[7] to yon waiting boat!
Or I will send thy body down this stream!
Ca is-kab-bu! va kal-bu![8] whence you came!"
The chief disarmed now slunk away surprised,
And o'er the strength of Sar-dan-nu[9] surmised.
The King returns, and rides within the gate
Of Erech, and the council entered late.

COLUMN III

Izdubar Relates His Second Dream to His Seers, Who Cannot Interpret It

The counsellors assembled round the throne
Within the council halls of *zam-at*[1] stone,
Now greet their monarch, and behold his face
With trouble written on his brow, and trace
Uneasiness within that eagle eye,
While he with stately tread, yet wearily
His throne approached; he turned to the mu-di,[2]
And swept a glance upon his khas-iz-i.[3]
Uneasy they all eyed his troubled face,
For he had ridden at a furious pace.
The *abuli*[4] had told them on that morn,
How he across the plains had wildly torn

[6] "Suk-ha," wood or grove, or a forest.
[7] "Hal-ca!" "Go!"
[8] "Ca is-kab-bu! va kal-bu!" "Thou fool and dog!" "Ca" ("thou") is the short form of "cat-ta" or "ca'a"; generally it appears as "at-ta."
[9] "Sar-dan-nu," the great King.
[1] "Zam-at" stone, diamond, crystal or lapis lazuli.
[2] "Mu-di," seers.
[3] "Khas-i-zi," counsellors.
[4] "Ab-u-li," guard of the great gates of the city.

To drive away some vision of the night.
One asked, "Hath our Sardan-nu's dreams been light?
Or hath dread phantoms o'er thy pillow hung?
For trouble on thy countenance hath clung."
The monarch startled at the question eyes
The councillor, and to him thus replies:
"'Tis true, my counsellors and wisest men,
I dreamed a fearful dream Sat mu-si;[5] when
I have disclosed it, if one clear reveals
Its meaning all and naught from me conceals,
On him will I the greatest wealth bestow:
I will ennoble him, and the *sib-zu*[6]
A *ku-bar-ra*[7] for him shall rich prepare;
As my *tur-tan-u*[8] he shall be, and seer,
Decked with a golden chain shall next preside
At every feast, and break his bread beside
The King, and highest rank he shall attain
'Mong counsellors, and mine own favor gain;
And seven wives to him I will allow,
And a grand palace. This as King I vow,
The scribe it shall enroll above my seal
As Erech's Sar's decree beyond repeal.

I dreamed upon my *dum-khi*[9] fast asleep,
The stars from heaven fell from yonder deep
To earth; and one, with fierceful heat my back
Did pierce as molten fire, and left its track
Of flames like some huge ball along my spine;
And then transformed, it turned its face to mine;
As some fierce god it glowed before my sight
Till agony was lost in dread affright.
I rooted stood, in terror, for its face
Was horrible; I saw in its feet's place
A lion's claws. It sprang, my strength it broke,
And slew me, gloating over me! Awoke,
I sprang, methought I was a corpse *ka-ra*[10]

[5] "Sat mu-si," in the night-time, or last night.
[6] "Sib-zu," embroiderer.
[7] "Ku-bar-ra," robe of a prince.
[8] "Tur-tan-u," next in rank to the King.
[9] "Dum-khi" or "dun-khi," couch.
[10] "Ka-ra! va," etc., "Speak out! and if thou augurest the death of the King, or if thou augurest life of extended years, I have spoken! Speak out! and cast the lots! may they be propitious with us!"

Va tal-ka mat sar, talka bu-la sha
Ra-pas-ti sat-ti, ar-id-da! ka-ra,
Va hal-li-ka! lik-ru-bu ki-mi-ta!
The seers in silence stand, perplexed and think;
But from the task at once the wisest shrink.
The King each face soon read:
"Ye tell me no?"
And nodding all, concealed from him their woe,
For they beheld within the dream some fate
Impending o'er him born of godly hate,
And durst not to their monarch prate their fears,
For flatterers of kings are all his seers.
The King impatient eyed them all with scorn,
And hid his thoughts by wildest passions born;
And then at last contemptuous to them said,
"So all my seers of trouble are afraid?
Or else in ignorance you turn away;
'Tis well! I sorely need a seer this day."
And they now prostrate fall before his throne,
"Forgive thy seers!" one cries, "O mighty One!
For we this dreadful dream do fear portends
Thy harm! a god some message to thee sends!
We know not what, but fear for thee, our Sar,
And none but one can augur it; afar
He lives, Heabani should before the King
Be brought from Za-Ga-bri [1] the *na-bu* [2] bring!"
"'Tis well! Prince Zaidu for the hermit send,
And soon this mystery your Sar will end."
The King distressed now to the temple goes
To lay before the mighty gods his woes;
This prayer recites to drive away bad dreams,
While Samas' holy altar brightly gleams:
[3] "O Samas! may my prayer bring me sweet rest,
And may my Lord his favor grant to me:
Annihilate the things that me invest!

[1] "Za-Ga-bri," the mountains of Zu, "Ga-bri" ("mountains"), and "Za," another form of "zu," the divine bird of the storm-cloud. They were at one time called the mountains of Susa, now the Kurdistan range of mountains. The name we have given we believe to be the probable ancient one.

[2] "Na-bu," prophet, seer.

[3] We have here quoted a prayer after a bad dream, the text of which is lithographed in "C. I. W. A.," vol. iv. 66, 2, and is supposed to be an ancient Accadian prayer. See "Records of the Past," vol. ix. p. 151.

This day, O God! distressed, I cry to thee!
O goddess! be thou gracious unto me,
Receive my prayer, my sins forgive I pray:
My wickedness and will arrayed 'gainst thee.
Oh, pardon me! O God, be kind this day,
My groaning may the seven winds destroy,
Clothe me with deep humility! receive
My prayers, as wingèd birds, oh, may they fly
And fishes carry them, and rivers weave
Them in the waters on to thee, O God!
As creeping things of the vast desert, cry
I unto thee outstretched on Erech's sod;
And from the river's lowest depths I pray;
My heart cause thou to shine like polished gold,
Though food and drink of Nin-a-zu [4] this day
Be mine, while worms and death thy servant fold.
Oh, from thine altar me support, protect,
In low humility I pray, forgive!
Feed me with joy, my dreams with grace direct;
The dream I dreamed, oh favorable give
To me its omen filled with happiness!
May Mak-hir,[5] god of dreams, my couch invest!
With visions of Bit-sag-gal my heart bless,
The temple of the gods, of Nin, with rest
Unbroken, and to Merodach I pray!
The favoring one, to prosper me and mine:
[6] Oh, may thy entering exalted be!
And thy divinity with glory shine,
And may our city shine with glowing meads,
And all my people praise thy glorious deeds."
Now to Euphrates' banks the Sar and seers
Their footsteps turn to pray into the ears
Of Hea,[7] where, in white, a band of priests
Drawn in a crescent, Izdubar invests.
Now at the water's edge he leans, his hands

[4] "Nin-a-zu," the goddess of darkness and death.

[5] "Mak-hir," the daughter of the sun, and goddess of dreams.

[6] Literally, "he that shows favor." The above prayer was translated for the first time by Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A., in the "Records of the Past," vol. ix. p. 151. We have followed as literally as possible the original, and have given it its probable place in the epic.

[7] Hea, god of the ocean, the earth's surface, brightness, etc., and chief protector of men.

Dips in the waves, and pours upon the sands
The sparkling drops, while all a hymn descant
To Hea, thus the incantation chant:

"O chant our incantation to the waters pure,
Euphrates' waters flowing to the sea!
Where Hea's holy face shines bright on every shore,
O Sabit [8] of Timatu [9] to ye
We pray! may your bright waters glowing shine
As Hea's face, and heaving breast divine!

"O Sabit, to your father Hea take our prayer!
And may Dao-ki-na,[10] your bright mother, hear!
With joy, oh shine, as peaceful as the sleeping light,
O ever may your throbbing waves be bright.
O spirit of the Heaven, hear!
Remember us, Remember!
O spirit of the earth, come near!
Remember us, Remember!
O hear us, Hea! hear us, dear Dao-ki-na!
Ca-ca-ma u ca-ca-ma u ca-ca-ma!" [1]

COLUMN IV

Heabani, the Hermit Seer

Before a cave within the Gab-ri [1] wild,
A seer is resting on a rock; exiled
By his own will from all the haunts of men,
Beside a pool within a rocky glen
He sits; a turban rests upon his brow,
And meets the lengthened beard of whitest snow.
This morn an omen comes before his eyes,
And him disturbs with a wild eagle's cries
That fierce attacks a fox before his cave;
For he of beasts is the most cunning knave;

[8] "Sab-it," or "Sabitu" ("seven"), the seven winds, gods of the abyss or ocean.
[9] "Tiamatu," the abyss or ocean.
[10] "Dao-ki-na" or "Dao-ci-na," the wife of Hea, and goddess of the ocean.
[1] "Amen and Amen and Amen!" The Assyrian word is "Amanu." The original "ca-ca-ma" ("Amen") concludes the incantation; Heb. אמן, See "C. I. W. A.," vol. iv. pl. 14; also "Records of the Past," vol. xi. p. 135.
[1] "Gab-ri," mountains.

In wait upon the ground the fox hath lain
To lure the bird, which flying deems him slain.
He fiercely seizes it, as swooping down,
The bird with its sly quarry would have flown;
But the *a-si* [2] quick seized it by the throat,
While the wide wings with frantic fury smote
The beast, and the sharp talons deeply tore
Its foe—both greedy for the other's gore.

And lo! a voice from yonder sky resounds;
Heabani to his feet now quickly bounds,
And bowing, listens to the voice that comes
In gentleness; upon the winds it roams
From yon blue heights like sighing of the trees;
The seer in reverence upon his knees
Now holy bares his head in Samas' rays,
While the soft voice to him thus gently says:
"A messenger, Heabani, soon shall come
With offers rich, to leave thy lonely home.
This eagle sought its food and found a snare,
The messenger will come from Izdubar,
To learn from thee the meaning of his dream
Which goddess Ishtar sent,—a snare for him.
Then to the messenger prove not a snare,
As yonder *a-si* doth the eagle tear."

The seer in fury tore his beard of snow
And cried—
"Alas! my days shall end in woe
Within these wilds my happiness is mine,
No other joys I seek, my god divine;
I would upon these rocks lie down to die,
Upon my back here sleep eternally."
And Samas urging, to him thus replied:
"Heabani, hast thou not some manly pride?
And thinkest thou no joy thou here wilt lose?
The lovely Sam-kha-tu[3] the seer may choose.
Arrayed in trappings of divinity
And the insignia of royalty,

[2] "A-si," fox. [3] "Sam-kha-tu" ("Joy"), one of the maids of Ishtar.

Heabani then in Erech shall be great,
And live in happiness and royal state;
And Izdubar shall hearken, and incline
His heart in warmest friendship, and recline
With thee upon a couch of luxury,
And seat thee on a throne of royalty,
On his left hand, a crown shall grace thy brow.
Kings of the earth shall to thee subject bow
And kiss thy feet, and Izdubar shall give
Thee wealth, and thou in luxury shalt live.
In silence Erech's men shall bow to thee,
In royal raiment thou shalt happy be."
Heabani listened to the words that came
From Samas, and his brow was lit with shame
To hear the god of war urge him to go
To earthly happiness—mayhap to woe;
But he within his cave now listless turns
When Samas ceased; then to his rock returns,
And seats himself with calmness on his brow;
His thoughts in happy memories now flow,
And he recalls the blissful days of yore
When he as seer lived on Euphrates' shore,
As the queen's bard oft tuned a festive lay,
While soft-eyed maidens dance and cymbals play.

COLUMN V

Expedition of Zaidu in Search of the Seer

Prince Zaidu on his steed now hastes away,
Upon the plains he travelled all that day;
Next morn the Za-Gabri he slow ascends,
Along the mountain sides the horseman wends
Beneath the Eri-ni,[1] and cliffs, and sees
The plains and mountains o'er the misty trees
From the wild summit, and old Khar-sak glow
Above them all with its twin crests of snow.
He plunges in the wild to seek the cave;
Three days unceasing sought young Zaidu brave,

[1] "Eri-ni," cedar-trees.

And now at last within the glen he rode,
And near approached Heabani's wild abode.
At last he sees the seer before his home,
And with his monster [2] now toward him come,
That walked subdued beside the hermit seer,
Thus they upon the rocks above appear.

"Why art thou here in warrior's array?"
The hermit cries. "I know thee not! away!"

"O holy seer, 'tis Zaidu, from our Sar!
The king of Erech, chieftain Izdubar."

"What seekest thou within my mountain lair?"
Heabani angry cried. "What brings thee here?"

"For thee! if true Heabani is thy name;
I seek the hermit seer of wondrous fame.
My king doth offer thee rich gifts of state,
And sent me to thee here to make thee great.
No empty honors do I seek, which void
Of all true happiness, all men have cloyed.
Return then to thy haunts of pleasure, pain,
For thy king's embassy is all in vain."
The seer returns within his lonely cave
And leaves the prince alone the beast to brave.
At last it slinks away within the gloom;
No more from their wild home doth either come,
Three days Prince Zaidu watches the dark lair,
But now his courage turns to blank despair:
The seer hath changed his mind since Samas sought
To urge him forth to leave his lonely lot.
The prince the mountain precipice now climbs,
And peers within while clinging to the limbs
Of stunted oaks, and views the mountain lair;
But all in vain his calls ring on the air.
Then mounting wearily his steed he turns
Away, and unsuccessful thus returns.

[2] A carnivorous animal supposed to have been either a lion or a tiger, more probably a lion.

COLUMN VI

Heabani Resolves to Return to Erech

As Zaidu sadly turns and rides away,
The hermit from his cave comes forth to pray:
"Alas! hath all these wilds their charms here lost?
And is my breast with wild ambition tost?
My lonely cot I look upon with shame;
Again I long to seek the fields of fame,
Where luxury my remaining years
May crown, and happiness may find—or tears;
'Tis true! I should have welcomed the *bar-ru;* [1]
But he hath since returned to Subartu." [2]
His harp he took from its dust-covered case,
And kissed its carved and well-remembered face;
And tuning it, he glanced toward the wood,
And sang his farewell ode to solitude:

Farewell, ye mountains, woods and trees—
My heart doth long again for joy;
I love your wilds and mossy leas,
But oh, your solitude doth cloy!

I love to see the *bur-khi-is* [3]
Sweep stately o'er the mossy rocks;
And *tsabi* [4] in a wild like this,
Hear the tattoo of red woodchucks.

I love the cries of *lig-bar-ri* [5]
The *nes-i* [6] calling for their prey;
And leaping of the *na-a-li,* [7]
That fly in wildest fear away.

I love the *bu-hir-tser-i* [8] all,
Khar-sa-a-nu sa-qu-u-tu; [9]

[1] "Bar-ru," an army officer.
[2] "Su-bar-tu," Syria.
[3] "Bur-khi-is," antelopes.
[4] "Tsabi," gazelles.
[5] "Lig-bar-ri," hyenas.
[6] "Nes-i," lions.
[7] "Na-a-li," spotted stags.
[8] "Bu-hir-tser-i," beasts of the field.
[9] "Khar-sa-a-nu sa-qu-u-tu," forests thick

Hear *cu-uts-tsi*[10] with thunder roll
Across the skies within my view.

I love to see the *ca-ca-bi*[1]
Peep through the pine-trees o'er my home,
And watch the wild *tu-ra-a-khi*[2]
And *arme*[3] welcome, to me come.

Farewell! ye solitudes, farewell!
I will not moulder rotting lie
With no one's lips to wish me well;
O give me immortality!

But what is fame? A bubble blown
Upon the breeze, that bursts its shell,
And all our brightest hopes are flown,
And leaves our solitude a hell.

The holy minstrel bows his head in woe,
And sweeps the harpstrings with a movement slow;
Then lifts his eyes toward the setting sun,
His evening invocation thus begun:

[4]O Samas! to the lifting of my hands
Show favor! unto me thy servant turn!
What man before thy blessèd Light withstands?
O thou! what mortal thine own words can learn?
And who can rival them inviolate?
[5]Among the gods no equal thou hast found.
In Heaven who of all the gods is great?
O thou alone! art great through Heaven's bound!

On earth what man is great? alas! no one,
For thou alone art great! through earth's vast bounds.
When wide thy awful voice in Heaven resounds,
The gods fall prostrate to our Holy One;

[10] "Cu-uts-tsi," storms.
[1] "Ca-ca-bi," stars.
[2] "Tu-ra-a-khi," deer.
[3] "Arme," wild goats.
[4] This prayer is made up from Assyrian fragments now in the British Museum.
[5] See "Records of the Past," vol. iii. p. 136.

When on the earth thy voice afar resounds,
The genii [6] bow to thee and kiss the dust.
In thee, O Samas! do I put my trust,
For thy great love and mercy wide abounds!

O my Creator, God, thy watchfulness
O'er me, oh may it never cease!
Keep thou the opening of my lips! the fleece
Of purest snow be my soul's daily dress.
Guard thou my hands! O Samas, Lord of Light!
And ever keep my life and heart aright!

TABLET III—COLUMN I

Heabani's Wisdom—Song of the Khau-ik-i

The dark-eyed maids are dancing in the halls
Of Erech's palace: music fills the walls
Of splendor where the Sar-dan-nu [1] enthroned,
His hours is whiling by the maidens zoned;
A whirling garland chanting forth a song,
Accompanied with harps thus sang the throng:

"Heabani's wisdom chant and sing
To Erech's king our mighty Sar.[2]
When Hea did Heabani bring,
Who now to Erech comes afar,
He taught him then all hidden things
Of Ki [3] or bright Samu [4] above,
That to the Mu-di [5] mystery brings.
Oh, how Heabani we shall love!

Chorus

"Then sing with joy ye Khau-ik-i! [6]
The Khau-ga [7] chant with waving arms,
The Nin-uit [8] sing Au-un-na-ci [9]
Give to our Sar your sweetest charms.

[6] "Genii," spirits.
[1] "Sar-dan-nu," the great King.
[2] "Sar," king.
[3] "Ki," earth.
[4] "Samu," heaven.
[5] "Mu-di," seers or wise men.
[6] "Khau-ik-i," the choral band.
[7] "Khau-ga," chorus.
[8] "Nin-uit," song.
[9] "An-un-na-ci," spirits of the earth.

"All knowledge that is visible
Heabani holds it in his glance,
Sees visions inconceivable,
The Zi [10] his wizard eyes entrance.
Sweet peace he brings from troubled dreams,
He comes to El-li-tar-du-si,[1]
From a far road by mountain streams;
Then sing with joy ye Khau-ik-i!

Chorus

"Then sing with joy ye Khau-ik-i!
The Khau-ga chant with waving arms,
The Nin-uit sing An-un-na-ci!
Give to our Sar your sweetest charms.

"E'en all that on the tablet rests,
In Erech's tower, the Su-bu-ri,[2]
The beautiful, with glorious crests,
He wrote for far posterity.
We plead with him to leave us not,
But Zi-Gab-ri [3] him led away,
When our great Shal-man [4] joy us brought,
And Elam fled to the blue sea.

Chorus

"Then sing with joy ye Khau-ik-i!
Il-gi-sa-kis-sat [5] from above,
The Nin-uit sing An-un-na-ci!
Oh, how Heabani we shall love!"

The maidens note their monarch's moody face,
And turn their songs to him with easy grace,
Of their great ruler tune a joyous lay,
And oft into his eyes hurl glances gay;
And trumpets join the chorus, rolling drums,
And wild applause from all the chieftains comes,

[10] "Zi," spirits of the earth, air, water, etc.
[1] "El-li-tar-du-si," one of the temples of Erech.
[2] "Su-bu-ri," the lofty.
[3] "Zi-Gab-ri," spirits of the mountains.
[4] "Shal-man," deliverer.
[5] "Il-gi-sa-kis-sat," spirits of the hosts.

Till the grave seers and councillors now cry
In praise of him they love so tenderly:
With arms upraised the mighty chorus join,
Until his heart is filled with joy divine;
And thus they sing with more than royal praise,
Their love for him in every face doth blaze.

COLUMN II

Songs in Praise of Izdubar and Heabani as Sung by the Khau-ik-i

Our Izdubar dear Erech raised
From her distress, when she did mourn;
With joy his glorious name be praised!
Of a great warrior's daughter born,
And Bel in his own might, him arms,
To Erech's sons and daughters save;
What other Sar hath glorious charms
Like his, who saved proud Elam's slave?

Chorus

No rival hath our mighty Sar,
Thy cymbals strike and raise the cry!
All hail! All hail! great Izdubar!
His deeds immortal glorify!

Our Izdubar our sons preserves
To all our fathers day and night,
And Erech's ruler well deserves
Our highest praise, whose matchless might
Delights the gods! All hail our Sar!
Whose firmness, wisdom need no praise!
Queen Daunat's son, our Izdubar,
His glory to the Sami [1] raise!

Chorus

Of a great warrior's daughter born,
The gods clothe him with matchless might;
His glory greets the coming morn,
Oh, how in him we all delight!

[1] "Sami," heavens.

And thus of Seer Heabani they now chant
His birth and history and hyemal haunt.

Who can compare with thee, O Nin![2]
The son of Bel; thy hands didst lay
Upon Ar-ur-u, thine own queen,
With glory crowned her on that day.

To her thy strength did give, and blessed
Her with thy love and a dear son;
With Anu's strength within his breast,
And Ninip sped then to his throne.

When Queen Ar-u-ru hears her lord
From Erech's city far has gone,
She bows her head upon the sward,
With pleading hands in woe doth moan.

And to Heabani she gave birth,
The warrior, great Ninip's son,
Whose fame is spread through all the earth.
The queen with her own maids alone
Retired within her palace walls
For purity in Erech's halls.

Like the corn-god his face concealed,
Of men and countries he possessed,
Great wisdom by the gods revealed:
As Ner[3] the god, his limbs were dressed.
With wild gazelles he ate his food
While roaming with them in the night;
For days he wandered in the wood,
And bu-hir-tser-i[4] him delight.

The Zi-ar-ri[5] Heabani loves,
That play within the running streams;
With Zi-ti-am-a-ti[6] he roves
Upon the sands in warm sunbeams.

[2] "Nin" or "Nin-ip," the god of the chase and war.
[3] "Ner" or "Nergal," the giant king of war, the strong begetter.
[4] "Bu-hir-tser-i," beasts of the field.
[5] "Zi-ar-ri," spirits of the rivers, water-nymphs.
[6] "Zi-ti-am-a-ti," spirits of the sea, naiads or water-nymphs.

"The prince returns, O Sar!" the herald said,
And low before the throne he bowed his head;
"Our Zaidu, the bewitcher of all men,
Doth unsuccessful to us come again.
Before the cave the seer confronted him
Three days where Khar-sak's snowy brow doth gleam.
Heabani with his beast in his cave went,
And Zaidu waited, but his courage spent
When he beheld the seer and beast remain
Within the cave, and all his words were vain.
The prince remains without with downcast face,
And beg of thee, his Sar, thy sovereign grace."
The king to all the maidens waves his hand,
Then vanishes from sight the choral band.

COLUMN III

Zaidu's Return, and His Instruction to Take Two Maids with Him to Entice the Seer from His Cave

Prince Zaidu prostrate bows before the Sar,
Arises, thus narrates to Izdubar:
"Thy sovereign, Zaidu hath his king obeyed,
The royal mission I have thus essayed
As Anu's[1] soldier; I undaunted tried
To urge my mission which the seer denied.
I firmly met the beast that with him came:
Unmanly fear, confess I to my shame,
Came o'er me when I first beheld the beast,
In vain I plead, and in despair I ceased
When he refused, and angry from me passed
Within his cave, where cliffs and rocks are massed;
I climbed, but the wild entrance did not gain,
And for advice have I returned again."

"'Tis well, my son," the Sar to Zaidu said,
"Thy wisdom I commend for thy young head,
Again upon thy mission thou must go.
His might, and strength of purpose, thou dost know,

[1] "Anu," the King of Heaven.

Before a maiden's charms will flee away;
For he doth love the Zi-Ga-bri [2] that play
Within the mountain gorges. Turn thy face
Again with manly portance; for I'll grace
Thine embassy with two of our sweet maids,
Who oft shall cheer thee through the mountain glades,
Whom thou shalt lead before Heabani's den
With their bright charms exposed within the glen.
Take Sam-kha-tu and sweet Khar-imatu:
They will entice the seer when he shall view
Their charms displayed before his wondering eyes.
With Sam-kha, Joy, the seer you will surprise;
Khar-im-tu will thy plans successful end,
To her seductive glance his pride will bend.
Sweet Sam-kha's charms are known, she is our Joy,
As Ishtar's aid her charms ne'er cloy;
Kharun-tu with her perfect face and form,
The hearts of all our court doth take by storm:
When joys by our sweet Sam-kha are distilled,
Kharun-tu's love o'ercomes us till we yield.
Thus, armed with Love's Seduction and her Joy,
The greatest powers of earth thou dost employ;
No flesh can face them but a heart of stone,
And all the world doth lie before them prone."

Three days Prince Zaidu sat with Kharun-tu
Before the cave within Heabani's view;
Beside the pool they waited for the seer:
From Erech three days' journey brought them here,
But where hath Joy, sweet Sam-kha, roving gone?
When they arrived at setting of the sun
She disappeared within with waving arms;
With bright locks flowing she displayed her charms.
As some sweet *zir-ru* did young Sam-kha seem,
A thing of beauty of some mystic dream.

[2] "Zi-Gab-ri," spirits of the mountains.

COLUMN IV

The Two Maidens Entice the Seer

Thus in Heabani's cave the maiden went,
And o'er the sleeping seer her form she bent;
O'er him who with gazelles oft eats his food;
O'er him who drinks with *bhu-ri* [1] in the wood;
O'er him who loves the *zir-ri*,—of them dreams,
And sports with them within the mountain streams.
And when the gay enticer saw the seer
Unconscious sleeping with sweet Joy so near,
She clasped him to her breast and kissed his brow.
The seer awakes, with wonder eyes her now:
"Thy glory thou hast brought to me!" he saith,
"Sweet Zir-ru comes to me with fragrant breath!"
And with delight he eyes her beauteous form,
His breast warm moved by the enticer's charm.
He springs upon his feet and her pursues:
She laughing flees; to sport with him doth choose.

And now he eyes his hairy body, arms
Compared to Sam-kha's snowy god-like charms,
She give to him her freshness, blooming youth?
She laughing comes again to him,—Forsooth!
Her glorious arms she opens, flees away,
While he doth follow the enticer gay.
He seizes, kisses, takes away her breath,
And she falls to the ground—perhaps in death
He thinks, and o'er her leans where she now lay;
At last she breathes, and springs, and flees away.
But he the sport enjoys, and her pursues;
But glancing back his arms she doth refuse.
And thus three days and four of nights she played;
For of Heabani's love she was afraid.
Her joyous company doth him inspire
For Sam-kha, joy, and love, and wild desire.
He was not satisfied unless her form
Remained before him with her endless charm.

[1] "Bhu-ri," wild-beasts, pets of the hermit seer.

But when his *bhu-ri* of the field the sight
Beheld, the wild gazelles fled in affright.
And now without the cave they came in view
Of Zaidu waiting with sweet Kharim-tu,

And when Heabani saw the rounded form
Of bright Kharim-tu, her voluptuous charm
Drew him to her, and at her feet he sate
With wistful face, resigned to any fate.
Kharim-tu, smiling sweetly, bent her head,
Enticing him the tempter coyly said,
"Heabani, like a famous god thou art,
Why with these creeping things doth sleep thy heart?
Come thou with me to Erech Su-bu-ri[2]
To Anu's temple Elli-tar-du-si,
And Ishtar's city where great Izdubar
Doth reign, the glorious giant king of war;
Whose mighty strength above his chiefs doth tower,
Come see our giant king of matchless power."
Her flashing eyes half languid pierce the seer,
Until his first resolves all disappear.
And rising to his feet his eyes he turned
Toward sweet Joy,[3] whose love for him yet burned;
And eyeing both with beaming face he saith,
"With Sam-kha's love the seer hath pledged his faith;
And I will go to Elli-tar-du-si,
Great Anu's seat and Ishtar's where with thee,
I will behold the giant Izdubar,
Whose fame is known to me as king of war;
And I will meet him there, and test the power
Of him whose fame above all men doth tower.
A *mid-dan-nu*[4] to Erech I will take,
To see if he its mighty strength can break.
In these wild caves its strength has mighty grown;
If he the beast destroys, I will make known
His dream to him—e'en all the seer doth know;
And now with thee to Erech I will go.

[2] "Su-bu-ri," the lofty.
[3] "Sam-kha-tu" or "Samkha."
[4] "Mid-dan-nu," a carnivorous animal, supposed to be a tiger; the Khorsabad sculpture, however, portrays it as a lion.

COLUMN V

Festival in Honor of Heabani, Who Arrives at Erech—Interpretation of the Dream

The sounds of wild rejoicing now arise;
"Heabani comes!" resound the joyful cries,
And through the gates of Erech Suburi
Now file the chieftains, Su-khu-li rubi.[1]
A festival in honor of their guest
The Sar proclaims, and Erech gaily drest,
Her welcome warm extends to the famed seer.
The maidens, Erech's daughters, now appear,
With richest kirtles gaily decked with flowers,
And on his head they rain their rosy showers.
Rejoicing sing, while harps and cymbals play,
And laud him to the skies in their sweet way;
And mingling with their joy, their monarch rode
Before the seer, who stately after strode
Beside his beast, and next the men of fame.
The maids thus chant high honors to his name:

"A prince we make thee, mighty seer!
Be filled with joy and royal cheer!
All hail to Erech's seer!

Whom day and night our Sar hath sought,
O banish fear! for Hea taught
The seer, his glory wrought.

He comes! whom Samas loves as gold,
To Erech grace, our city old;
All wisdom he doth hold.

Great Hea doth to him unfold
All that remains to man untold;
Give him the chain of gold!

He cometh from the Za-Gab-ri
To our dear Erech Su-bu-ri.
Heabani glorify!

[1] "Su-khu-li ru-bi," attendants of the King.

Thy dream he will reveal, O Sar!
Its meaning show to Izdubar,
Victorious king of war."

Within the council halls now lead the seers
With trepidation and with many fears,
To hear the seer explain their monarch's dream.
Beside the royal throne he sits supreme
Among the seers, the Sar, his scribe commands
To read his dream recorded as it stands
In Erech's Gi;[2] who reads it to the seer,
Who answers thus:
"In this there doth appear
A god, whose ardent love will lead to deeds
Of hate against thee, Sar; thy present needs
Are great, O king! as fire this love will burn
Until the wicked seven[3] on thee turn;
And blood, alone, will not their fury sate:
The gods will hurl upon thee some dread fate."
In silence, Izdubar the warning heard;
His blood with terror froze, and then was stirred
By passions wild, when he recalled the scene
Of Ishtar's love for him by man unseen;
When she so wildly then proclaimed her love;
And now with hate his inmost soul doth move,
And her bright form to a black dal-khu[4] turned
And furious passions on his features burned.
And then of the first dream he thought, and light
Across his vision broke:
"'Tis true! aright
Thy seer hath read! for Ishtar came to me
In the first dream, her face e'en yet I see!
Aye, more! her lips to mine again then fell!
Her arms I felt around me,—breath too well
I know! of fragrance, while perfume arose
Around my dream and fled not at the close;
As frankincense and myrrh it lingered, when
I woke. Ah yes! the queen will come again!"

[2] "Gi," literally a written tablet, a record.

[3] The seven wicked spirits of the earth, air, and ocean.

[4] "Dal-khu," an evil spirit, a demon.

Then to his counsellor who wondering stood,
Nor heard his murmuring, but saw subdued
His features were, at first, and then, they grand
Became with settled hate; he raised his hand;
"'Tis true!" he said, "Reward on him bestow!
Then to the waiting feast we all shall go."

COLUMN VI

Izdubar Slays the Midannu in the Festive Hall, and Heabani Declares Him to Be a God

The guests are seated round the festal board;
Heabani takes his seat beside his lord.
The choicest viands of the wealthy plain
Before them placed and fishes of the main,
With wines and cordials, juices rich and rare
The chieftains all enjoy—the royal fare.
This day, with Izdubar they laugh and joke
'Mid courtesies and mirth, and oft provoke
The ringing merry laughter through the halls.
When all are satisfied within the walls,
Their fill have eaten of the royal fare,
With wine they banish from them every care.

The Su-khu-li[1] with tinkling bells proclaim,
"Our Sar would speak! Our king of mighty fame."
Who says: "My chieftains, lords, our seer requests
A test of strength before assembled guests;
Unarmed requires your Sar-dan-nu to slay
The Mid-an-nu[2] which he hath brought to-day.
So stand aside, my friends, behold the test!
Your Sar will satisfy his seer and guest."
The monster now is brought before the king,
Heabani him unchains to let him spring
Upon the giant king. His chieftains stand
In terror looking at their monarch grand,
Who smiling stands, his eyes on the beast fixed;
While they in wildest terror are transfixed.

[1] "Su-khu-li," the attendants.
[2] "Mid-an-nu," carnivorous animal, supposed to be a lion, the pet of the seer.

Heabani claps his hands towards the king,
And the wild beast upon his form doth spring.
The giant grasps its throat in high mid-air,
[3] And holds it 'neath his arm without a fear.
With sullen choking roars it struggling dies,
While shouts of joy from all the guests arise.
The mighty deed of strength the seer appals,
And at the feet of Izdubar he falls:
"Immortal king! illustrious of men!
Thy glorious strength reveals the gods again
On earth. To thee I bow in reverent fear,
A god returned thou art! O Erech, hear!
Of kingdoms thou art blessed with grandest fame,
That thou among thy kings a god can name."
Again they gathered round the festal board,
And joy and revelry they soon restored.
The revels high are raised o'er sparkling wine;
Through all the night they praise their king divine.

TABLET IV [1]—COLUMN I

The Annual Sale of the Maidens of Babylon

Hail holy union! wedded love on earth!
The highest bliss which crowns us from our birth,
Our joy! the mainspring of our life and aims,
Our great incentive when sweet love inflames
Our hearts to glorious deeds and ever wreathes
Around our brows, the happy smile that breathes
Sweet fragrance from the home of holy love,
And arms us with a courage from above.

O Woman! Woman! weave thy love around
Thy chosen lover, who in thee hath found
A loveliness and purity so sweet,
That he doth watch for coming of the feet

[3] This feat of Izdubar is portrayed on the bas-relief in the Louvre Museum, Paris, from the Khorsabad sculpture, and is also copied in Sayce's edition of Smith's "Chaldean Account of Genesis," opposite p. 175.

[1] We have included in Tablet IV Tablets V and VI of the original, as classified by Mr. Sayce.

That brings him happiness and thrill his heart—
For one, of all thy kind who can impart
To him the holiest bliss, the sweetest joy,
That e'er can crown his life so tenderly;
He worships thee within a holy fane,
Let not his hope and joy be all in vain!

O thou, sweet Queen! we crown thee in our homes,
And give to thee our love that holy comes
From Heaven to inspire and bless our lives.
For this mankind all hope to take pure wives
To sacredest of all our temples, shrines,
And keep thee pure within sweet love's confines
That we may worship thee, and daily bring
Devotions to our altar,—to thee sing
Our orisons of praise, and sacred keep
Our homes till we shall softly drop asleep
Within the arms we love so tenderly,
And carry with us a sweet memory
Of purity and bliss that blessed our lives,
And children gave from sweetest of pure wives.

Thou art our all! O holy woman, pure
Forever may thy charms on earth endure!
Oh, trample not upon thy husband's love!
For true devotion he doth daily prove.
Oh, shackle not his feet in life's fierce strife,
His weary shoulders burden,—blast his life!
Or palsy those dear hands that work for thee,
And fill his eyes with tears of agony,
Till love shall turn as acid to his teeth,
And thorns shall tear his side with hellish wreath,
And daggers pierce his heart, and ice his soul,
And thou become to him a hated ghoul!

[2]What married woman is untainted, pure?
She, who when married spreads for men no lure,
Bestows caresses on no man but him
Who is her husband; she who doth not trim

[2] The above is taken from an Assyrian fragment ("W. A. I.," ii. 35, No. 4) translated in "Records of the Past," vol. xi., pp. 159, 160, and presents the Assyrian view of purity and the customs of their people.

Her form to catch the vulgar gaze, nor paints
Herself, or in her husband's absence taunts
Not her sweet purity; exposes not
Her form undraped, whose veil no freeman aught
Has raised;[3] or shows her face to others than
Her slaves; and loves alone her husbandman;
She who has never moistened her pure lips
With liquors that intoxicate;[4] nor sips
With others joys that sacred are alone
To him, her strength; who claims her as his own.

O Beauty, Purity, my theme inspire!
To woman's love of old, my muse aspire!
When her sweet charms were equally bestowed,
And fairest of the sex with hopes imbued
Of capturing men of wealth and lives of ease,
When loveliness at public sale[5] doth please
The nobles of the land to wealth bestow
Upon ill-favored sisters, maids of woe,
Who claimed no beauty, nor had lovely charms;
When crones and hags, and maids with uncouth forms,
Secured a husbandman despite of fate,
And love redeemed them from the arms of hate.

The proclamation Izdubar had made
To bring to the great plaza every maid,
For Beltis' feast and Hergal's now arrives,
When maidens are selected as the wives
Of noblemen or burghers of the towns
And cities of the kingdom; when wealth crowns
The nobles richest, ever as of old,
With beauty they have purchased with their gold.

[3] Literally, "whose veil no freeman of pure race has raised." Before slaves and men of mean rank, women of the East are not obliged to veil the face.

[4] Literally, "who has never moistened her teeth with an intoxicating liquor." "Rec. of the Past," p. 160, l. 6.

[5] The public sale herein described is taken from the statement of Herodotus (see Herodotus, vol. i., p. 196. Compare "Nic. Dam. Fr.," 131, and Ælian. "Var. Hist.," iv. 1), who says all the marriageable virgins in all the towns of the empire or kingdom were sold at public auction. The beautiful maidens were sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds were deposited before the herald. The ugly maidens in turn were then put up, and the bidders were called upon to take them as wives with the smallest dowry to be paid from the proceeds of the sales of the beautiful maids, and they were in turn awarded to those who would accept them with the smallest amount as dowry. The numerous contracts for the sales of women now in the British Museum may possibly be records of these transactions.

The festival, the Sabat-tu[6] hath come!
The Sabat-tu of Elul! hear the hum
Of voices filling Erech's streets!
The maids are coming, how each gaily prates!
The day and hour has come for them to stand
And meet the bidders from all Sumir's land;
The day that ends their maidenhood, and brings
Them joy or not. Oh, how the poor young things
With throbbing hearts approach yon gathering throng
To hear their fate pronounced; but is it wrong?
The custom old, Accadia thinks is good,
They all are young and fresh with maidenhood;
The ugly ones as well, shall husbands have,
And their young lives from shame thus they will save.
No agèd maids shall pass from yonder throng
With bitterness,—their heart's unuttered song
For some dear love to end their joyless woe,
And longings unallayed that e'er may flow.

But Love! O where art thou? art thou a thing
That gold may buy? Doth lucre thy bright wing
Unfold to hover over human hearts?
Oh, no! Thy presence to our soul imparts
A sweeter joy than selfishness can give,
Thou givest love that thou mayst love receive;
Nor asking aught of wealth, of rank, or fame.
True love in palace, hovel, is the same
Sweet joy, the holiest of sacred things.
For this we worship Ishtar, for she brings
Us happiness, when we ourselves forget
In the dear arms we love; no coronet
Of power, or countless gold, or rank, or fame,
Or aught that life can give, or tongue can name,
Can reach the heart that loyally doth love,
Nor hopes of heaven, nor fears of hell can move.

Mayhap, this Sabattu, some lover may
All wealth he claims abandon on this day,

[6] "Sab-at-tu," a day of rest for the heart ("W. A. I.," ii. 32), the Sabbath day, which was dedicated to the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, and their gods, which were known by different names.

For the dear heart that seeming pleads to him,
While her fond glistening eyes shall on him gleam.
A look, a glance; when mingling souls speak love,
Will in his breast undying longings move;
And let us hope that when the youths have lain[7]
Their all before the herald, that no men
Who see their sacrifice will rob their hearts
Of all that gives them joy or bliss imparts;
Or that this day alone will maidens see
Who have not loved, and they will happy be
With him who purchases her as his wife;
Or proud young beauties will enjoy the strife
Of bidders to secure their lovely charms,
And love may bring their husbands to their arms.

The day is sacred, dedicated old
To Love and Strength, when loving arms shall fold
A vigorous husband to a maiden's breast,
Where she may ever stay and safely rest.
The day of Ishtar, Queen of Love! the day
Of Nergal, the strong god, to whom they pray
For strength to bless with vigor Accad's sons.
For many anxious years this day atones.

[8]This day their Sar the flesh of birds eats not,
Nor food profaned by fire this day, nor aught
Of labor may perform nor *zubat*[9] change,
Nor snowy *ku-bar-ra*[10] anew arrange.
A sacrifice he offers not, nor rides
Upon his chariot this day, nor guides
His realm's affairs, and his Tur-tan-nu rests.
Of soldiers, and of orders, he divests
His mind; and even though disease may fall
Upon him, remedies he may not call.
The temple he shall enter in the night,
And pray that Ishtar's favor may delight
His heart; and lift his voice in holy prayer,

[7] "Lain," to lay, v.a. (pretr. "laid," part. passive "lain," from "liggan," Sax.), "to place along the ground."—Fenning's Royal Eng. Dic., London, MDCLXXV.

[8] From the Babylonian Festival Calendar ("C. I. W. A.," vol. iv., pls. 32, 33); also translated in "Records of the Past," vol. vii., pp. 162, 163.

[9] "Zubat," robes.

[10] "Ku-bar-ra," linen robes.

In Nergal's temple rest from every care,
Where he before the holy altar bends
With lifted hands, his soul's petition sends.

Around the square the palms and cedars shine,
And bowers of roses cluster round divine.
Beneath an arch of myrtles, climbing vines,
And canopy,—with wreathing flowers it shines,
There stands a wondrous garland-wreathèd throne,
Where maids are gathered;—each unmarried one.
The timid maids and bold of Babylon
Are each in turn led to the rosy throne;
The crowd of bidders round the herald stand,
The richest and the poorest of the land.

The queen of Accad's maids doth now appear,
We see the burnished chariot coming near,
Ten beauteous bays with proud steps, nodding plumes
Come first; behind, a train of nobles comes;
And now we see the close-drawn canopy
Thrown back by slaves, who step aside, that she
The queen of beauty crowned with lilies, rose,
May here alight. And see! she queenly goes
With dainty steps between the noblemen,
Who stand on either side the queen
Of beauty of the plains, who first this day
Shall reign upon the throne, and lead the way
For all the maids who shall be bought for gold,
And thus the first upon the throne is sold.

She takes her seat beneath the canopy,
Upon the throne high raised, that all may see;
As she her veil of fine spun gold flings back
From her sweet face and o'er her ringlets black,
Her large dark eyes, soft as a wild gazelle's,
Upon the richest nobles dart appeals.
Her bosom throbs 'neath gems and snowy lace,
And robes of broidered satin, velvets, grace
Her beauty with their pearly folds that fall
Around her form.
Hark! hear the herald's call!

"Behold this pearl! my lords and noblemen,
And who will bid for her as wife, my men?
"Ana-bilti khurassi ash at ka!"[1]
"Akhadu khurassi ana sa-sa!"[2]
"U sinu bilti khurassi!"[1] two cried.
"Sal-sutu bilti!"[2] nobles three replied;
And four, and five, and six, till one bid ten,
A vast amount of gold for noblemen:

But see! the bidders in excitement stand
Around a youth who cries with lifted hand
And features pale and stern, who now began
To bid against a wealthy nobleman,
Whose countless herds graze far upon the plain,
His laden ships that ride upon the main
He counts by scores. He turns his evil eyes
And wolfish face upon the youth and cries,
"Khamisserit!"[3] The lover answering says:
"Esra'a!"[4] "U selasa'a!"[5] then brays
The gray-haired lover. "U irbaha!"[6] cries
The youth, and still the nobleman defies;
Who answers cooly, "Khausa'a;"[7] and eyes
The anxious youth, who wildly "Miha!"[8] cries.
"Mine! mine! she is! though you *alapu*[9] bid!"
"A fool thou art!" the noble, leaving, said.
"One hundred talents for a maid!" he sneered,
And in the crowd he growling disappeared.
The measures filled with shining gold are brought,
And thus the loveliest of all is bought.

The next in beauty on the throne is sold,
And thus the beautiful are sold for gold.
The richest thus select the beautiful,
The poor must take alone the dutiful
And homely with a dower which beauty bought,
And ugliness with gold becomes his lot.
The ugliest, unsightly, and deformed,

1 "And two golden talents!"
2 "Three talents!"
3 "Fifteen!"
4 "Twenty!"
5 "And thirty!"
6 "And forty!"
7 "Fifty!"
8 "One hundred!"
9 "One thousand!"

Is now brought forth; with many wriggles squirmed
She to the throne, where beauty late had sat:
Her ugliness distorted thus; whereat
The herald cries:
"Who will this woman take
With smallest dowry? She can cook and bake,
And many household duties well perform,
Although she does not claim a beauty's charm.
Who wants a wife?"
The ugly crone with blinks
Doth hideous look, till every bidder shrinks.
A sorry spectacle, mis-shapen, gross,
She is, and bidders now are at a loss
How much to ask to take the hag to wife.
At last one cries:
"Five *bilti*,[10] for relief
Of herald I will take, to start the bid!"
"And four of *bilti*, I'll take, with the maid!"
"Three and a half!" one cries with shaking head,
"And she is yours, my man!" the herald said,
And thus she bought a husband and a home.

And so the scare-crows, scraggy ones, now come
In turn; the lean, ill-favored, gawky, bald,
Long-nosed, uncouth, raw-boned, and those with scald
And freckled, frowsy, ricketty and squat,
The stumpy, bandy-leggèd, gaunt, each bought
A man; though ugly as a toad, they sold,
For every man with her received his gold.
The heaped-up gold which beauteous maids had brought
Is thus proportioned to the bidder's lot;
The grisly, blear-eyed, every one is sold,
And husbands purchased for a pile of gold,
And happiness diffused throughout the land;
For when the maid refused her husband's hand
She might return by paying back the gold.
And every maid who thus for wife was sold
Received a bond from him who purchased her,
To wed her as his wife, or else incur

[10] "Five bilti," about £3,165 sterling, or $15,825.

The forfeit of his bond, and thus no maids
In all the land were found as grumbling jades,
Whose fate it was to have no husbandman,
For every woman had a husband then.

COLUMN II

Council in the Palace

The seers on silver couches round the throne;
The hangings of the carvèd lintel thrown
Aside; the heralds cried: "The Sar! The Sar!
The council opens our King Izdubar!"
The Sar walked o'er the velvets to his throne
Of gold inlaid with gems. A vassal prone
Before the Sar now placed the stool of gold,
Arranged his royal robes with glittering fold
Of laces, fringes rich inwove with pearls,
Embroidered with quaint figures, curious twirls.
Behind the throne a prince of royal blood
Arrayed in courtly splendor, waiting stood,
And gently waved a jewelled fan aloft
Above the Sar's tiara; carpets soft
From Accad's looms the varied tilings bright,
In tasteful order, part conceal from sight.

The glittering pillars stand with gold o'erlaid
In rows throughout the room to the arcade,
Within the entrance from a columned hall.
The ivory-graven panels on the wall
On every side are set in solid gold.
The canopy chased golden pillars hold
Above the throne, and emeralds and gems
Flash from the counsellor's rich diadems.
In silence all await the monarch's sign:
"This council hath been called, the hour is thine
To counsel with thy King upon a plan
Of conquest of our foes, who ride this plain,
Unchecked around; these Suti should be driven
From Sumir's plain. Have ye our wrongs forgiven?

Khumbaba hath enjoyed great Accad's spoils
Too long; with him we end these long turmoils.
What sayest thou, Heabani?—all my seers?
Hath Accad not her chariots and spears?"

Then one among the wisest seers arose
"To save our precious tune which hourly flows,
He should our seer, Rab-sak-i [1] first invite
To lay his plans before the Sar, and light
May break across our vision. I confess
Great obstacles I see, but acquiesce
In any plan you deem may bring success.
The gods, I feel our cause will gladly bless."
Another spoke, and all agree at last
To hear the seer whose wisdom all surpassed.

Heabani modestly arose and said,
And gracefully to all inclined his head:
"O Sar! thy seer will gladly counsel give
To thee, and all our seers; my thanks receive
For thy great confidence in my poor skill
To crush our foes who every country fill.
I with the Sar agree that we should strike
A blow against the rival king, who like
Our Sar, is a great giant king, and lives
Within a mountain castle, whence he grieves
All nations by his tyranny, and reigns
With haughty power from Kharsak to these plains.
I'll lead the way, my Sar, to his wild home;
'Tis twenty *kas-pu* [2] hence, if you will come.
A wall surrounds his castle in a wood,
With brazen gates strong fastened. I have stood
Beneath the lofty pines which dwindle these
To shrubs that grow in parks as ornate trees.
The mighty walls will reach six *gars* [3] in height,
And two in breadth, like Nipur's [4] to the sight.

[1] "Rab-sak-i," chief of the high ones, chief of the seers and counsellors; prime minister.

[2] "Twenty kaspu," 140 miles; each kaspu was seven miles, or two hours' journey.

[3] "Six gars," 120 feet; each gar was a twenty-foot measure. Khumbaba's walls were thus 120 feet high and forty feet thick—much like the walls of Babylon.

[4] "Nipur" was one of the cities of Izdubar's kingdom, from whence he came to the rescue of Erech.

And when you go, take with you many mules;
With men to bring the spoils, and needed tools
To break the gates, his castle overthrow:
To lose no time, to-morrow we should go.
To Erech, pines and cedars we can bring
With all the wealth of Elam's giant king,
And Erech fill with glorious parks and halls,
Remove these *man-u-bani*,[5] ruined walls.
Take to your hearts, ye seers, poor Erech's wrongs!
Her fall, the bards of Elam sing in songs.
I love dear Erech, may her towers shine!
He seized his harp, thus sung the seer divine:

"O Erech! thy bright plains I love;
Although from thee thy seer did rove,
My heart remained with thee!
The foe destroyed thy beauteous towers,
Sa-mu forgot to rain her showers,
And could I happy be?

Mine eyes beheld thy fallen gates,
Thy blood warm flowing in thy streets,
My heart was broken then.
I raised mine eyes and saw thy Sar
In glory on his steed of war,
And joy returned again!

I saw the foe in wild dismay
Before him flee that glorious day.
With joy I heard the cry
Of victory resound afar,
Saw Elam crushed 'neath Accad's car:
I shouted, Victory!

Away! till birds of prey shall rend
His flesh and haughty Elam bend
Before our mighty Sar!

[5] "Man-u-ban-i," a tree or shrub of unpleasant odor mentioned by Heabani. See Sayce's revised edition Smith's 'Chald. Acc. of Genesis," p. 254. The fragment translated by Mr. Sayce should be placed in another position in the epic.

Beneath his forest of pine-trees
The battle-cry then loudly raise,
We follow Izdubar!

And may the birds of prey surround
Khumbaba stretched upon the ground,
Destroy his body there!
And Izdubar alone be king,
And all his people joyful sing,
With glory crown him here!

All hail! All hail! our giant King,
The *amaranti*[6] for him bring,
To crown him, crown him here,
As King of Accad and Sutu,
And all the land of Subar-tu!
So sayeth Hea's seer!"

The counsellors and chieftains wildly cry
Around the throne, "All hail *izzu sar-ri*
Of Su-bar-tu!" and shouting leave the halls
To summon Accad's soldiers from the walls
To hear the war proclaimed against their foes,
And Accad's war-cry from them loud arose.
King Izdubar Heabani warmly prest
Within his arms upon his throbbing breast,
And said, "Let us to the war temple go,
That all the gods their favor may bestow."
The seer replied, "'Tis well! then let us wend
Our way, and at the altar we will bend,—
To Ishtar's temple, where our goddess queen
Doth reign, seek her propitious favor, then
In Samas' holy temple pray for aid
To crush our foe;—with glory on each blade,
Our hands will carry victory in war."
The chiefs, without the temple, join their Sar.

[6] "Amaranti," amaranth. "Immortal amaranth."—"Par. Lost"

COLUMN III

The King Worships at the Shrine of Ishtar

[1] The richest and the poorest here must stay,
Each proud or humble maid must take her way
To Ishtar's temple grand, a lofty shrine,
With youth and beauty seek her aid divine.
Some drive in covered chariots of gold,
With courtly trains come to the temple old.
With ribbons on their brows all take their seats,
The richer maid of nobles, princes, waits
Within grand chambers for the nobler maids;
The rest all sit within the shrine's arcades.
Thus fill the temple with sweet beauties, crones;
The latest maids are the most timid ones.

In rows the maidens sat along the halls
And vestibules, on couches, where the walls
Were carved with mystic signs of Ishtar's feast;
Till at the inner shrine the carvings ceased.
Amid the crowd long silken cords were strung
To mark the paths, and to the pillows clung.
The King through the great crowd now pressed his way
Toward the inner shrine, where he may pray.
The jewelled maidens on the cushioned seats,
Now babbling hailed the King, and each entreats
For sacred service, silver or of gold,
And to him, all, their sweetest charms unfold.
Some lovely were, in tears besought and cried,
And many would a blooming bride provide;
While others were deformed and homely, old,
As spinsters still remained, till now grown bold,
They raised their bony arms aloft and bawled.
Some hideous were with harshest voices squalled,

[1] The account given by Herodotus of the worship of Beltis or Ishtar, if true (see Herodotus, i. 199), was one of the darkest features of Babylonian religion. It is probable that the first intention was only to represent love as heaven-born, and that it afterward became sensual in the time of Herodotus. (See Sayce's edition Smith's "C. A. of Gen.," p. 50.) The presence of the women may have been intended at first to present an innocent attraction. See also Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii. p. 21.

And hags like *dal-khi* from the Under-World,
Their curses deep, growled forth from where they curled.
But these were few and silent soon became,
And hid their ugliness away in shame.
For years some maids had waited day and night,
But beauty hides the ugly ones from sight.

The King astounded, eyed them seated round;
Beneath their gaze his eyes fell to the ground.
"And hath great Accad lost so many sons,
And left so many maids unmarried ones?"
He eyed the image where the goddess stood
Upon a pedestal of cedar wood
O'erlaid with gold and pearls and *uk-ni* stones,
And near it stands the altar with its cones
Of gold adorned with gems and solid pearls,—
And from the golden censer incense curls.
Beside the altar stands a table grand
Of solid metal carved with skilful hand;
Upon it stands a mass of golden ware,
With wines and fruits which pious hands prepare.
The walls are glistening with gold and gems,
The priestesses all wear rich diadems.
The Sar now eyes the maidens, while they gaze;
Thus they expectant wait, while he surveys.
And see! he takes from them a charming girl
With Ishtar's eyes and perfect form, the pearl
Of beauty of them all; turns to the shrine,
When in her lap he drops a golden coin,
And says, "The goddess Ishtar, prosper thee!"[2]
She springs, for she from Ishtar's halls is free,
And kneels and weeps before the monarch's feet,
"O great and mighty Sar I thee entreat,
My will is thine, but all my sisters free:
Behold my sisters here imploring thee!"
The King gazed at the beauteous pleading face,
Which roused within his breast the noble race

[2] See Herodotus, vol. i. p. 199. Ishtar was called Mylitta or Beltis in the time of Herodotus. We have taken the above description from Herodotus, whose work is mostly confirmed by the cuneiform inscriptions.

Before her heavenly charms transfixed he stood.
Before her heavenly charms transfixed he stood.

"'Tis well! my daughter, I the favor grant!"
And to the priestess said, "Let here be sent
Great coffers filled with gold! for I release
These maids. Let all their weary waiting cease,
The price I'll send by messengers to thee."
And all rejoicing sing a psalmody.
A ring of maidens round the image forms;
With flashing eyes they sing, with waving arms,
A wilderness of snowy arms and feet,
To song and dance the holy measure beat;
A mass of waving ringlets, sparkling eyes.
In wildest transport round each maiden flies,
The measure keeps to sacred psalmody,
With music ravishing,—sweet melody.
The priestess leads for them the holy hymn,
Thus sing they, measure keep with body, limb:

[8] "Let length of days, long lasting years,
With sword of power, extend his holy life!
With years extended full of glory, shine,
Pre-eminent above all kings in strife.
Oh, clothe our king, our lord, with strength divine,
Who with such gifts to gods appears!

"Let his great empire's limits be,
Now vast and wide, enlarged, and may he reign
(Till it shall spread before his eyes complete)
Supreme above all kings! May he attain
To silver hairs, old age, and nations greet
Our sovereign in his royalty!

"When gifts are ended of Life's days,
The feasts of the Land of the Silver Sky,
With bliss, the Blest Abode Refulgent Courts,

[8] The above psalm is found in vol. iii. of Rawlinson's "British Museum Inscriptions," pl. 66, and was translated by H. F. Talbot, F.R.S., in vol. i. of the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," p. 108, and also by M. Lenormant in his "Premières Civilisations," p. 177. We have used Mr. Talbot's transcription.

May he enjoy through all eternity,
Where Light of Happy Fields with joy transports
And dwell in life eternal, holy there
In presence of the gods with sacred cheer,
With Assur's gods walk blessèd ways!"

When they have ended all their joyful song,
They gratefully around their monarch throng;
And kneeling at his feet, they bathe his hands
With tears of joy, and kiss the 'broidered bands
Of his bright robes, then joyous haste away;
And Erech's shame was ended on that day.

And now the Sar as his libation pours
The sparkling sacred wine before the doors
That lead to Ishtar's glorious inner shrine.
He bows before her golden form divine,
Thus prays:

[4] "In thy fair shrine I bow to thee,
O Light of Heaven! bright thy majesty
As glowing flames upon the world doth dawn,
Bright goddess of the earth, thy fixed abode!
Who dawned upon the earth a glorious god!
With thee prosperity hath ever gone.
To gild the towers of cities of mankind!
Thou warrior's god, who rideth on the wind!
As a hyena fierce thou sendest war,
And as a lion comes thy raging car.
Each day thou rulest from thy canopy
That spreads above in glory,—shines for thee;
O come, exalted goddess of the Sun!"

[5] Against the tyrant King I go to war,
Attend mine arms, O Queen! with radiant car
Of battles! ride upon the giant King
With thy bright, fiery chargers! valor bring
To me at rising of the glistening car
Of Samas, send attendants fierce of war!

[4] See terra-cotta tablet numbered "S. 954" in the British Museum; also translation by Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A., in the "Records of the Past," vol. v. p. 157.

[5] See fragment in Sayce's edition Smith's "Chald. Acc. of Gen.," p. 220, col. iii.

But goddess Mam-nutu of Fate and Death;
Oh, keep away from me her blasting breath;
Let Samas fix the hour with favor thine,
And o'er mine unknown path, Oh ride divine!
Thy servant strengthen with thy godly power,
That he invincible in war may tower,
Against thy chosen city's greatest foe,
Who brought on Erech all her deepest woe."
And from the inner shrine with curtains hung,
The Oracle of Ishtar sweetly sung:

"O King of vast unnumbered countries, hear!
Thine enemy Khum-baba do not fear,
My hands will waft the winds for thee.
Thus I reveal!
Khum-baba falls! thine enemy!
Nor aught conceal.

"The harvest month [6] propitious shines,
Array great Accad's battle lines!
Before thy feet thy Queen descends,
Before thy will thine Ishtar bends,
To fight thine enemy,
To war I go with thee!
My word is spoken, thou hast heard,
For thee, my favor thou hast stirred.
As I am Ishtar of mine Or divine,
Thine enemy shall fall! Be glory thine!

"Before mine Izdubar I go,
And at thy side direct thy blow.
I go with thee, fear not, my King,
For every doubt and fear, I bring
Relief, to thy heart rest!
Of Sars, I love thee best!"

[6] The harvest month was the month of Sivan, which is mentioned by the Oracle of Ishtar of Arbela. See "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," vol. iv. pl. 68; also "Records of the Past," vol. xi. pp. 61-62.

COLUMN IV

The King Goes from Ishtar's Temple to the Temple of Samas

He rose and raised the pendant mystic charms
And kissed them, and the jewels of her arms
And ornaments upon her breast divine,
And then her crown with jewels iridine
He placed upon his brow, and it returned;
And from the shrine in reverence he turned;
To Samas' temple all the chiefs of war
And seers, *pa-te-si,* go with Izdubar.

Before the fire he stands where holy burns
The flames of Samas. In a vase he turns
The crimson wine, to Samas, God, he pours
Libation, and his favor thus implores:

O Samas, why hast thou established, raised
Me in thy heart?—protected? Men have praised
Thee, Holy One! my expedition bless
In thine own will, O God, I acquiesce.
I go, O Samas, on a path afar,
Against Khumbaba I declare this war;
The battle's issue thou alone dost know,
Or if success attends me where I go.
The way is long, O may thy son return
From the vast pine-tree forest, I would earn
For Erech glory and renown! Destroy
Khumbaba and his towers! he doth annoy
All nations, and is evil to thy sight.
To-morrow I will go, O send thy Light
Upon my standards, and dark Nina-zu
Keep thou away, that I may wary view
Mine enemies, and fix for me the hour
When I shall strike and crush Khumbaba's power.

To all the gods I humbly pray
To Izdubar propitious be!

[1] *Assur Samas u Marduk-u,*
Ana Sar bel-ni-ya lik-ru-bu!"

And thus the Oracle with sweetest voice
To him replied, and made his heart rejoice:

"Fear not, O Izdubar,
For I am Bel, thy strength in war.[2]
A heart of strength give I to thee!
To trust, we can but faithful be!
As thou hast shown to me.
The sixty gods, our strongest ones,
Will guide thy path where'er it runs;
The moon-god on thy right shall ride,
And Samas on thy left shall guide.
The sixty gods thy will commands
To crush Khumbaba's bands.
In man alone, do not confide,
Thine eyes turn to the gods,
Who rule from their abodes,
And trust in Heaven where powers abide!"

With joyous heart the Sar comes from the shrine
To bathe his brow in Samas' rays divine;
Upon the pyramid he stands and views
The scene below with its bright varied hues.
A peerless pile the temple grandly shone
With marble, gold, and silver in the sun;
In seven stages rose above the walls,
With archways vast and polished pillared halls.
A marble portico surrounds the mass
With sculptured columns, banisters of brass,
And winding stairways round the stages' side,
Grand temples piled on temples upward glide,
A mass of colors like the rainbow hues,
Thus proudly rise from breezy avenues.

[1] "Assur Samas and Merodac" ("Unto the king, my lord, may they be propitious!"), the response of the priest to the prayer.

[2] See "Records of the Past," vol. xi. p. 63. These oracles seem to be formulas which are filled in with the monarch's name, and may apply to any king.

The brazen gates lead to the temple's side,
The stairs ascend and up the stages glide.
The basement painted of the darkest blue
Is passed by steps ascending till we view
From them the second stage of orange hue
And crimson third! from thence a glorious view—
A thousand turrets far beneath, is spread
O'er lofty walls, and fields, and grassy mead;
The golden harvests sweep away in sight
And orchards, vineyards, on the left and right;
Euphrates' stream as a broad silver band
Sweeps grandly through the glowing golden land,
Till like a thread of silver still in sight
It meets the Tigris gleaming in the light
That spreads along the glorious bending skies,
The brightest vault of all the emperies.

Now rested from the cushioned seats we rise
And to the stairway turn again our eyes;
The fourth stage plated o'er with beaten gold
We pass, and topaz fifth till we behold
The sixth of azure blue; to seventh glide,
That glows with silvery summit where reside
The gods, within a shrine of silvery sheen
Which brightly glows, and from afar is seen.
Without the temple, burnished silver shines;
Within, pure gold and gems in rare designs.

COLUMN V

Expedition Against Khumbaba, and Battle in the Black Forest

At early dawn the shining ranks are massed,
And Erech echoes with the trumpet's blast;
The chosen men of Erech are in line,
And Ishtar in her car above doth shine.
The blazing standards high with shouts are raised,
As Samas' car above grand Sumir blazed.

The march they sound at Izdubar's command,
And thus they start for King Khumbaba's land;
The gods in bright array above them shine,
By Ishtar led, with Samas, moon-god Sin,
On either side with Merodac and Bel,
And Ninip, Nergal, Nusku with his spell,
The sixty gods on chargers of the skies,
And Ishtar's chariot before them flies.

Across Cazina's desert far have come,
The armies now have neared Khumbaba's home;
Beneath grand forests of tall cedar, pine,
And the dark shades near Khar-sak's brow divine.
A brazen gate before them high appeared,
And massive walls which their great foe had reared;
The mighty gates on heavy pivots hung,
They broke, and on their brazen hinges swung
With clanging roars against the solid wall,
And sent through all the wilds a clarion call.
Within his halls Khumbaba is enthroned,
In grand Tul-Khumba's walls by forests zoned
With her bright palaces and templed shrines,
The sanctuaries of the gods, where pines
Sigh on the wafting winds their rich perfumes;
Where Elam's god with sullen thunder dooms
From Kharsak's brow the wailing nation's round,
And Elam's hosts obey the awful sound.
The giant here his castled city old
Had strengthened, wrung his tributes, silver, gold;
His palace ceiling with pure silver shines,
And on his throne of gold from Magan's [1] mines
In all his pride the conqueror exults,
With wealth has filled his massive iron vaults.
Oft from his marble towers the plains surveys,
And sees his foes' most ancient cities blaze;
While his *pa-te-si* lead his allied hosts,
And o'er his famous victories he boasts.

With Rimsin he allied when Erech fell,
The King of Sarsa, whose great citadel

[1] "Mag-an" or "Mizir," Egypt, or the famous mines of Africa.

Was stormed by Nammurabi the great Sar,
Ninrad of Erech, our King Izdubar.
Khumbaba's ally was by him o'erthrown,
And thus appeared to take Khumbaba's throne.
And now within his palace came a sound
That roared through all the forest, shook the ground:
"Our foes! our foes! the gate! hear how it rings!"
And from his throne the giant furious springs:
"Ho! vassals! sound the trump! 'tis Izdubar,
To arms! our foes are on us from afar!"
His weapons seizes, drives his men in fear
Before him with his massive sword and spear,
And as a tempest from his lips he pours
His orders, while his warrior steed he spurs
Along his serried lines of bristling spears;
Among the pines the army disappears.

The men of Accad now in squadrons form,
Arrayed to take Khumbaba's towers by storm;
While Izdubar the forest black surveyed
Of pines and cedars thickly grown, and made
A reconnoitre of his hidden foe.
The road was straight; afar the turrets glow
With Samas' light, and all the gods arrayed,
Ride o'er the pines and flash through their dark shade.
The glorious blaze of Accad's glistening spears
One *kaspu* pass, and now the foe appears;
Beneath the deepest shadows of the pines
Khumbaba stands with solid battle lines
Before the marching host of Izdubar.
The forest echoes with the shouts of war,
As they sweep on with ringing battle cries,
Now loudly echoed from the woods and skies:
"*Kar-ro! kar-ra!*[2] we follow Izdubar!"
And through the forests fly the bolts of war.

The foe beheld the gods in wrath above,
And Accad's charging lines toward them move,
But bravely stand to meet the onset fierce,
Their mailed armor, shields, no arrows pierce.

[2] "Karra! kar-ra!" (cry out) "Hurrah! hurrah!"

And now in direst conflict meet the mass,
And furious still meets ringing bronze and brass,
Khumbaba on his mighty steed of war,
Above the ranks towers high a giant Sar,
And sweeps the men of Accad with his blade,
Till to his breast a heap of corpses made,
And fiercely urged his men to fight, to die;
And Izdubar, with helmet towering high,
His men has led with fury on the foe,
And massacres each man with one fell blow,
Who dares to stand in front with sword or spear,
And fighting by him stands his valiant seer.
The gods now rushing from the gleaming sky,
With blazing weapons carry victory;
The foe no longer stand before the sight,
And shouting fly away in wild affright.
Their monarch turned and slowly rode away;
And Accad's hosts his men pursue and slay,
Until the forest deep resounds with cries.
To save himself each man in terror flies.

COLUMN VI

Hand-to-Hand Conflict of the Rival Giants—Death of Khumbaba

Now the black forest through, the Sar and seer
Sought for their foe, Khumbaba, far and near;
But he had fled when he beheld the gods
In fury rushing from their bright abodes.
Now from the battle-field the King and seer
The farthest limit of the forest near,
And passing on, the Sar thus to his seer:
"The gods have filled our foeman's heart with fear;
He comes not forth to meet us 'neath his walls."
But lo! within their sight, far from his halls,
Khumbaba stands beside his steed of snow
Held by his queen, and eyes his coming foe.
Heabani cries: "Behold the enemy!
And with his queen from us disdains to fly!"

And Izdubar turned to Heabani, said:
"My seer, methought this King from us had fled;
His army slain or scattered from us fly;
But by our hands this monarch here must die."
Heabani eyed Khumbaba, nor replied
Before the Queen, who wrung her hands and cried;
And Izdubar continued:
"He, of war,
It seems, doth lack in skill, and from afar
He scents the battle, while his fighting men
Their raids oft make, and here return again;
His castle we may enter without fear,
And thou his queen mayst have who standeth here,
And now we end the reign of Elam's throne;
So lend thy hand to strike this monarch prone.
My friend, if I mistake thee not, for war
Thou art prepared, since thou upon the car
Wast wont to ride in former years now gone;
And if he falls, a feast day of the Sun
[1] We will appoint, and may the birds of prey
Surround his carcass on this glorious day:
But stay! this giant I will slay alone,
Although his weight is many *gur-ri* [2] stone;
This giant's form the gods have surely made
An enemy well worthy of my blade."

And Izdubar upon his foe advanced,
Who waiting stood, and at him fiercely glanced,
And naught replied; but raised his glory blade.
Their furious glance, the giant's queen dismayed.
She wildly eyed the rivals towering high,
And breathless stood, then quickly turned to fly,
As Izdubar upon his heavy shield
Received Khumbaba's stroke, and then doth wield
His massive blade as lightning o'er his head,
He strikes the giant's helmet on the mead.
Khumbaba, furious, strikes a mighty blow,
Which staggers Izdubar, who on his foe

[1] Smith's "Chald. Acc. of Gen.," Sayce's edition, p. 223, ls. 35 and 41.
[2] "Gur-ri," a measurement of weight corresponding to "ton"(?). It also used as a measurement of ships.

Now springs and rains upon him faster blows,
Until his blade with fire continuous glows.
Khumbaba caught his blows on sword and shield
With parries; thrusts returned, and naught would yield;
And thus they fought, the peerless kings of war.
Now Ishtar downward drove his raging car,
And in Khumbaba's eyes her rays she cast,
The giant turned his glance—it was his last;
Unwary caught, his foe has swung his sword,
Khumbaba's gory head rolls o'er the sward.

ALCOVE II

TABLET V—COLUMN I

CORONATION OF IZDUBAR AS KING OF THE FOUR RACES, AND APPEARANCE OF ISHTAR IN HIS ROYAL PRESENCE, WHO SUES FOR HIS HAND

To Erech's palaces returns the Sar,
Rich laden with Khumbaba's spoils of war.
The land of Ur with grandest glories shines—
And gleams with palaces and towers and shrines.
The plain with temples, cities, walls is filled,
And wide canals, and yellow harvests tilled.
Grand Erech to the sight presents no walls
In ruins laid, but glows with turrets, halls;
With splendor proudly shines across the plain.
And now with joy he meets his courtly train;
Their shouts of welcome rend the gleaming skies,
And happiness beams from his people's eyes.
Within the walls he rides with kingly pride,
And all his chiefs and seers beside him ride;
To his grand palace they now lead the way,
To crown him king of Subartu this day.

Arrayed in splendor on his throne, the Sar
Before him eyes the Kassite spoils of war,

Khumbaba's crown of gold, and blazing gems,
The richest of the Kassite diadems,
The royal sceptre of all Subartu,
Of Larsa, Ur, Kardunia and Sutu
The Sar upon his brow the crown now bound,
Receives the sceptre while his courts resound
With shouts for Sar-dan-nu of Subartu,
The Sar of Kip-rat arba [1] and Sutu,
Of Sumir, Accad, Nipur, Bar-ili,[2]
And Erech, Larsa, Mairu, and Kus-si,
Of Mal-al-nak, Kitu;—the sky resounds—
For Iz-zu-bar-ili,[3] from earth rebounds;
For Nam-mu-rabi, Bar-bels king of fire.
What king to his great glory can aspire?

The Zig-gur-at-u to the skies
His hands have built, where holy fires
To Samas burn; its flame ne'er dies,
To holiness lead man's desires.
He opens wide the fiery gates
Of all the gods at Dintir old,
Ka-ding-ir-a.[4] This day completes
His grandeur—may it far be told
Of our great Sar whose godly gate
Wide opens Heaven's joy for man,
Of Iz-zu-bar-ili the great,
Who rules from Khar-sak to the main.
Within the entrance to the royal rooms,
Queen Ishtar with her train in splendor comes,
Her radiant form with glistening gems ablaze,
And shining crescent with its glorious rays,
Glow with bright Heaven's unremitting flame;
Thus came the Queen of Love of godly fame.
The richest robe of gods her form enshrines,
With every charm of Heaven and earth she shines;

[1] "Kip-rat arba," the four races or regions.

[2] "Bar-ili," from "bar," gate, and "ili," of the gods—Babel, Bab—originates from the Accadian word "bar," Semitic "bab;" thus Babel was originally called "bar-ili." See Taylor and Furst. The latter renders it "Bar-(Bir-)Bel," "town of Belus."

[3] "Izzu-bar-ili" we believe to be the original name of Izdubar, afterward shortened to Izdubar, and means literally the fire-king of "bar-ili," or the "fire-king of the gate of the gods." This identifies him with Nimrod, the founder of Bar-bet or Babylon.

[4] Ka-ding-ir-a (Acc.), "gate of God"—Pinches.

Of their wide splendors robs the farthest skies,
That she with love her hero may surprise.
Her train she robes with liveries of Heaven,
To her are all the dazzling splendors given.

The glittering court is filled with chiefs and seers,
When Ishtar at the entrance now appears,
The Ner-kalli,[5] her heralds at the door,
As some grand sovereign from a foreign shore.
The goddess proudly enters with her train,
The spirits of the earth, and tossing main,
From mountains, rivers, woods, and running streams;
And every spirit where the sunlight gleams,
Now fill the courts and palaces and halls,
And thousands glowing bright surround the walls;
Each wafting wind brings I-gi-gi [6] that soar
Above An-un-na-ci from every shore,
And herald Ishtar's presence, Queen of Love,
With music through the halls, around, above.
From lyres and lutes their softest wooings bring,
As Ishtar bows before her lover king.
A halo from the goddess fills the halls,
And shines upon the dazzling jewelled walls.
The Sar and seers in wonder were amazed
At the sweet strains, and glorious light that blazed;
Transfixed in silence stood, as she now spoke,
And sweeter music through the palace woke.
Like fragrant zephyrs, warbling from retreats
Of gardens of the gods, she thus entreats
From Izdubar her welcome, or a glance
Of love; and she the Sar would thus entrance:

"Thy wisdom, Sar, surpasses all mankind,
In thee, O king! no blemish do I find.
The Queen of Heaven favor seeks from thee,
I come with love, and prostrate bend the knee.
My follies past, I hope thou wilt forgive,
Alone I love thee, with thee move and live;
My heart's affections to thee, me have led,

[5] "Ner-kalli," or "Ner-ekalli," chief of the palace.

[6] "I-gi-gi," pronounced "e-gee-gee," spirits of heaven.

To woo thee to thine Ishtar's marriage bed.
O kiss me, my beloved! I adore
Thee! Hear me! I renounce the godly shore
With all its hollow splendor where as queen
I o'er the heavenly hosts, unrivaled reign
In grandest glory on my shining throne;
And yet for thee my heart here pines alone,
I cannot live without my Izdubar!
My husband's love and simple word shall far
Surpass the godly bond. O let me, king,
Rest on thy breast, and happiness will cling
To all the blissful days which shall be thine.
With glory of the skies, my love shall shine.
O Izdubar, my king! this love below
Is grander here than mortals e'er can know,
For this I leave my throne in yonder skies,
And at the feet of love thy queen now lies.
Oh, let me taste with thee the sweets of love,
And I my love for thee will grandly prove,
And thou shalt ride upon a diamond car,
Lined with pure gold; and jeweled horns of war
Shall stud it round like rays of Samas' fire.
Rich gifts whate'er my lover shall desire,
Thy word shall bring to thee, my Sar-dan-nu!
Lo! all the wealth that gods above can view,
I bring to thee with its exhaustless store.
Oh, come my love! within the halls, where more
Than I have named is found, all, all is thine;
Oh, come with me within our halls divine!
Amid the fragrant odors of the pines,
And all shrubs and flowers, vines,
Euphrates' *zir-ri* there shall sing for thee,
And dance around thy feet with zi-mu-ri [7]
And kings and lords and princes I will bring
To bow to thee, beloved, glorious king!
With tribute from the mountains and the plains,
As offerings to thee. Thy flocks shall twins
Bring forth; and herds of fattened, lowing kine
Shall fast increase upon the plains divine.

[7] "Zi-mu-ri," spirits of the light.

Thy warrior steeds shall prance with flowing manes,
Resistless with thy chariot on the plain.
Vast spoils, thy beasts of burden far shall bear,
Unrivaled then shall be my king of war;
And victory o'er all, thine eyes shall view,
And loud acclaims shall rend the bright Samu."

COLUMN II

The King's Answer and Ishtar's Rage

Amazed the sovereign sat upon his throne;
And while she wooed, his heart was turned to stone;
In scorn replied:
"Rise Ishtar, Heaven's high queen,
Though all thy wealth, possessions I had seen
Now piled before me, all in gems and gold,
Of all the wealth of Heaven there heaped of old,
I nakedness and famine would prefer
To all the wealth divine thou canst confer.
What carest thou for earthly royalty?
The cup of poison shall thy lovers see.
Thou sawest me within a haunt away
From men. I lingered on that direful day,
And took thee for a beauteous *zi-re-mu*[1]
Or *zi-ar-i-a* or a *zi-lit-tu*,[2]
And thou didst cause to enter love divine.
As *zi-cur-un-i*, spirit of the wine,
Thou didst deceive me with thine arts refined,
And love escaped upon the passing wind.
Then to my palace come, and me there seek;
Didst place thy mouth upon my lips, and wake
Within my breast a dream of love and fire,
Till I awoke and checked thy wild desire;
Thou camest with the form of spirits fair,
Didst hover o'er me in my chamber there.
Thy godly fragrance from the skies above,
A sign did carry of the Queen of Love:
I woke, and thou didst vanish, then didst stand

[1] "Zi-re-mu," spirit of mercy or grace. [2] "Zi-lit-tu," spirit of the mist.

As mine own servant in my palace grand.
Then as a skulking foe, a mystic spell
Didst weave, and scorch me with the fires of hell
While I was wrapped in sleep. Again I woke,
I saw around me *dal-khi,* sulphurous smoke,
Which thou didst send around my royal bed;
And I believed that I was with the dead,
With *dal-khi* gloating over me in hell.
My *su-khu-li* then sought thy presence fell.
Forever may thy wooing cease! for love
Hath fled, may godly praises never move
Upon the lips of holy gods, or men,—
Of thee, the god of Love ne'er speak again!
I loved thee once; with love my heart inflamed
Once sought thee, but my troubles I have blamed
Upon thee, for the dreams which thou didst send.
Go! rest thy heart; and to thy pleasures wend!

For Tammuz of thy youth thy heart once wailed,
For years his weary form thy love assailed;
Allala next, the eagle, lovest, tore
His wings. No longer could he joyful soar
And float above the forest to the sky.
Thou leavest him with fluttering wings to die.
A lusty lion thou didst love, his might
Destroyed, and plucked his claws in fierce delight,
By sevens plucked, nor heard his piteous cry.
A glorious war-steed next thy love didst try,
Who yielded to thee, till his strength was gone:
For seven *kaspu*[3] thou didst ride upon
Him without ceasing, gave no food nor drink,
Till he beneath thee to the earth did sink,
And to his mistress, Sil-i-li, the steed
Returned with broken spirit, drooping head.
Thou lovest Tabulu, the shepherd king,
And from his love continuous didst wring
Sem-uk-ki,[4] till he to appease thy love,
The mighty gods of heaven then sought to move

[3] "Seven kaspu," fourteen hours; each kaspu was two hours.

[4] "Sem-uk-ki," translated by Sayce "stibium," antimony; by Talbot, "lütarish semukki," "thou who didst make evil with thy drugs."—"Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch., vol. v. p. 110. Sayce's edition Smith's "C. A. G.," p. 229.

To pity with his daily offerings.
Beneath thy wand upon the ground he springs,
Transformed to a hyena; then was driven
From his own city—by his dogs was riven.
Next Is-ul-lan-u lov'st, uncouth, and rude,
Thy father's laborer, who subject stood
To thee, and daily scoured thy vessels bright:
His eyes from him were torn, before thy sight.
And chained before thee, there thy lover stood,
With deadly poison placed within his food.
Thou sayst:
"O Isullanu, stretch thy hand!
The food partake, that doth before thee stand!"
Then with thy hand didst offer him the food.
He said: 'What askest thou? It is not good!
I will not eat the poison thus prepared.'
Thy godly wand him from thy presence cleared,
Transformed him to a pillar far away.
And for my love Queen Ishtar comes this day?
As thou hast done with others, would thy love
Return to me, thine actions all doth prove."

The queen in fury from his presence turned,
In speechless rage the palace halls she spurned;
And proudly from the earth swept to the skies;
Her godly train in terror quickly flies.

COLUMN III

Ishtar Complains to Anu, King of Heaven, Who Creates a Winged Bull to Destroy Ishtar

Before the throne of Anu, Ishtar cries,
And Anatu, the sovereigns of the skies:
"O Sar, this king my beauty doth despise,
My sweetest charms beholds not with his eyes."
And Anu to his daughter thus replied:
"My daughter, thou must crush his vaunting pride,
And he will claim thy beauty and thy charms,
And gladly lie within thy glorious arms."

"I hate him now, O Sar, as I did love!
Against the strength of Anu let him prove
His right divine to rule without our aid,
Before the strength of Anu let him bleed.
Upon this giant Sar so filled with pride,
Let Anu's winged bull [1] in fury ride,
And I will aid the beast to strike him prone,
Till he in death shall breathe his dying groan."
And Anu said: "If thou to it shall join
Thy strength, which all thy noble names define
Thy glories [2] and thy power thus magnified,
Will humble him, who has thy power defied."
And Ishtar thus: "By all my might as queen
Of war and battles, where I proudly reign,
This Sar my hands shall strike upon the plain,
And end his strength and all his boastings vain.
By all the noble names with gods I hold
As queen of war, this giant monarch bold,
Who o'er mine ancient city thinks to reign,
Shall lie for birds of prey upon the plain.
For answering my love for thee with scorn,
Proud monarch! from thy throne thou shalt be torn!"

For Ishtar, Anu from the clouds creates
A shining monster with thick brazen plates
And horns of adamant; [3] and now it flies
Toward the palace, roaring from the skies.

COLUMN IV

The Fight with the Winged Bull of Anu

The gods appear above to watch the fight,
And Erech's *masari* rush in affright
To Izdubar, who sits upon his throne,
Before him fall in speechless terror prone.

[1] "Anu's winged bull," Taurus, constellation of the heavens.
[2] "Glories" ("maskhi"). This word is not translated by Mr. Sayce.
[3] "Horns of adamant." Sayce translates in l. 22, col. v., horns of crystal —"thirty manehs of crystal," etc. The meaning probably of "zamat stone," as given by Smith, was a hard substance, such as the diamond or adamant. By some translators it has been rendered onyx, and others lazuli.

A louder roar now echoes from the skies,
And Erech's Sar without the palace flies.
He sees the monster light upon the plain,
And calls Heabani with the choicest men
Of Erech's spearsmen armed, who fall in line
Without the gates, led by their Sar divine.

And now the monster rushed on Izdubar,
Who meets it as the god of chase and war.
With whirling sword before the monster's face,
He rains his blows upon its front of brass
And horns, and drives it from him o'er the plain,
And now with spreading wings it comes again,
With maddened fury; fierce its eyeballs glare.
It rides upon the monarch's pointed spear;
The scales the point have turned, and broke the haft.
Then as a pouncing hawk when sailing daft,
In swiftest flight o'er him drops from the skies,
But from the gleaming sword it quickly flies.
Three hundred warriors now nearer drew
To the fierce monster, which toward them flew;
Into their midst the monster furious rushed,
And through their solid ranks resistless pushed
To slay Heabani, onward fought and broke
Two lines and through the third, which met the shock
With ringing swords upon his horns and scales.
At last the seer it reaches, him impales
With its sharp horns: but valiant is the seer—
He grasps its crest and fights without a fear.
The monster from his sword now turns to fly;
Heabani grasps its tail, and turns his eye
Towards his king, while scudding o'er the plain.
So quickly has it rushed and fled amain,
That Izdubar its fury could not meet,
But after it he sprang with nimble feet.

Heabani loosed his grasp and stumbling falls,
And to his king approaching, thus he calls:
"My friend, our strongest men are overthrown:
But see! he comes! such strength was never known.

With all my might I held him, but he fled!
We both it can destroy! Strike at its head!"
Like Rimmon now he flies upon the air,
As sceptred Nebo,[1] he his horns doth bear,
That flash with fire along the roaring skies,
[2]Around the Sar and seer he furious flies.
Heabani grasps the plunging horns, nor breaks
His grasp; in vain the monster plunging shakes
His head, and roaring, upward furious rears.
Heabani's strength the mighty monster fears;
He holds it in his iron grasp, and cries:
"Quick! strike!" Beneath the blows the monster dies;
And Izdubar now turned his furious face
Toward the gods, and on the beast doth place
His foot; he raised his gory sword on high,
And sent his shout defiant to the sky:
"'Tis thus, ye foes divine! the Sar proclaims
His war against your power, and highest names!
Hurl! hurl! your darts of fire, ye vile *kal-bi!*[3]
My challenge hear! ye cravens of the sky!"

COLUMN V

The Curse of Ishtar, and Rejoicing of Erech Over the Victory

The monarch and his seer have cleft the head
From Anu's bull prone lying on the mead.
They now command to bring it from the plain
Within the city where they view the slain.
The heart they brought to Samas' holy shrine,
Before him laid the offering divine.
Without the temple's doors the monster lays,
And Ishtar o'er the towers the bulk surveys;
She spurns the carcass, cursing thus, she cries:
"Woe! woe to Izdubar, who me defies!
My power has overthrown, my champion slain;
Accursèd Sar! most impious of men!"

[1] "Nebo," the holder of the sceptre of power; also the god of prophecy.

[2] "Around" ("tarka"), or it may mean "between."

[3] "Kal-bi," dogs.

Heabani heard the cursing of the Queen,
And from the carcass cleft the tail in twain,
Before her laid it; to the goddess said:
"And wherefore comest thou with naught to dread?
Since I with Izdubar have conquered thee,
Thou hearest me! Before thee also see
Thine armored champion's scales! thy beast is dead,"
And Ishtar from his presence furious fled,
And to her maids the goddess loudly calls
Joy and Seduction from the palace halls;
And o'er her champion's death she mourning cries,
And flying with her maids, sped to the skies.

King Izdubar his summons sends afar
To view the monster slain by Erech's Sar.
The young and old the carcass far surround,
And view its mighty bulk upon the ground.
The young men eye its horns with wild delight,
And weigh them on the public scales in sight
Of Erech. "Thirty *manehs* weighs!" they cry;
"Of purest *zamat* stone, seems to the eye
In substance, with extremities defaced."
Six *gurri* weighed the monster's bulk undressed.
As food for Lugul-turda, their Sar's god,
The beast is severed, placed upon the wood.
Piled high upon the altar o'er the fires.
Then to Euphrates' waters each retires
To cleanse themselves for Erech's grand parade,
As Izdubar by proclamation bade.
Upon their steeds of war with Izdubar
The chiefs and warriors extend afar
With chariots, and waving banners, spears,
And Erech rings with their triumphant cheers.
Before the chariot of their great Sar,
Who with his seer rides in his brazen car,
The seers a proclamation loud proclaim
And cheer their Sar and seer; and laud the name
Of their great monarch, chanting thus his praise,
While Erech's band their liveliest marches play:

"If anyone to glory can lay claim
Among all chiefs and warriors of fame,
We Izdubar above them all proclaim
Our Izzu-Ul-bar [1] of undying fame.
Sar gabri la isu,
Sar-dannu bu-mas-lu! [2]

"He wears the diadem of Subartu,
From Bar-ili [3] he came to Eridu;
Our giant monarch, who of all *barri* [4]
Can rival him, our Nin-arad *rabi?* [5]
Sar-dannu ina mati basi,
Sar bu-mas-la e-mu-ki, nesi. [6]

Through the grand halls of Erech far resounds
The feast their Sar proclaimed through all the grounds
Of Erech's palaces; where he now meets
His heroes, seers and counsellors, and greets
Them in his crowded festal halls.
Grand banquets far are spread within the walls,
And sparkling rarest wines each freely drank,
And revels ruled the hour till Samas sank,
And shadows sweep across the joyous plain,
And Samas sleeps with Hea 'neath the main.
The jewelled lamps are lit within the halls,
And dazzling glory on the feasters falls.
The rays o'er gems and richest garments shone
Upon the lords and ladies round the throne;
While troops of dancing girls around them move
With cmybals, harps and lutes, with songs of love.
Again the board glows with rich food and wines,
Now spread before them till each man reclines
Upon his couch at rest in the far night,
And swimming halls and wines pass from their sight.

[1] "Izzu-Ul-bar," the fire of Bel's temple.
[2] "The King who has no rival. The powerful giant King." The royal titles of Izdubar.
[3] "Bar-ili," temple, or country of the gods.
[4] "Barri," chieftains, army, soldiers.
[5] "Nin-arad rabi," "the servant of Nin, the King."
[6] "Who is the great king (in the land) of all countries, the powerful giant king, the lion!" The royal titles of Izdubar.

COLUMN VI

ISHTAR WEAVES A MYSTIC SPELL OVER THE KING AND SEER, AND VANISHES—THE SEER ADVISES THE KING TO SEEK THE AID OF THE IMMORTAL SEER WHO ESCAPES FROM THE FLOOD.

The goddess Ishtar wrapped in darkness waits
Until the goddess Tsil-at-tu[1] the gates
Of sleep has closed upon the darkened plain;
Then lightly to the palace flies the Queen.
O'er the King's couch she weaves an awful dream,
While her bright eyes upon him furious gleam.
Then o'er Heabani's couch a moment stands,
And Heaven's curtains pulls aside with hands
Of mystic power, and he a vision sees—
The gods in council;—vanishing, she flees
Without the palace like a gleam of light,
And wakes the guard around in wild affright.

Next day the seer reveals to Izdubar
How all the gods a council held of war,
And gave to Anu power to punish them
For thus defying Ishtar's godly claim;
And thus the seer gave him his counsel, well
Considered, how to meet their plottings fell:

"To Khasisadra go, who from the flood
Escaped when o'er the earth the waters stood
Above mankind, and covered all the ground;
He at the river's mouth may yet be found.
For his great aid, we now the seer must seek,
For Anu's fury will upon us break.
Immortal lives the seer beside the sea;
Through Hades pass, and soon the seer mayst see."

Thus Izdubar replied, and him embraced:
"With thee, Heabani, I my throne have graced;

[1] "Tsil-at-tu," goddess of darkness, or shades of night.

With thee I go, mine own companion dear,
And on the road each other we may cheer."
"The way is long, my King, and if I live,
With thee I go, but oh, thou must not grieve,
For perils great attend the way, and old
Am I: the suppleness of youth to hold
My strength I need, but it alas! is gone.
My heart is ready, but I fear, my son,
These crippled limbs which Anu's bull hath left
Of my strong vigor, have thy seer bereft.
Too weak am I, for that long journey hard
To undertake; my presence would retard
Thee,—with these wounds; nor strength have I to last
To guard my body in the mountain fast.
But if thou wilt, my strength is thine, my King!
To do thy will my agèd form shall spring
With gladness, and all perils I'll defy;
If need be, for thee will thy servant die."

"Heabani, noble one! my chosen seer!
I love thee, bid thy loyal heart good cheer.
He steeds may take to ride through all the way,
With easy journeys on the road each day;
From perils I will guard thee, and defend;
To-morrow then we on our way will wend."

Equipped for the long journey they appear
Next morn and leave, while Erech's people cheer
Them on their way across the glowing plain,
To perils dire they go—distress and pain.

TABLET VI—COLUMN I

Ishtar's Descent to Hades—Her Fearful Reception

To Hades' darkened land, whence none return,
Queen Ishtar, Sin's great daughter, now doth turn;
Inclined her ear and listened through the void
That lay beneath of every path devoid,
The home of darkness, of the Under-World,
Where god Ir-kal-la [1] from the heights was hurled.
The land and road from whence is no return,
Where light no entrance hath to that dark bourne;
Where dust to dust returns, devouring clods;
Where light dwells not in Tsil-lat-tus abodes;
Where sable ravens hovering rule the air;
O'er doors and bolts dust reigneth with despair.
Before the gates of gloom the Queen now stands,
And to the keeper Ishtar thus commands:
"O keeper of the waters! open wide
Thy gate, that I through these dark walls may glide;
But if thou open'st not the gate for me,
That I may enter, shattered thou shalt see
The doors and bolts before thee lying prone,
And from the dust shall rise each skeleton,
With fleshless jaws devour all men with thee,
Till death shall triumph o'er mortality."
The keeper to the Princess Ishtar said:
"Withhold thy speech! or Allat's fury dread!
To her I go to bid thee welcome here."
To Allat then the keeper doth appear:
"Thy sister Ishtar the dark waters seeks—
The Queen of Heaven," thus Allat's fury breaks.
"So like an herb uprooted comes this Queen,
To sting me as an asp doth Ishtar mean?
What can her presence bring to me but hate?
Doth Heaven's Queen thus come infuriate?"
And Ishtar thus replies: "The fount I seek,

[1] "Ir-kal-la," the King of Hades, who was hurled from the heights of heaven with the evil gods who rebelled with Tiamatu, the goddess of chaos, against the reign of the gods of heaven.

Where I with Tammuz, my first love, may speak;
And drink its waters, as sweet nectar-wines,
Weep o'er my husband, who in death reclines;
My loss as wife with handmaids I deplore,
O'er my dear Tammuz let my teardrops pour."
And Allat said, "Go! keeper, open wide
The gates to her! she hath me once defied;
Bewitch her as commanded by our laws."
To her thus Hades opened wide its jaws.

"Within, O goddess! Cutha thee receives!
Thus Hades' palace its first greeting gives."
He seized her, and her crown aside was thrown.
"O why, thou keeper, dost thou seize my crown?
"Within, O goddess! Allat thee receives!
'Tis thus to thee our Queen her welcome gives."
Within the next gate he her earrings takes,
And goddess Ishtar now with fury shakes.
"Then why, thou slave, mine earrings take away?
"Thus entrance, goddess, Allat bids this day."
At the third gate her necklace next he takes,
And now in fear before him Ishtar quakes.
"And wilt thou take from me my gems away?"
"Thus entrance, goddess, Allat bids this day."
And thus he strips the goddess at each gate,
Of ornaments upon her breast and feet
And arms; her bracelets, girdle from her waist,
Her robe next took, and flung the Queen undrest
Within a cell of that dark solitude.
At last, before Queen Ishtar Allat stood,
When she had long remained within the walls,
And Allat mocked her till Queen Ishtar falls
Humiliated on the floor in woe;
Then turning wildly, cursed her ancient foe.
Queen Allat furious to her servant cries:
"Go! Naintar! with disease strike blind her eyes!
And strike her side! her breast and head and feet;
With foul disease her strike, within the gate!"

COLUMN II

EFFECT OF ISHTAR'S IMPRISONMENT IN HADES—LOVE DEPARTS FROM THE EARTH—THE EARTH'S SOLEMN DIRGE OF WOE.

When Ishtar, Queen of Love, from Earth had flown,
With her love fled, and left all nature prone;
From Earth all peace with love then fled amain.
In loneliness the bull stalked o'er the plain,
And tossed his drooping crest toward the sky,
In sadness lay upon the green to die;
On the far kine looked weary and bereaved,
And turned toward the gods, and wondering grieved.
The troubled kine then gravely chewed their cud,
And hungerless in the rich pastures stood.
The ass his mate abandoned, fled away,
And loveless wives then cursed the direful day;
And loving husbands kiss their wives no more,
And doves their cooing ceased, and separate soar;
And love then died in all the breasts of men,
And strife supreme on earth was reveling then.

The sexes of mankind their wars divide,
And women hate all men, and them deride;
And some demented hurl aside their gowns,
And queens their robes discard and jewelled crowns,
And rush upon the streets bereft of shame,
Their forms expose, and all the gods defame.
Alas! from earth the Queen of Love has gone,
And lovers 'void their haunts with faces wan
And spurn from them the hateful thought of love,
For love no longer reigns, all life to move.
An awful thrill now speeds through Hades' doors,
And shakes with horror all the dismal floors;
A wail upon the breeze through space doth fly,
And howling gales sweep madly through the sky;
Through all the universe there speeds a pang
Of travail. Mam-nu-tu[1] appalled doth hang

[1] "Mam-nu-tu," goddess of fate.

Upon her blackened pinions in the air,
And piteous from her path leads Black Despair,
"The queen in chains in Hades dying lies,
And life with her," they cry, "forever dies!"
Through misty glades and darkened depths of space,
Tornadoes roar her fate to Earth's sweet face;
The direful tidings from far Hades pour
Upon her bosom with their saddest roar;
Like moans of mighty powers in misery,
They bring the tale with awful minstrelsy.
And Earth her mists wrapped round her face in woe,
While icy pangs through all her breast deep flow.
Her bosom sobbing wails a mighty moan,
"Alas! forever my sweet queen hath flown!"
With shrieks of hurricane, and ocean's groan,
And sobbing of the winds through heights unknown,
Through mountain gorges sweep her wails of woe,
Through every land and seas, her sorrows flow:
Oh, moan! oh, moan! dear mountains, lakes, and seas!
Oh, weep with me dear plants, and flowers, and trees!
Alas! my beauty fading now will die!
Oh, weep, ye stars, for me in every sky!
Oh, Samas, hide thy face! I am undone!
Oh, weep with me Ur-ru,[1] my precious son.
Let all your notes of joy, my birds, be stilled;
Your mother's heart with dread despair is filled:

Come back, my flowerets, with your fragrant dews;
Come, all my beauties, with your brightest hues;
Come back, my plants and buds and youngling shoots!
Within your mother's bosom hide your roots.
Oh, children, children! Love hath fled away,
Alas! that life I gave should see this day!
Your queen lies dying in her awful woe,
Oh, why should she from us to Hades go?"

Wide Nature felt her woe, and ceased to spring,
And withered buds their vigor lost, and fling
No more their fragrance to the lifeless air;
The fruit-trees died, or barren ceased to bear;

[1] "Ur-ru," the moon-god.

The male plants kiss their female plants no more;
And pollen on the winds no longer soar
To carry their caresses to the seed
Of waiting hearts that unavailing bleed,
Until they fold their petals in despair,
And dying, drop to earth, and wither there.
The growing grain no longer fills its head,
The fairest fields of corn lie blasted, dead.
All Nature mourning dons her sad attire,
And plants and trees with falling leaves expire.
And Samas' light and moon-god's soothing rays
Earth's love no more attracts; recurring days
Are shortened by a blackness deep profound
That rises higher as the days come round.
At last their light flees from the darkened skies,
The last faint gleam now passes, slowly dies.
Upon a blasted world, dread darkness falls,
O'er dying nature, crumbling cities' walls.
Volcanoes' fires are now the only light,
Where pale-faced men collect around in fright;
With fearful cries the lurid air they rend,
To all the gods their wild petitions send.

COLUMN III

Papsukul, the God of Hope, and Herald of the Gods, Flies from the Earth and Intercedes for the Release of Ishtar, and Hea Grants His Prayer

O Hope! thou fleeting pleasure of the mind,
Forever with us stay, our hearts to bind!
We cling to thee till life has fled away;
Our dearest phantom, ever with us stay!
Without thee, we have naught but dread despair,
The worst of all our torments with us here;
Oh, come with thy soft pinions, o'er us shine!
And we will worship thee, a god divine:
The *ignis fatuus* of all our skies
That grandly leads us, vanishes and dies,

And we are left to grope in darkness here,
Without a ray of light our lives to cheer.
Oh, stay! sweet Love's companion, ever stay!
And let us hope with love upon our way!
We reck not if a phantom thou hast been,
And we repent that we have ever seen
Thy light on earth to lead us far astray;
Forever stay! or ever keep away!

When Papsukul beheld in man's abodes
The change that spread o'er blasted, lifeless clods,
And heard earth's wailing through the waning light,
With vegetation passing out of sight,
From the doomed world to Heaven he quickly flies,
While from the earth are rising fearful cries.
To Samas' throne he speeds with flowing tears,
And of the future dark he pours his fears.
To Sin, the moon-god, Pap-su-kul now cries
O'er Ishtar's fate, who in black Hades lies;
O'er Earth's dire end, which with Queen Ishtar dies;
To Hea he appeals with mournful cries:

"O Hea, our Creator, God and King!
Queen Ishtar now is lying prone.
To Earth, our godly queen again, oh, bring!
I trust thy love, O Holy One!
To all the gods who reign o'er us on high
I pray! thus Hope thine aid implores,
Release our queen! To Hades quickly fly!
Thy Pap-su-kul with faith adores.

"The bull hath left the lowing kine bereaved,
And sulking dies in solitude;
The ass hath fled away, his mates hath grieved,
And women are no more imbued
With love, and drive their husbands far away,
And wives enjoy not their caress;
All peace and love have gone from earth this day,
And love on earth knows not its bliss.

"The females die through all the living world,
Among all beasts, and men, and plants;
All love from them on earth have madly hurled,
For blissful love no more each pants;
And Samas' light is turned away from Earth,
And left alone volcanoes' fire;
The land is filled with pestilence and dearth,
All life on earth will soon expire."

When Hea heard the solemn chant of Hope,
From his high throne he let his sceptre drop,
And cried: "And thus, I rule o'er all mankind!
For this, I gave them life, immortal mind;
To earth's relief, my herald shall quick go,
I hear thy prayer, and song of Ishtar's woe."

"Go! At-su-su-namir, with thy bright head!
With all thy light spring forth! and quickly speed;
Towards the gates of Hades, turn thy face!
And quickly fly for me through yonder space.
Before thy presence may the seven gates
Of Hades open with their gloomy grates;
May Allat's face rejoice before thy sight,
Her rage be soothed, her heart filled with delight;
But conjure her by all the godly names,
And fearless be,—towards the roaring streams
Incline thine ear, and seek the path there spread.
Release Queen Ishtar! raise her godly head!
And sprinkle her with water from the stream;
Her purify! a cup filled to the brim
Place to her lips that she may drink it all.
The herald as a meteor doth fall,
With blazing fire disparts the hanging gloom
Around the gates of that dark world of doom."

COLUMN IV

RELEASE OF ISHTAR—HER ATTEMPTS TO BRING TO LIFE TAMMUZ, HER FIRST LOVER

When Allat saw the flaming herald come,
And his bright light dispelling all her gloom,
She beat her breast; and at him furious foams
In rage, and stamping shakes all Hades' domes,
Thus cursed the herald, At-su-su-namir:
"Away! thou herald! or I'll chain thee here
In my dark vaults, and throw thee for thy food
The city's garbage, which has stagnant stood,
With impure waters for thy daily drink,
And lodge thee in my prison till you sink
From life impaled in yonder dismal room
Of torture; to thy fate so thou hast come?
Thine offspring with starvation I will strike!"

At last obedient doth Allat speak:
"Go, Namtar! and the iron palace strike!
O'er Asherim[1] adorned let the dawn break!
And seat the spirits on their thrones of gold!
Let Ishtar Life's bright waters then behold,
And drink her fill, and bring her then to me;
From her imprisonment, I send her free."
And Namtar then goes through the palace walls,
And flings the light through all the darkened halls,
And places all the spirits on their thrones,
Leads Ishtar to the waters near the cones.
She drinks the sparkling water now with joy,
Which all her form doth cleanse and purify.
And he at the first gate her robe returns,
And leads her through the second; where he turns,

[1] "Asherim," literally "stone stakes" or "cones," the symbols of the goddess Asherah or Ishtar (Sayce), but Calmet says that the god Ashima is a deity of very uncertain origin, and that the name "Ashima" may be very well compared with the Persian "asuman" ("heaven"); in "Zend," "acmano," so Gesenius in his Man. Lex., 1832. This also, according to the magi, is the name of the angel of death, who separates the souls of men from their bodies, Cal. Dic., p. 106. Cones are to be seen in the British Museum which are probably of the character which represented Elah-Gabalah, the sun-god, adored in Rome during the reign of Heliogabalus. The symbol and worship came from Hamath in Syria.

And gives her bracelets back;—thus at each door
Returns to her her girdle, gems; then o'er
Her queenly brow he placed her shining crown.
With all her ornaments that were her own,
She stands with pride before the seventh gate,
And Namtar bows to her in solemn state:

"Thou hast no ransom to our queen here paid
For thy deliverance, yet thou hast said
Thy Tammuz thou didst seek within our walls,
Turn back! and thou wilt find him in these halls.
To bring him back to life the waters pour
Upon him; they thy Tammuz will restore;
With robes thou mayst adorn him and a crown
Of jewels, and thy maid with thee alone
Shall give thee comfort and appease thy grief.
Kharimtu, Samkha come to thy relief!"

Now Ishtar lifts her eyes within a room
Prepared for her, and sees her maidens come,
Before a weird procession wrapped in palls,
That soundless glide within and fills the halls.
Before her now they place a sable bier
Beside the fount; and Ishtar, drawing near,
Raised the white pall from Tammuz's perfect form.
The clay unconscious, had that mystic charm
Of Beauty sleeping sweetly on his face,—
Of agony or sorrow left no trace:
But, oh! that awful wound of death was there
With its deep mark;—the wound, and not the scar.

When Ishtar's eyes beheld it, all her grief
Broke forth afresh, refusing all relief;
She smote her breast in woe, and moaning cried,
Nor the bright waters to his wound applied:
"O Tammuz! Tammuz! turn thine eyes on me!
Thy queen thou didst adorn, before thee see!
Behold the emeralds and diamond crown
Thou gavest me when I became thine own!
Alas! he answers not: and must I mourn
Forever o'er my love within this bourne?

But, oh! the waters from this glowing stream!
Perhaps those eyes on me with love will beam,
And I shall hear again his song of love.
Oh, quickly let these waters to me prove
Their claim to banish death with magic power!"

Then with her maids, she o'er his form doth pour
The sparkling drops of life—
"He moves! he lives!
What happiness is this my heart receives?
O come, my Tammuz! to my loving arms!"

And on breast his breathing form she warms;
With wondering eyes he stares upon his queen,
And nestling closed his eyes in bliss again.

COLUMN V

Tammuz is Restored to Life by the Waters of Life—His Song of Love

The nectared cup the queen placed to his lips,
And o'er his heaving breast the nectar drips,
And now his arms are folded round his queen,
And her fond kisses he returns again;
And see! they bring to him his harp of gold,
And from its strings, sweet music as of old
His skilful hands wake through the sounding domes;
Oh, how his Song of Love wakes those dark rooms!

"My Queen of Love comes to my arms!
Her faithful eyes have sought for me,
My Love comes to me with her charms;
Let all the world now happy be!
My queen has come again!

Forever, dearest, let me rest
Upon the bosom of my queen!
Thy lips of love are honeyed best;
Come! let us fly to bowering green!
To our sweet bower again.

O Love on Earth! O Love in Heaven!
That dearest gift which gods have given,
Through all my soul let it be driven,
And make my heart its dearest haven,
For Love returns the kiss!

Oh! let me pillow there within
Thy breast, and, oh, so sweetly rest,
My life anew shall there begin;
On thy sweet charms, oh, let me feast!
Life knows no sweeter bliss.

Oh, let me feast upon thy lips,
As honey-bird the nectar sips,
And drink new rapture through my lips,
As honey-bee its head thus drips
In nectarine abyss!

O Love, sweet queen! my heart is thine!
My Life I clasp within mine arms!
My fondest charmer, queen divine!
My soul surrenders to thy charms,
In bliss would fly away.

No dearer joy than this I want;
If love is banished from that life
There bodyless, my soul would pant,
And pine away in hopeless grief,
If love be fled away.

If Love should hide and fold her wings
In bowers of yonder gleaming skies,
Unmeaning then each bard oft sings
Of bliss that lives on earth and dies,—
I want such love as this.

I want thy form, thy loving breast,
Mine arms of love surrounding thee,
And on thy bosom sweetly rest,
Or else that world were dead to me.
No other life is bliss.

If it is thus, my queen, I go
With joy to yonder blissful clime;
But if not so, then let me flow
To soil and streams through changing time,
To me would be more bliss.

For then, in blooming flowerets, I
Could earth adorn, my soul delight,
And never thus on earth could die;
For though I should be hid from sight,
Would spring again with joy!

And sing as some sweet warbling bird,
Or in the breezes wave as grain,
As yellow sun-birds there have whirred
On earth, could I thus live again,
That beauteous world enjoy!

'Mid safflower-fields or waving cane,
Or in the honeysuckles lie,
In forms of life would breathe again,
Enjoy Earth's sweetest revelry,
And ever spring again!

Each life to me new joys would bring,
In breast of beast or bird or flower,
In each new form new joys would spring,
And happy, ever, Love would soar!
Triumphant filled with joy!

In jujube or tamarisk
Perhaps would come to life again,
Or in the form of fawns would frisk
'Mid violets upon the plain;
But I should live again!

And throb beneath the glistening dew,
In bamboo tufts, or mango-trees,
In lotus bloom, and spring anew,
In rose-tree bud, or such as these
On Earth return again!

And I should learn to love my mate,
In beast or singing bird or flower,
For kiss of love in hope could wait;
Perhaps I then would come that hour,
In form I have again!

And love you say, my queen, is there,
Where I can breathe with life anew?
But is it so? My Love, beware!
For some things oft are false, some true,
But I thee trust again!

We fly away! from gates away!
Oh, life of bliss! Oh, breath of balm!
With wings we tread the Silver Way,
To trailing vines and feathery palm,
To bower of love again."

COLUMN VI

ESCAPE OF TAMMUZ FROM HADES—HIS DEATH IN THE CLOUDS—FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE GODS—ISHTAR'S ELEGY OVER THE DEATH OF TAMMUZ—HIS REVIVAL IN HADES, WHERE HE IS CROWNED AS THE LORD OF HADES—ISHTAR'S RETURN BRINGS LIGHT AND LOVE BACK TO EARTH.

But see! they pass from those dark gates and walls,
And fly upon the breeze from Hades' halls,
Hark! hark! the sounding harp is stilled! it falls
From Tammuz's hands! Oh, how its wailing calls
To you bright *zi-ni*[1] flying through the skies,
See! one sweet spirit of the wind swift flies
And grasps the wailing harp before it ends
Its wail of woe, and now beneath it bends,
With silent pinions listening to its strings,
Wild sobbing on the winds;—with wailing rings
The conscious harp, and trembles in her hands.

[1] "Zi-ni," pronounced "Zee-nee," spirits of the wind.

A rush of pinions comes from myriad lands,
With moanings sends afar the awful tale,
And mourners brings with every whispering gale.
And see! the queen's companion fainting sinks!
She lays him on that cloud with fleecy brinks!
And oh! his life is ebbing fast away!
She wildly falls upon his breast, and gray
Her face becomes with bitter agony.
She tearless kneels, wrapt in her misery
And now upon his breast she lays her head,
With tears that gods, alas! with men must shed;
She turning, sobs to her sweet waiting maids,
Who weeping o'er her stand with bended heads:
"Assemble, oh, my maids, in mourning here,
The gods! and spirits of the earth bring near!"

They come! they come! three hundred spirits high,
The heavenly spirits come! the I-gi-gi!
From Heaven's streams and mouths and plains and vales,
And gods by thousands on the wings of gales.
The spirits of the earth, An-un-na-ci,
Now join around their sisters of the sky.
Hark! hear her weeping to the heavenly throng,
Imploring them to chant their mournful song:

"With your gold lyres, the dirge, oh, sing with me!
And moan with me, with your sweet melody;
With swelling notes, as zephyrs softly wail,
And cry with me as sobbing of the gale.
O Earth! dear Earth! oh, wail with thy dead trees!
With sounds of mountain torrents, moaning seas!
And spirits of the lakes, and streams, and vales,
And Zi-ku-ri of mountains' trackless trail,
Join our bright legions with your queen! Oh, weep
With your sad tears, dear spirits of the deep!
Let all the mournful sounds of earth be heard,
The breeze hath carried stored from beast and bird;
Join the sweet notes of doves for their lost love
To the wild moans of hours,—wailing move;

Let choirs of Heaven and of the earth then peal,
All living beings my dread sorrow feel!
Oh, come with saddest, weirdest melody,
Join earth and sky in one sweet threnody!"

Ten thousand times ten thousand now in line,
In all the panoplies of gods divine;
A million crowns are shining in the light,
A million sceptres, robes of purest white!
Ten thousand harps and lutes and golden lyres
Are waiting now to start the Heavenly choirs.

And lo! a chariot from Heaven comes,
While halves rise from yonder sapphire domes;
A chariot incrusted with bright gems,
A blaze of glory shines from diadems.
See! in the car the queen o'er Tammuz bends,
And nearer the procession slowly wends,
Her regal diadem with tears is dimmed;
And her bright form by sorrow is redeemed
To sweeter, holier beauty in her woe;
Her tears a halo form and brighter flow.

Caparisoned with pearls, ten milk-white steeds
Are harnessed to her chariot that leads;
On snow-white swans beside her ride her maids,
They come! through yonder silver cloudy glades!
Behind her chariot ten sovereigns ride;
Behind them comes all Heaven's lofty pride,
On pale white steeds, the chargers of the skies.
The clouds of snowy pinions rustling rise!
But hark! what is that strain of melody
That fills our souls with grandest euphony?
Hear how it swells and dies upon the breeze!
To softest whisper of the leaves of trees;
Then sweeter, grander, nobler, sweeping comes,
Like myriad lyres that peal through Heaven's domes.
But, oh! how sad and sweet the notes now come!
Like music of the spheres that softly hum;
It rises, falls, with measured melody,

With saddest notes and mournful symphony.
From all the universe sad notes repeat
With doleful strains of woe transcendent, sweet;
Hush! hear the song! my throbbing heart be still!
The songs of gods above the heavens fill!

"Oh, weep with your sweet tears, and mourning chant,
O'er this dread loss of Heaven's queen.
With her, O sisters, join your sweetest plaint
O'er our dear Tammuz, Tammuz slain.
Come, all ye spirits, with your drooping wings,
No more to us sweet joy he brings;
Ah, me, my brother![1]

Oh, weep! oh, weep! ye spirits of the air,
Oh, weep! oh, weep! An-un-na-ci!
Our own dear queen is filled with dread despair.
Oh, pour your tears, dear earth and sky,
Oh, weep with bitter tears, O dear Sedu,
O'er fearful deeds of Nin-azu;
Ah, me, my brother!

Let joy be stilled! and every hope be dead!
And tears alone our hearts distil.
My love has gone!—to darkness he has fled;
Dread sorrow's cup for us, oh, fill!
And weep for Tammuz we have held so dear,
Sweet sisters of the earth and air;
Ah, me, my sister!

Oh, come ye, dearest, dearest Zi-re-nu,
With grace and mercy help us bear
Our loss and hers; our weeping queen, oh, see!
And drop with us a sister's tear.
Before your eyes our brother slain! oh, view;
Oh, weep with us o'er him so true;
Ah, me, his sister!

[1] "Ah, me, my brother, and, ah, me, my sister! Ah, me, Adonis (or Tammuz), and ah, me, his lady (or queen)!" is the wailing cry uttered by the worshippers of Tammuz or Adonis when celebrating his untimely death. It is referred to in Jer. xxii. 18, and in Ezek. viii. 14, and Amos viii. 10, and Zech. xii. 10, 11. See Smith's revised edition of "Chal. Acc. of Genesis," by Sayce, pp. 247, 248.

The sky is dead; its beauty all is gone,
Oh, weep, ye clouds, for my dead love!
Your queen in her dread sorrow now is prone.
O rocks and hills in tears, oh, move!
And all my heavenly flowerets for me weep,
O'er him who now in death doth sleep;
Ah, me, my Tammuz!

Oh, drop o'er him your fragrant dewy tears,
For your own queen who brings you joy,
For Love, the Queen of Love, no longer cheers,
Upon my heart it all doth cloy.
Alas! I give you love, nor can receive,
O all my children for me grieve;
Ah, me, my Tammuz!

Alas! alas! my heart is dying—dead!
With all these bitter pangs of grief
Despair hath fallen on my queenly head,
Oh, is there, sisters, no relief?
Hath Tammuz from me ever, ever, gone?
My heart is dead, and turned to stone;
Ah, me, his queen!

My sister spirits, O my brothers dear,
My sorrow strikes me to the earth;
Oh, let me die! I now no fate can fear,
My heart is left a fearful dearth.
Alas, from me all joy! all joy! hath gone;
Oh, Ninazu, what hast thou done?
Ah, me, his queen!"

To Hades' world beyond our sight they go,
And leave upon the skies Mar-gid-da's [2] glow,
That shines eternally along the sky,
The road where souls redeemed shall ever fly.
Prince Tammuz now again to life restored,
Is crowned in Hades as its King and Lord,[3]

[2] "Mar-gid-da," "the Long Road." We have also given the Accadian name for "The Milky Way." It was also called by them the "River of Night."

[3] "Lord of Hades" is one of the titles given to Tammuz in an Accadian hymn found in "C. I. W. A.," vol. iv. 27, 1, 2. See also translation in "Records of the Past," vol. xi. p. 131.

And Ishtar's sorrow thus appeased, she flies
To earth, and fills with light and love the skies.

TABLET VII—COLUMN I

THE KING AND SEER CONVERSING ON THEIR WAY TO KHASISADRA—INTERPRETATION OF THE KING'S DREAM IN THE PALACE ON THE NIGHT OF THE FESTIVAL

"The dream, my seer, which I beheld last night
Within our tent, may bring to us delight.
I saw a mountain summit flash with fire,
That like a royal robe or god's attire
Illumined all its sides. The omen might
Some joy us bring, for it was shining bright."
And thus the Sar revealed to him his dream.

Heabani said, "My friend, though it did seem
Propitious, yet, deceptive was it all,
And came in memory of Elam's fall.
The mountain burning was Khumbaba's halls
We fired, when all his soldiers from the walls
Had fled;—the *ni-takh-garri,*[1]—on that morn,
Of such deceptive dreams, I would thee warn!"

Some twenty *kaspu* they have passed this day,
At thirty *kaspu* they dismount to pray
And raise an altar, Samas to beseech
That they their journey's end may safely reach.
The tent now raised, their evening meal prepare
Beneath the forest in the open air;
And Izdubar brought from the tent the dream
He dreamed the festal night when Ishtar came
To him;—he reads it from a written scroll:
"Upon my sight a vision thus did fall:
I saw two men that night beside a god;
One man a turban wore, and fearless trod.
The god reached forth his hand and struck him down
Like mountains hurled on fields of corn, thus prone

[1] "Ni-takh-garri," "the helpers," or soldiers of Khumbaba.

He lay; and Izdubar then saw the god
Was Anatu,[2] who struck him to the sod.
The troubler of all men, Samu's fierce queen,
Thus struck the turbaned man upon the plain.
He ceased his struggling, to his friend thus said:
'My friend, thou askest not why I am laid
Here naked, nor my low condition heed.
Accursèd thus I lie upon the mead;
The god has crushed me, burned my limbs with fire.'

The vision from mine eyes did then expire.
A third dream came to me, which I yet fear,
The first beyond my sight doth disappear.
A fire-god thundering o'er the earth doth ride;
The door of darkness burning flew aside;
Like a fierce stream of lightning, blazing fire,
Beside me roared the god with fury dire,
And hurled wide death on earth on every side;
And quickly from my sight it thus did glide,
And in its track I saw a palm-tree green
Upon a waste, naught else by me was seen."

Heabani pondering, thus explained the dream:
"My friend, the god was Samas, who doth gleam
With his bright glory, power, our God and Lord,
Our great Creator King, whose thunders roared
By thee, as through yon sky he takes his way;
For his great favor we should ever pray.
The man thou sawest lying on the plain
Was thee, O King,—to fight such power is vain.
Thus Anatu will strike thee with disease,
Unless thou soon her anger shalt appease;
And if thou warrest with such foes divine,
The fires of death shall o'er thy kingdom shine.
The palm-tree green upon the desert left
Doth show that we of hope are not bereft;
The gods for us their snares have surely weft,[3]
One shall be taken, and the other left."

[2] "Anatu," the consort of Anu. [3] "Weft," weaved.

COLUMN II

CONTEST WITH THE DRAGONS IN THE MOUNTAINS—THE SEER IS MORTALLY WOUNDED—HIS CALM VIEW OF THE HEREAFTER

[1] "O Mam-mitu, thou god of fate and death!
Thou spirit of fierce hate and parting breath,
Thou banisher of joy! O ghastly Law,
That gathers countless forces in thy maw!
A phantom! curse! and oft a blessing, joy!
All Heaven and earth thy hands shall e'er employ.
With blessings come, or curses to us bring,
The god who fails not with her hovering wing;
Nor god, nor man thy coming e'er may ken,
O mystery! thy ways none can explain."

If thou must come in earthquakes, fire, and flood,
Or pestilence and eftsoons cry for blood,
Thou comest oft with voice of sweetest love,
Our dearest, fondest passions, hopes, to move;
And men have worshipped thee in every form,
In fear have praised thee, sought thy feet to charm.
We reck not if you blessings, curses bring,
For men oft change thy noiseless, ghoulish wing.
And yet, thou comest, goddess Mam-mitu,
To bring with thee the feet of Nin-a-zu,
Two sister ghouls, remorseless, tearless, wan,
We fear ye not; ye *bu'i-du,*[2] begone!

Sweet life renews itself in holy love,
Your victory is naught! Ye vainly rove
Across our pathway with yours forms inane,
For somewhere, though we die, we live again.
[3] The soul departed shall in glory shine,
As burnished gold its form shall glow divine,
And Samas there shall grant to us new life;
And Merodac, the eldest son, all strife

[1] We have here quoted an Accadian hymn to the goddess of fate. ("Trans. Soc. of Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 39.)
[2] "Bu'i-du," ghosts.
[3] Accadian hymn on the future of the just. ("Trans. Soc. of Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 32.)

Shall end in peace in yonder Blest Abode,
Where happiness doth crown our glorious God.

[4] The sacred waters there shall ever flow,
To Anat's arms shall all the righteous go;
The queen of Anu, Heaven's king, our hands
Outstretched will clasp, and through the glorious lands
Will lead us to the place of sweet delights;
The land that glows on yonder blessèd heights
Where milk and honey from bright fountains flow.
And nectar to our lips, all sorrows, woe,
Shall end in happiness beside the Stream
Of Life, and Joy for us shall ever gleam;
Our hearts with thankfulness shall sweetly sin
And grander blissfulness each day will bring.

And if we do not reach that spirit realm,
Where bodyless each soul may ages whelm
With joy unutterable; still we live,
With bodies knew upon dear Earth, and give
Our newer life to children with our blood.
Or if these blessings we should miss; in wood,
Or glen, or garden, field, or emerald seas,
Our forms shall spring again; in such as these
We see around us throbbing with sweet life,
In trees or flowerets.
This needs no belief
On which to base the fabric of a dream,
For Earth her children from death doth redeem,
And each contributes to continuous bloom;
So go your way! ye sisters, to your gloom!

Far on their road have come the king of fame
And seer, within the land of Mas [5] they came,
Nor knew that Fate was hovering o'er their way,
In gentle converse they have passed the day.
Some twenty *kaspu* o'er the hills and plain,
They a wild forest in the mountain gain,

[4] Assyrian fragmentary hymn ("W. A. I.," iv. 25, col. v.), translated in "Records of the Past," vol. xi. pp. 161, 162.

[5] The land of Mas, Mr. Sayce supposes, was situated west of the Euphrates Valley.

In a deep gorge they rode through thickets wild,
Beneath the pines; now to a pass they filed,
And lo! two dragons [6] near a cave contend
Their path! with backs upreared their coils unbend,
Extend their ravenous jaws with a loud roar
That harshly comes from mouths of clotted gore.

The sky o'erhead with lowering clouds is cast,
Which Anu in his rage above them massed.
Dark tempests fly above from Rimmon's breath,
Who hovers o'er them with the gods of death;
The wicked seven winds howl wildly round,
And crashing cedars falling shake the ground.
Now Tsil-lattu her black wings spreads o'er all,
Dark shrouding all the forest with her pall,
And from his steed for safety each dismounts,
And o'er their heads now break the ebon founts.
But hark! what is that dreadful roaring noise?
The dragons come! Their flaming crests they poise
Above, and nearer blaze their eyes of fire,
And see! upon them rush the monsters dire.

The largest springs upon the giant Sar,
Who parrying with the sword he used in war,
With many wounds it pierces, drives it back;
Again it comes, renews its fierce attack,
With fangs outspread its victims to devour,
High o'er the monarch's head its crest doth tower,
Its fiery breath upon his helm doth glow.

Exposed its breast! he strikes! his blade drives through
Its vitals! Dying now it shakes the ground,
And furious lashes all the forest round.
But hark! what is that awful lingering shriek
And cries of woe, that on his ears wild break?
A blinding flash, see! all the land reveals,
With dreadful roars, and darkness quick conceals
The fearful sight, to ever after come

[6] "Dragons." The word for this animal is "tammabuk-ku." It was probably one of the monsters portrayed on the Babylonian cylinders now in the British Museum.

Before his eyes, wherever he may roam.
The King, alas! too late Heabani drags
From the beast's fangs, that dies beneath the crags
O'erhanging near the cave. And now a din
Loud comes from *dalkhi* that around them spin
In fierce delight, while hellish voices rise
In harsh and awful mockery; the cries
Of agony return with taunting groans,
And mock with their fell hate those piteous moans.

Amazed stands Izdubar above his seer,
Nor hears the screams, nor the fierce *dalkhi's* jeer;
Beneath the flashing lightnings he soon found
The cave, and lays the seer upon the ground.
His breaking heart now cries in agony,
"Heabani! O my seer, thou must not die!
Alas! dread Mam-mitu hath led us here,
Awake for me! arouse! my noble seer!
I would to gods of Erech I had died
For thee! my seer! my strength! my kingdom's pride!"

The seer at last revives and turns his face
With love that death touched not, his hand doth place
With friendly clasp in that of his dear king,
And says:
"Grieve not, belovèd friend, this thing
Called death at last must come, why should we fear?
'Tis Hades' mist that opens for thy seer!

The gods us brought, nor asked consent, and life
They give and take away from all this strife
That must be here, my life I end on earth;
Both joy and sorrow I have seen from birth;
To Hades' awful land, whence none return,
Heabani's face in sorrow now must turn.
My love for thee, mine only pang reveals,
For this alone I grieve."
A teardrop steals
Across his features, shining 'neath the light
The King has lit to make the cavern bright.

"But oh, friend Izdubar, my King, when I
From this dear earth to waiting Hades fly,
Grieve not; and when to Erech you return,
Thou shalt in glory reign, and Zaidu learn
As thy companion all that thine own heart
Desires, thy throne thou wilt to him impart.
The female, Samkha, whom he brought to me
Is false, in league with thine own enemy.
And she will cause thee mischief, seek to drive
Thee from thy throne; but do not let her live
Within the walls of Erech, for the gods
Have not been worshipped in their high abodes.
When thou returnest, to the temple go,
And pray the gods to turn from thee the blow
Of Anu's fury, the strong god, who reigns
Above, and sent these woes upon the plains.
His anger raised against thee, even thee,
Must be allayed, or thy goods thou shalt see,
And kingdom, all destroyed by his dread power.
But Khasisadra will to thee give more
Advice when thou shalt meet the ancient seer,
For from thy side must I soon disappear."
The seer now ceased, and on his couch asleep
Spoke not, and Izdubar alone doth weep.

And thus twelve days were past, and now the seer
Of the great change he saw was drawing near
Informed his King, who read to him the prayers,
And for the end each friendly act prepares,
Then said: "O my Heabani, dearest friend,
I would that I thy body could defend
From thy fierce foe that brings the end to thee.
My friend in battle I may never see
Again, when thou didst nobly stand beside
Me; with my seer and friend I then defied
All foes; and must thou leave thy friend, my seer?"
"Alas! my King, I soon shall leave thee here."

COLUMN III

Heabani Reveals Two Wonderful Visions to the King, One of Death and Oblivion, and the Other of Heaven, and Dies in the Arms of the King

"But, oh, my King! to thee I now reveal
A secret that my heart would yet conceal,
To thee, my friend, two visions I reveal:
The first I oft have dreamed beneath some spell
Of night, when I enwrapped from all the world,
With Self alone communed.
Unconscious hurled
By wingèd thought beyond this present life,
I seeming woke in a Dark World where rife
Was Nothingness,—a darksome mist it seemed,
All eke was naught;—no light for me there gleamed;
And floating 'lone, which way I turned, saw naught;
Nor felt of substance 'neath my feet, nor fraught
With light was Space around; nor cheerful ray
Of single star. The sun was quenched; or day
Or night, knew not. No hands had I, nor feet,
Nor head, nor body, all was void. No heat
Or cold I felt, no form could feel or see;
And naught I knew but conscious entity.
No boundary my being felt, or had;
And speechless, deaf, and blind, and formless, sad,
I floated through dark space,—a conscious blank!
No breath of air my spirit moved; I sank
I knew not where, till motionless I ceased
At last to move, and yet I could not rest,
Around me spread the Limitless, and Vast.
My cheerless, conscious spirit,—fixed and fast
In some lone spot in space was moveless, stark!
An atom chained by forces stern and dark,
With naught around me. Comfortless I lived
In my dread loneliness! Oh, how I grieved!
And thus, man's fate in Life and Death is solved
With naught but consciousness, and thus involved

All men in hopes that no fruition have?
And this alone was all that death me gave?
That all had vanished, gone from me that life
Could give, and left me but a blank, with strife
Of rising thoughts, and vain regrets, to float;—
Away from life and light, be chained remote!

Oh, how my spirit longed for some lone crag
To part the gloom beneath, and rudely drag
My senses back! or with its shock to end
My dire existence;—to oblivion send
Me quickly! How I strove to curse, and break
That soundless Void, with shrieks or cries, to wake
That awful silence which around me spread!
In vain! in vain! all but my soul was dead.
And then my spirit soundless cried within:
"Oh, take me! take me back to Earth again!"
For tortures of the flesh were bliss and joy
To such existence! Pain can never cloy
The smallest thrill of earthly happiness!
'Twas joy to live on earth in pain! I'll bless
Thee, gods, if I may see its fields I've trod
To kiss its fragrant flowers, and clasp the sod
Of mother Earth, that grand and beauteous world!
From all its happiness, alas! was hurled
My spirit,—then in frenzy—I awoke!
Great Bel! a dream it was! as vanished smoke
It sped! and I sprang from my couch and prayed
To all the gods, and thus my soul allayed.
And then with blessings on my lips, I sought
My couch, and dropped away in blissful thought
In dream the second:
Then the Silver Sky
Came to me. Near the Stream of Life I lie:
My couch the rarest flowers; and music thrills
My soul! How soft and sweet it sounds from rills
And streams, and feathered songsters in the trees
Of Heaven's fruits!—e'en all that here doth please
The heart of man was there. In a dear spot
I lay, 'mid olives, spices, where was wrought

A beauteous grotto; and beside me near,
Were friends I loved; and one both near and dear
With me reclined, in blissful converse, sweet
With tender thoughts.
Our joy was full, complete!
The ministering spirits there had spread
Before us all a banquet on the mead,
With Heaven's food and nectar for our feast;
And oh, so happy! How our joy increased
As moments flew, to years without an end!
To Courts Refulgent there we oft did wend.

Beside a silver lake, a holy fane
There stood within the centre of the plain,
High built on terraces, with walls of gold,
Where palaces and mansions there enfold
A temple of the gods, that stands within
'Mid feathery palms and *gesdin*,[1] bowers green,
The city rises to a dizzy height,
With jewelled turrets flashing in the light,
Grand mansions piled on mansions rising high
Until the glowing summits reach the sky.
A cloud of myriad wings, e'er fills the sky,
As doves around their nests on earth here fly;
The countless millions of the souls on earth,
The gods have brought to light from mortal birth,
Are carried there from the dark world of doom;
For countless numbers more there still is room.
Through trailing vines my Love and I oft wind,
With arms of love around each other twined.
This day, we passed along the Stream of Life,
Through blooming gardens, with sweet odors rife;
Beneath the ever-ripening fruits we walk,
Along dear paths, and sweetly sing, or talk,
While warbling birds around us fly in view,
From bloom to bloom with wings of every hue;
And large-eyed deer, no longer wild, us pass,
With young gazelles, and kiss each other's face.

We now have reached the stately stairs of gold,
The city of the gods, here built of old.

[1] "Gesdin," the Tree of Life and Immortality.

The pearlèd pillars rise inlaid divine,
With lotus delicately traced with vine
In gold and diamonds, pearls, and unknown gems,
That wind to capital with blooming stems
Of lilies, honeysuckles, and the rose.
An avenue of columns in long rows
Of varied splendor, leads to shining courts
Where skilful spirit hands with perfect arts
Have chiselled glorious forms magnificent,
With ornate skill and sweet embellishment.
Their golden sculpture view on every hand,
Or carvèd images in pearl that stand
In clusters on the floor, or in long rows;
And on the walls of purest pearl there glows
The painting of each act of kindest deed
Each soul performs on earth;—is there portrayed.

The scenes of tenderness and holy love,
There stand and never end, but onward move,
And fill the galleries of Heaven with joy,
And ever spirit artist hands employ.
The holiest deeds are carved in purest gold,
Or richest gems, and there are stored of old;
Within the inner court a fountain stood,
Of purest diamond moulded, whence there flowed
Into a golden chalice,—trickling cool,
The nectar of the gods,—a sparkling pool,
That murmuring sank beneath an emerald vase
That rested underneath;—the fountain's base.

We entered then an arcade arching long
Through saph'rine galleries, and heard the song
That swelling came from temples hyaline;
And passed through lazite courts and halls divine,
While dazzling glories brighter round us shone.
How sweet then came the strains! with grander tone!
And, oh, my King! I reached the gates of pearl
That stood ajar, and heard the joyous whirl
That thrilled the sounding domes and lofty halls,
And echoed from the shining jasper walls.

I stood within the gate, and, oh, my friend,
Before that holy sight I prone did bend,
And hid my face upon the jacinth stairs.
A shining god raised me, and bade my fears
Be flown, and I beheld the glorious throne
Of crystaled light; with rays by man unknown.
The awful god there sat with brows sublime,
With robes of woven gold, and diadem
That beamed with blazing splendor o'er his head.
I thus beheld the god with presence dread,
The King of Kings, the Ancient of the Days,
While music rose around with joyous praise.
With awful thunders how they all rejoice!
And sing aloud with one commingled voice!

What happiness it was to me, my King!
From bower to temple I went oft to sing,
Or spread my wings above the mount divine,
And viewed the fields from heights cerulean.
Those songs still linger on dear memory's ear,
And tireless rest upon me, ever cheer.
But from the Happy Fields, alas! I woke,
And from my sight the Heavenly vision broke;
But, oh, my King, it all was but a dream!
I hope the truth is such, as it did seem;
If it is true that such a Heavenly Land
Exists with happiness so glorious, grand,
Within that haven I would happy be!
But it, alas! is now denied to me.
For, oh, my King, to Hades I must go,
My wings unfold to fly to Realms of Woe;
In darkness to that other world unknown,
Alas! from joyous earth my life has flown.

Farewell, my King, my love thou knowest well;
I go the road; in Hades soon shall dwell;
To dwelling of the god Irkalla fierce,
To walls where light for me can never pierce,
The road from which no soul may e'er return,
Where dust shall wrap me round, my body urn,

Where sateless ravens float upon the air,
Where light is never seen, or enters there,
Where I in darkness shall be crowned with gloom;
With crownèd heads of earth who there shall come
To reign with Anu's favor or great Bel's,
Then sceptreless are chained in their dark cells
With naught to drink but Hades' waters there,
And dream of all the past with blank despair.
Within that world, I too shall ceaseless moan,
Where dwell the lord and the unconquered one,
And seers and great men dwell within that deep,
With dragons of those realms we all shall sleep;
Where King Etana [1] and god Ner doth reign
With Allat, the dark Under-World's great queen,
Who reigns o'er all within her regions lone,
The Mistress of the Fields, her mother, prone
Before her falls, and none her face withstands;
But I will her approach, and take her hands,
And she will comfort me in my dread woe.
Alas! through yonder void I now must go!
My hands I spread! as birds with wings I fly!
Descend! descend! beneath that awful sky!"
The seer falls in the arms of Izdubar,
And he is gone;—'tis clay remaineth here.

COLUMN IV

The Grief of the King Over the Loss of His Seer, and His Prayer to the Moon-God, Who Answers His Prayer with a Vision

The King weeps bitterly with flowing tears
Above his seer when from him disappears
The last faint breath; and then in deepest woe
He cries: "And through that desert must I go?
Heabani, thou to me wast like the gods;
Oh, how I loved thee! must thou turn to clods?
Through that dread desert must I ride alone;

[1] "Etana," Lord or King of Hades. He is mentioned in the Creation series of Legends as having reigned before the flood.

And leave thee here, Heabani, lying prone?
Alas, I leave thee in this awful place,
To find our Khasisadra, seek his face,
The son of Ubara-tutu, the seer;
Oh, how can I, my friend, thus leave thee here?
This night through those dark mountains I must go,
I can no longer bear this awful woe:
If I shall tarry here, I cannot sleep.
O Sin, bright moon-god, of yon awful deep!
I pray to thee upon my face, oh, hear
My prayer! my supplications bring thou near
To all the gods! grant thou to me,—e'en me,
A heart of strength and will to worship thee.

Oh, is this death like that the seer hath dreamed?
Perhaps the truth then on his spirit gleamed!
If Land of Silver Sky is but a myth,
The other dream is true! e'en all he saith!
Oh, tell me, all ye sparkling stars,
That wing above thy glorious flight,
And feel not Nature's jars;
But grandly, sweetly fling thy light
To our bright world beneath serene,
Hath mortals on thee known
Or viewed beyond,—that great Unseen,
Their future fate by gods been shown?

Oh, hear me, all ye gods on high!
To gods who love mankind I pray,
Despairing, oh, I cry!
Oh, drive these doubts and fears away!
And yet—and yet, what truths have we?
O wondrous mortal, must thou die?
Beyond this end thou canst not see,
O Life! O Death! O mystery!

The body still is here, with feeling dead!
And sight is gone!—and hearing from his head,
Nor taste, nor smell, nor warmth, nor breath of life!
Where is my seer? Perhaps, his spirit rife

E'en now in nothingness doth wander lone!
In agony his thoughts! with spirit prone!
In dread despair!—If conscious then, O gods!
He spake the truth!—His body to the clods
Hath turned! By this we feel, or hear, or see,
And when 'tis gone,—exist?—in agony!
To Hades hath he gone? as he hath thought!
Alas, the thought is torture, where have wrought
The gods their fearful curse! Ah, let me think!
The Silver Sky? Alas, its shining brink
He hath not crossed. The wrathful gods deny
Him entrance! Where, oh, where do spirits fly
Whom gods have cursed? Alas, he is condemned
To wander lone in that dark world, contemned
And from the Light of Happy Fields is barred!
Oh, why do gods thus send a fate so hard,
And cruel? O dear moon-god, moon-god Sin!
My seer hath erred. Receive his soul within
To joys prepared for gods and men! Though seer
He was, he immortality did fear,
As some unknown awakening in space.
Oh, turn upon him thy bright blessèd face!
He was my friend! O moon-god, hear my prayer!
Imploring thee, doth pray thine Izdubar!"

And lo! a vision breaks before his eyes!
The moon-god hides the shadows of the skies,
And sweeps above with his soft, soothing light
That streams around his face; he drives the night
Before his rays, and with his hands sweet peace
He spreads through all the skies; and Strife doth cease!
A girdle spans the Heavens with pure light
That shines around the River of the Night,
Within the circling rays a host appears!
The singers of the skies, as blazing spheres!
Hark! Hear their harps and lyres that sweetly sound!
They sing! Oh, how the glowing skies resound!

"O King of Light and Joy and Peace,
Supreme thy love shall ever reign;

Oh, can our songs of bliss here cease?
Our souls for joy cannot restrain,
Sweep! Sweep thy lyres again!

The former things [1] are passed away,
Which we on earth once knew below;
And in this bright eternal day
We happiness alone can know
Where bliss doth ever flow."

COLUMN V

THE KING BURIES HIS SEER IN THE CAVE, AND CONTINUING HIS JOURNEY, HE MEETS TWO FIERY GIANTS WHO GUIDE THE SUN IN THE HEAVENS—THEY MAKE MERRY OVER THE KING, AND DIRECT HIM ON HIS WAY

The King within the cave his seer entombs,
And mourning sadly from the cavern comes;
The entrance closes with the rocks around,
Again upon his journey he is bound.
But soon within the mountains he is lost
Within the darkness,—as some vessel tost
Upon the trackless waves of unknown seas,
But further from the awful cavern flees.
The morning breaks o'er crags and lonely glens,
And he dismayed, the awful wild now scans.
He reins his steed and wondering looks around,
And sees of every side a mystic ground.
Before him stands the peak of Mount Masu,[1]
The cliffs and crags forlorn his eyes swift view,
And cedars, pines, among the rocks amassed,
That weirdly rise within the mountain fast.
Hark! hear that dreadful roaring all around!
What nameless horror thrills the shaking ground?

[1] Literally, "the former names," which appears on a fragment of the epic translated by Mr. Sayce. See Smith's "C. A. of Gen.," p. 259, which he has rendered "the former name, the new name."

[1] "Mount Masu," the Mountains of Masius, or "Mons Masius" of Strabo (vi. 12, §§ 4, 14, 2, etc.), may be referred to by the author of the epic. These mountains are now known to the Turks as Jebel Tur and Karaiah Dag.—Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. ii. pp. 9 and 25.

The King in terror stares! and see! his steed
Springs back! wild snorting,—trembling in his dread.
Behold! behold those forms there blazing bright!
Fierce flying by the earth with lurid light;
Two awful spirits, demons, or fierce gods,
With roaring thunders spring from their abodes!
From depths beneath the earth the monsters fly,
And upward lift their awful bodies high,
Yet higher!—higher! till their crests are crowned
By Heaven's gates; thus reaching from the ground
To heights empyrean, while downward falls
Each form, extending far 'neath Hades' walls.
And see! each god as molten metal gleams,
While sulphurous flame from hell each monster climbs!
Two fiery horrors reaching to the skies,
While wrathful lightning from each monster flies!

Hell's gate they guard with Death's remorseless face,
And hurl the sun around the realms of space
E'en swifter than the lightning, while it goes
Along its orbit, guided by their blows.
Dire tempests rise above from their dread blows,
And ever round a starry whirlwind glows;
The countless stars thus driven whirl around,
With all the circling planets circling round.

The King astounded lifts his staring eyes,
Into his face gray fear, with terror flies;
As they approach, his thoughts the King collects,
Thus over him one of the gods reflects.
"Who cometh yonder with the form of gods?"
The second says: "He comes from man's abodes,
But with a mortal's feebleness he walks;
Behold upon the ground alone he stalks."

One lifts his mighty arm across the sky,
And strikes the sun as it goes roaring by;
The fiery world with whiter heat now glows,
While a vast flood of flame behind it flows,
That curling, forms bright comets, meteors,

And planets multiplies, and blazing stars;
The robe of flames spreads vast across the sky,
Adorned with starry gems that sparkling fly
Upon the ambient ether forming suns
That through new orbits sing their orisons;
Their pealing thunders rend the trembling sky,
The endless anthem of eternity.

The monster turning to the King then says,
When nearer now his awful form doth blaze:
"So thus you see, my son, the gods are strong,
And to provoke great power, is foolish, wrong;
But whither goest thou, thou sad-eyed King,
What message hast thou;—to us here would bring?"

The King now prostrate to the monsters prayed:
"Ye gods or demons, I within your glade
Of horrors, have unwilling come to seek
Our Khasisadra, who a spell can make
To turn the anger of the gods away.
Immortal lives the seer beside the sea,
He knoweth death and life, all secret things;
And this alone your servant to you brings.
The goddess sought my hand, which I denied,
And Anu's fury thus I have defied;
This all my troubles caused, show me the way
To Khasisadra, this I ask and pray."

The god's vast face broke out with wondrous smiles,
And laughing, ripples rolled along for miles;
His mouth wide opened its abyss and yawned,
As earthquake gulf, far spreading through the ground.
His roaring laughter shakes the earth around,
"Ho! ho! my son! so you at last have found
The Queen can hate, as well as love her friends,
And on thy journey Ishtar's love thee sends?
A mortal wise thou wast, to her refuse,
For she can do with man what she may choose.
A mortal's love, in truth, is wondrous strong,
A glorious thing it is, Life's ceaseless song!

Within a cave upon the mountain side,
Thou there thy footsteps must to Hades guide,
Twelve *kaspu* go to yonder mountain gates,
A heart like thine may well defy the fates.
A darkness deep profound doth ever spread
Within those regions black,—Home of the Dead.
Go, Izdubar! within this land of Mas,
Thy road doth lead, and to the west [2] doth pass,
And may the maidens sitting by the walls
Refresh thee, lead thee to the Happy Halls."

The path they take behind the rising sun
The setting sun they pass,—with wings have flown
The scorpion men,[3] within wide space have gone,
Thus from his sight the monsters far have flown.

COLUMN VI

IZDUBAR ENTERS HADES—THE SONG OF THE DALKHI IN THE CAVERN OF HORRORS—THE KING PASSES THROUGH HADES TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, AND SEES THE WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN OF LIFE'S WATERS

In a weird passage to the Under-World,
Where demon shades sit with their pinions furled
Along the cavern's walls with poisonous breath,
In rows here mark the labyrinths of Death.
The King with torch upraised, the pathway finds,
Along the way of mortal souls he winds,
Where shades sepulchral, soundless rise amid
Dark gulfs that yawn, and in the blackness hide
Their depths beneath the waves of gloomy lakes
And streams that sleep beneath the sulphurous flakes
That drift o'er waters bottomless, and chasms;
Where moveless depths receive Life's dying spasms.

[2] Mr. Sayce translates thus: "the path of the sun."

[3] He also names the monsters "the scorpion men," and refers to an Assyrian cylinder on which two composite winged monsters are carved, with the winged emblem of the supreme god in the centre above them. The monsters have the feet of lions and the tails of scorpions. See illustration in Smith's revised edition, by Sayce, "Chald. Acc. of Gen.," p. 276. The monsters were supposed to fly ahead of the sun, and as it passed guide it along its orbit.

Here Silence sits supreme on a drear throne
Of ebon hue, and joyless reigns alone
O'er a wide waste of blackness,—solitude
Black, at her feet, there sleeps the awful flood
Of mystery which grasps all mortal souls,
Where grisly horrors sit with crests of ghouls,
And hateless welcome with their eyes of fire
Each soul;—remorseless lead to terrors dire;
And ever, ever crown the god of Fate;
And there, upon her ebon throne she sate
The awful fiend, dark goddess Mam-mitu,
Who reigns through all these realms of La-Atzu.[1]

But hark! what are these sounds within the gloom?
And see! long lines of torches nearer come!
And now within a recess they have gone;
The King must pass their door! perhaps some one
Of them may see him! turn the hags of gloom
Upon him, as he goes by yonder room!
He nearer comes, and peers within; and see!
A greenish glare fills all the cave! and he
Beholds a blaze beneath a cauldron there;
Coiled, yonder lie the Dragons of Despair;
And lo! from every recess springs a form
Of shapeless horror! now with dread alarm
He sees the flitting forms wild whirling there,
And awful wailings come of wild despair:
But hark! the *dal-khis'* song rings on the air!
With groans and cries they shriek their mad despair.

Oh, fling on earth, ye demons dark,
Your madness, hate, and fell despair,
And fling your darts at each we mark,
That we may welcome victims here.

Then sing your song of hate, ye fiends,
And hurl your pestilential breath,
Till every soul before us bends,
And worship here the god of Death.

[1] "La-Atzu," Hades, hell, the spirit-world.

In error still for e'er and aye,
They see not, hear not many things;
The unseen forces do not weigh,
And each an unknown mystery brings.

In error still for e'er and aye,
They delve for phantom shapes that ride
Across their minds alone,—and they
But mock the folly of man's pride.

In error still for e'er and aye!
They learn but little all their lives,
And Wisdom ever wings her way,
Evading ever,—while man strives!

But hark! another song rings through the gloom,
And, oh, how sweet the music far doth come!
Oh, hear it, all ye souls in your despair,
For joy it brings to sorrowing ones e'en here!

"There is a Deep Unknown beyond,
That all things hidden well doth weigh!
On man's blind vision rests the bond
Of error still for e'er and aye!

But to the mighty gods, oh, turn
For truth to lead you on your way,
And wisdom from their tablets learn,
And ever hope for e'er and aye!"

And see! the hags disperse within the gloom,
As those sweet sounds resound within the room;
And now a glorious light doth shine around,
Their rays of peace glide o'er the gloomy ground.
And lo! 'tis Papsukul, our god of Hope,—
With cheerful face comes down the fearful slope
Of rugged crags, and blithely strides to where
Our hero stands, amid the poisonous air,
And says:

"Behold, my King, that glorious Light
That shines beyond! and eye no more this sight

Of dreariness, that only brings despair,
For phantasy of madness reigneth here!"
The King in wonder carefully now eyes
The messenger divine with great surprise,
And says:
"But why, thou god of Hope, do I
Thus find thee in these realms of agony?
This World around me banishes thy feet
From paths that welcome here the god of Fate
And blank despair, and loss irreparable.
Why comest thou to woe immeasurable?"

"You err, my King, for hope oft rules despair;
I ofttimes come to reign with darkness here;
When I am gone, the god of Fate doth reign;
When I return, I soothe these souls again."
"So thus you visit all these realms of woe,
To torture them with hopes they ne'er can know?
Avaunt! If this thy mission is on Earth
Or Hell, thou leavest after thee but dearth!"
"Not so, my King! behold yon glorious sphere,
Where gods at last take all these souls from here!
Adieu! thou soon shalt see the World of Light,
Where joy alone these souls will e'er delight."

The god now vanishes away from sight,
The hero turns his face toward the light;
Nine *kaspu* walks, till weird the rays now gleam,
As *zi-mu-ri* behind the shadows stream.
He sees beyond, umbrageous grots and caves,
Where odorous plants entwine their glistening leaves.
And lo! the trees bright flashing gems here bear!
And trailing vines and flowers do now appear,
That spread before his eyes a welcome sight,
Like a sweet dream of some mild summer night.
But, oh! his path leads o'er that awful stream,
Across a dizzy arch 'mid sulphurous steam
That covers all the grimy bridge with slime.
He stands perplexed beside the waters grime,
Which sluggish move adown the limbo black,
With murky waves that writhe demoniac,—

As ebon serpents curling through the gloom
And hurl their inky crests, that, silent come
Toward the yawning gulf, a tide of hate;
And sweep their dingy waters to Realms of Fate.

He cautious climbs the slippery walls of gloom,
And dares not look beneath, lest Fate should come;
He enters now the stifling clouds that creep
Around the causeway, while its shadows sleep
Upon the stream that sullen moves below,—

He slips!—and drops his torch! it far doth glow
Beneath him on the rocks! Alas, in vain
He seeks a path to bring it back again.
It moves! snatched by a *dal-khu's* hand it flies
Away within the gloom, then falling dies
Within those waters black with a loud hiss
That breaks the silence of that dread abyss.

He turns again, amid the darkness gropes,
And careful climbs the cragged, slimy slopes,
And now he sees, oh, joy! the light beyond!
He springs! he flies along the glowing ground,
And joyous dashes through the waving green
That lustrous meets his sight with rays serene,
Where trees pure amber from their trunks distil,
Where sweet perfumes the groves and arbors fill,
Where zephyrs murmur odors from the trees,
And sweep across the flowers, carrying bees
With honey laden for their nectar store;
Where humming sun-birds upward flitting soar
O'er groves that bear rich jewels as their fruit,
That sparkling tingle from each youngling shoot,
And fill the garden with a glorious blaze
Of chastened light and tender thrilling rays.
He glides through that enchanted mystic world,
O'er streams with beds of gold that sweetly twirled
With woven splendor 'neath the blaze of gems
That crown each tree with glistening diadems.
The sounds of streams are weft with breezes, chant
Their arias with trembling leaves,—the haunt

Of gods! O how the tinkling chorus rings!—
With rhythms of the unseen rustling wings
Of souls that hover here where joy redeems
Them with a happiness that ever gleams.

The hero stands upon a damasked bed
Of flowers that glow beneath his welcome tread,
And softly sink with 'luring odors round,
And beckon him to them upon the ground.
Amid rare pinks and violets he lies,
And one sweet pink low bending near, he eyes.
With tender petals thrilling on its stem,
It lifts its fragrant face and says to him,
"Dear King, wilt thou love me as I do thee?
We love mankind, and when a mortal see
We give our fragrance to them with our love,
Their love for us our inmost heart doth move."
The King leans down his head, it kissing, says,
"Sweet beauty, I love thee? with thy sweet face?
My heart is filled with love for all thy kind.
I would that every heart thy love should find.
The fragrant floweret thrills with tenderness,
With richer fragrance answers his caress.
He kisses it again and lifts his eyes,
And rises from the ground with glad surprise.

And see! the glorious spirits clustering round!
They welcome him with sweet melodious sound.
We hear their golden instruments of praise,
As they around him whirl a threading maze;
In great delight he views their beckoning arms,
And lustrous eyes, and perfect, moving forms.
And see! he seizes one bright, charming girl,
As the enchanting ring doth nearer whirl;
He grasps her in his arms, and she doth yield
The treasure of her lips, where sweets distilled
Give him a joy without a taint of guilt.
It thrills his heart-strings till his soul doth melt,
A kiss of chastity, and love, and fire,
A joy that few can dare to here aspire.

The beauteous spirit has her joy, and flees
With all her sister spirits 'neath the trees.
And lo! the *gesdin*[1] shining stands,
With crystal branches in the golden sands,
In this immortal garden stands the tree,
With trunk of gold, and beautiful to see.
Beside a sacred fount the tree is placed,
With emeralds and unknown gems is graced,
Thus stands, the prince of emeralds,[2] Elam's tree,
As once it stood, gave Immortality
To man, and bearing fruit, there sacred grew,
Till Heaven claimed again Fair Eridu.[3]

The hero now the wondrous fountain eyes;
Its beryl base to ruby stem doth rise,
To emerald and sapphire bands that glow,
Where the bright curvings graceful outward flow;
Around the fountain to its widest part,
The wondrous lazite bands now curling start
And mingle with bright amethyst that glows,
To a broad diamond band,—contracting grows
To *uk-ni* stone, turquoise, and clustering pearls,
Inlaid with gold in many curious curls
Of twining vines and tendrils bearing birds,
Among the leaves and blooming flowers, that words
May not reveal, such loveliness in art,
With fancies spirit hands can only start
From plastic elements before the eye,
And mingle there the charms of empery.
Beneath two diamond doves that shining glow
Upon the summit, the bright waters flow,
With aromatic splendors to the skies,
While glistening colors of the rainbow rise.

Here ends the tablet,[4] "When the hero viewed
The fountain which within the garden stood."

[1] "Gesdin," the Tree of Life and Immortality.

[2] See Sayce's edition Smith's "Chald. Acc. of Gen.," p. 264.

[3] "Eridu," the Garden of Eden. Idem, pp. 84-86.

[4] "Tablet of the series; when the hero Izdubar saw the fountain."—Sayce's edition Smith's "Chald. Acc. of Gen.," p. 264, l. 14.

TABLET VIII—COLUMN I

THE KING'S ADVENTURE AT THE GATE OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS WITH THE TWO MAIDENS—ONE OF THEM LEADS HIM INTO THE HAPPY HALLS—SONGS OF THE SABITU AND ZI-SI.

A gate half opened shows the silvery sea
Yet distant shining lambent on his way.
And now he sees young Siduri,[1] whose breast
Infuses life; all nature she hath blest,
Whose lips are flames, her arms are walls of fire,
Whose love yields pleasures that can never tire,
She to the souls who joy on earth here miss,
Grants them above a holier, purer bliss.
The maiden sits within a holy shrine
Beside the gate with lustrous eyes divine,
And beckons to the King, who nearer comes,
And near her glows the Happy Palace domes.

And lo! 'tis she his lips have fondly kissed
Within the garden, when like fleeing mist
She disappeared with the bright spirit Seven,[2]
The Sabit, who oft glide from earth to Heaven.
And lo! one of the Seven, Sabitu,
Emerging from the gate doth jealous view
The coming hero who hath kissed her mate,
She angry springs within to close the gate,
And bars it, enters then the inner halls,
And Izdubar to her now loudly calls,
"O Sabitu! what see-est thou, my maid?
Of Izdubar is Sabitu afraid?
Thy gate thou barrest thus before my face.
Quick, open for me! or I'll force the brass!"
The maid now frightened opens wide the door.

[1] "Siduri," the "pourer" or "shedder forth," the "all-bountiful," the goddess who brings the rain, and mists, and running streams to fill the vegetable world with its productions; the goddess who presides over productive nature. She was also called "the Goddess of Wisdom."

[2] Seven spirits of the earth and heaven, the daughters of Hea.

The Sar and Siduri now tread the floor
Of the bright palace where sweet joy doth reign.
Through crystal halls 'neath golden roofs the twain
Next go within a lofty ceilinged hall,
With shining pearlèd columns, golden wall,
And purple silken hangings at each door,
With precious gems inlaid upon the floor;
Where couches grand are spread for one to rest
Beneath the softened rays that sweet invest
The senses with a thrill of happiness;
Where Siduri with joy all souls doth bless.
The maid sits on a couch and turns her face
Toward the King with that immortal grace
That love to gods and men will e'er bestow.
Their eyes now mingling with a happy glow,
The maiden sweetly says: "Where wouldst thou go?
Within these Happy Halls we joy but know,
And if thou wilt, my King, my heart is thine!
Our love will ever bring us bliss divine."

"Alas, my maid, thy love to me is dear,
And sad am I that I must go from here.
I came from Erech by advice from one
I loved more than thou canst e'er know, but gone
From me is my Heabani, faithful seer.
Across a desert waste have I come here,
And he has there to dust returned,—to dust—
O how the love of my friend I did trust!
I would that we had never started here,
I now must find the great immortal seer."

The maiden turns her glowing eyes on him,
Replies: "My King, thou knowest joy may gleam,
Take courage, weary heart, and sing a song!
The hour of sorrow can never be long;
The day will break, and flood thy soul with joy,
And happiness thy heart will then employ!
Each day must end with all its sorrow, woe,
Oh, sing with me, dear heart! I love thee so!"
And lo! the curtains flung aside, now comes

The joyous Sabitu from yonder rooms,
And gathering round, a song they gayly sing,
Oh, how with music the bright walls now ring!
If evil thou hast done, my King,

Oh, pray! oh, pray!
And to the gods thy offerings bring,
And pray! and pray!
The sea is roaring at thy feet,
The storms are coming, rain and sleet;
To all the gods,
Oh, pray to them! oh, pray!

Chorus

To all the gods,
Oh, pray to them! oh, pray!

Thy city we will bless, O Sar!
With joy, with joy!
And prosper thee in peace and war
With joy, with joy!
And bless thee every day and night,
Thy kingly robes keep pure and bright;
Give thee bright dreams,
O glorious king of war!

Chorus

Give thee bright dreams,
O glorious king of war!

And if thy hand would slay thy foes
In war, in war!
With thee returning victory goes
In war, in war!
We grant thee victory, my King;
Like marshes swept by storms, we bring
Our power to thee
With victory in war!

Chorus

Our power to thee
With victory in war!

And if thou wouldst the waters pass,
The sea, the sea!
We'll go with thee in every place,
With thee, with thee!
To Hea's halls and glorious throne,
Where he unrivalled reigns alone,
To Hea go
Upon his throne of snow.

Chorus

To Hea go
Upon his throne of snow.

And if thine anger rules thy heart
As fire, as ire!
And thou against thy foes would start
With ire, with ire!
Against thy foes thy heart be hard,
And all their land with fire be scarred,
Destroy thy foes!
Destroy them in thine ire!

Chorus

Destroy thy foes!
Destroy them in thine ire!

And lo! young Siduri hath disappeared,
And with the Zisi crowned she now appeared;
The corn-gods in a crescent round their queen,
She waves before the king her Nusku[3] green,
And sings with her sweet voice a joyful lay,
And all the Zisi join the chorus gay:

[3] "Nusku," a budding or blooming shrub or branch, the wand of the Queen, used in magical incantations, which was called the plant of Nusku, the divining-rod.

[4] A heifer of the corn am I,
Kara! Kara![5]
Yoked with the kine we gayly fly,
Kara! Kara!
The ploughman's hand is strong and drives
The glowing soil, the meadow thrives!
Before the oxen
Sa-lum-mat-u na-si.[6]

Chorus

Before the oxen
Sa-lum-mat-u na-si.

The harvesters are in the corn!
Kara! Kara!
Our feet are flying with the morn,
Kara! Kara!
We bring thee wealth! it is thine own!
The grain is ripe! oh, cut it down!
The yellow grain
Sa-lum-mat-u na-si.

Chorus

The yellow grain
Sa-lum-mat-u na-si.

The fruit of death, oh, King, taste it not!
Taste not! taste not!
With fruit of Life the land is fraught
Around! around!
The fruit of Life we give to thee
And happiness, oh, ever see.
All joy is thine
Through Earth and Heaven's bound.

Chorus

All joy is thine
Through Earth and Heaven's bound.

[4] See Accadian songs, "C. I. W. A.," vol. ii. 15, 16, and translated by Mr. Sayce in "Records of the Past," vol. xi. pp. 154, 155.

[5] "Kara!" cry out, sing, shout.

[6] "Sa-lum-mat-u na-si," lift up the shadows, or be joyful.

Our corn immortal there is high
And ripe! and ripe!
And ever ripens 'neath that sky
As gold! as gold!
Our corn is bearded,[7] thus 'tis known,
And ripens quickly when 'tis grown.
Be joy with thee,
Our love around thee fold!

Chorus

Be joy with thee,
Our love around thee fold!

Our King from us now goes, now goes!
Away! away!
His royal robe behind him glows
Afar! afar!
Across the waves where Hea reigns
The waters swollen he soon gains!
To our great seer,
He sails to him afar!

Chorus

To our great seer,
He sails to him afar!

And he will reach that glorious land
Away! away!
Amid our fruit-trees he will stand
That day! that day!
Our fruit so sweet the King will eat,
Nor bitter mingle with the sweet.
In our seer's land
That glows afar away!

Chorus

In our seer's land
That glows afar away!

[7] "Our corn is bearded." This refers to the heads of wheat which are bearded. See translation by Mr. Sayce, "the corn is bearded." ("Records of the Past," vol. xi. p. 156.)

The singing spirits from them fled, and he
Alone stood thinking by young Siduri.

The King leaned on his bow, and eyed the maid,
A happy look came in his eyes,—and fled,
For lo! the curtain quick aside is pushed,
And Sabitu within upon them rushed.
She stately glides across the shining floor,
And eyes them both, then turns toward the door.
But Izdubar is equal to the task,
With grace now smiling, of the maid doth ask:
"O Sabitu! wouldst thou tell me the way
To Khasisadra? for I go this day.
If I the sea may cross, how shall I go?
Or through the desert? thou the path mayst know."
The maiden startled looks upon his face,
And thus she answers him with queenly grace:
"So soon must go? Thou canst not cross the sea,
For thou wilt perish in the waves that way.
Great Samas once the way of me did ask,
And I forbade him, but the mighty task
He undertook, and crossed the mighty deep,
Where Death's dark waters lie in wait asleep:
His mighty car of gold swept through the skies,
With fiery chargers now he daily flies.
When I approach thee, thou from me wouldst flee?
But if thou must so soon thus go, the sea
Perhaps thou too canst cross, if thou wilt 'void
Death's waters, which relentless ever glide.
But Izdubar, Ur-Hea, here hath come!
The boatman of the seer, who to his home
Returns. He with an axe in yonder woods
A vessel builds to cross the raging floods.
If thou desirest not to cross with him,
We here will welcome thee through endless time;
But if thou goest, may they see thy face
Thou seekest,—welcome thee, and thy heart bless.

COLUMN II

THE KING ON LEAVING THE HAPPY HALLS MEETS UR-HEA, THE BOATMAN OF THE SEER KHASISADRA—THEY BUILD A SHIP AND EMBARK ON AN UNKNOWN SEA, AND ON THEIR VOYAGE PASS THROUGH THE WATERS OF DEATH

And Izdubar turned from the Halls and goes
Toward a fountain in the park, whence flows
A merry stream toward the wood. He finds
An axe beside the fount, and thoughtful winds,
Through groves of sandal-wood and mastic-trees
And algum, umritgana. Now he sees
The sig-a-ri and ummakana, pines,
With babuaku; and ri-wood brightly shines
Among the azuhu; all precious woods
That man esteems are grown around, each buds
Continuous in the softened, balmy air.
He stops beneath a musrilkanna where
The pine-trees spread toward the glowing sea,
Wild mingled with the surman, sa-u-ri.

The King, now seated, with himself communes,
Heeds not the warbling of the birds, and tunes
Of gorgeous songsters in the trees around,
But sadly sighing gazes on the ground:
"And I a ship must build; alas! I know
Not how I shall return, if I thus go.
The awful Flood of Death awaits me there,
Wide-stretching from this shore—I know not where."
He rests his chin upon his hand in thought,
Full weary of a life that woe had brought;
He says: "When I remember Siduri,
Whose heart with fondest love would comfort me
Within these Happy Halls, why should I go
To pain and anguish, death, mayhap, and woe?
But will I thus desert my kingdom, throne?
For one I know not! What! my fame alone!
Mine honor should preserve! and royal state!
Alas! this Fame is but a dream of—Fate!

A longing after that which does not cheer
The heart. Applause of men, or thoughtless sneer,
Is naught to me, I am alone! alone!
This Immortality cannot atone
For my hard fate that wrings mine aching heart.
I long for peace and rest, and I must start
And find it, leave these luring bright abodes,—
I seek the immortality of gods.
This Fame of man is not what it doth seem,
It sleeps with all the past, a vanished dream.
My duty calls me to my kingdom, throne!
To Khasisadra go, whose aid alone
Can save my people from an awful fate
That hangs above them, born of Fiends of hate.
And I shall there return without my seer!
I live; and he is dead. Why did I hear
His words advising me to come? Alas!
I sadly all my weary days shall pass;
No one shall love me as my seer, my friend.

But what said Siduri?—There comes an end
At last to sorrow, joy will hopeful spring
On wings of Light! Oh, how my heart will sing!
I bless ye all, ye holy spirits here!
Your songs will linger with me, my heart cheer;
Upon my way I turn with joy again!
How true your joyful song! your memory then
Will keep me hopeful through yon darkened way;
How bright this land doth look beside the sea!"

He looks across the fields; the river glows
And winds beside taprani-trees, and flows
By teberinth and groves of tarpikhi
And ku-trees; curving round green mez-kha-i,
Through beds of flowers, that kiss its waves and spring
Luxuriant,—with songs the groves far ring.
Now thinking of the ship, he turns his eyes,
Toward the fountain,—springs up with surprise!
"'Tis he! the boatman comes! Ur-Hea comes!
And, oh! at last, I'll reach the glistening domes

Of Khasisadra's palaces,—at last
My feet shall rest,—upon that land be placed."

And now Ur-Hea nearer makes his way,
And Izdubar addressing him, doth say:
"Ur-Hea is thy name? from yonder sea
Thou comest, from the seer across the way?"

"Thou speakest truth, great Sar, what wouldst thou have?"
"How shall I Khasisadra reach? The grave
He hath escaped, Immortal lives beyond,
For I to him upon my way am bound;
Shall I the waters cross or take my way
Through yon wide desert, for I start this day?"

"Across the sea we go, for I with thee
Return to him,—I know the winding way.
Thine axe of bronze with precious stones inlaid
With mine, we'll use beneath the pine-trees' shade."

And now, within the grove a ship they made,
Complete and strong as wise Ur-Hea bade.
They fell the pines five *gar* in length, and hew
The timbers square, and soon construct a new
And buoyant vessel, firmly fixed the mast,
And tackling, sails, and oars make taut and fast.
Thus built, toward the sea they push its prow,
Equipped complete, provisioned, launch it now.
An altar next they raise and thus invoke
The gods, their evil-workings to revoke:

[1] O Lord of Charms, Illustrious! who gives
Life to the Dead, the Merciful who lives,
And grants to hostile gods of Heaven return,
To homage render, worship thee, and learn

[1] This remarkable prayer is to be found among a collection of prayers which are numbered and addressed to separate deities. It seems that the prayers were originally Accadian, and were afterward adopted by the Assyrians, and made to apply to one god (Hea). Professor Oppert and Professor Sayce think, however, that they are connected in one hymn to Hea. This may have been so after the Assyrians adopted them, but they are distinct, and addressed to separate gods. The one we have selected is addressed to Hea, the Creator of Mankind, Sayce edition Smith's "C. A. G.," pp. 75 to 80. The one we have selected is found at the top of page 77, idem.

Obedience! Thou who didst create mankind
In tenderness, thy love round us, oh, wind!
The Merciful, the God with whom is Life,
Establish us, O Lord, in darkest strife.
O never may thy truth forgotten be,
May Accad's race forever worship thee."

One month and fifteen days upon the sea,
Thus far the voyagers are on their way;
Now black before them lies a barren shore,
O'ertopped with frowning cliffs, whence comes a roar
Of some dread fury of the elements
That shakes the air and sweeping wrath foments
O'er winds and seas.
And see! a yawning cave,
There opens vast into a void dislave,
Where fremèd shadows ride the hueless waves.
Dread Ninazu whose deathless fury craves
For hapless victims lashes with a roar
The mighty seas upon that awful shore.
The Fiends of Darkness gathered lie in wait,
With Mammitu, the goddess of fierce hate,
And Gibil [2] with his spells, and Nibiru [3]
The twin-god of black Fate, and grim Nusku [4]
The keeper of red thunders, and Urbat [5]
The dog of Death, and fiend of Queen Belat; [6]
And Nuk-khu, and the black-browed Ed-hutu [7]
The gods of darkness here with Tsi-lat-tu.[8]

And see! Dark Rimmon [9] o'er a crag alone!
And Gibil with his blasting malisoun,
Above with his dark face maleficent,
Who wields a power o'er men omnipotent
Forlore! forlore! the souls who feel that blast
Which sweeps around that black forbidding coast!
Fierce whirling storms and hurricanes here leap,
With blasting lightnings maltalent and sweep

[2] "Gibil," the god of fire, of spells and witchcraft.
[3] "Nibiru," the god of fate, and ruler of the stars.
[4] "Nusku," the gatekeeper of thunders.
[5] "Urbat," the dog of Death.
[6] "Belat" or "Allat," the Queen of Hades.
[7] "Ed-hutu," god of darkness.
[8] "Tsi-lat-tu," shades of night.
[9] "Rimmon," god of storms.

The furious waves that lash around that shore,
As the fierce whirl of some dread maëlstrom's power!
Above the cavern's arch! see! Ninip [10] stands!
He points within the cave with beckoning hands!
Ur-Hea cries: "My lord! the tablets [1] say,
That we should not attempt that furious way!
Those waters of black death will smite us down!
Within that cavern's depths we will but drown."
"We cannot go but once, my friend, that road,"
The hero said, "'Tis only ghosts' abode!"
"We go, then, Izdubar, its depths will sound,
But we within that gloom will whirl around,
Around, within that awful whirlpool black,—
And once within, we dare not then turn back,—
How many times, my friend, I dare not say,
'Tis written, we within shall make our way."

The foaming tide now grasped them with its power,
And billowed round them with continuous roar;
Away! they whirl! with growing speed, till now
They fly on lightnings' wings and ride the brow
Of maddened tempests o'er the dizzy deep.
So swift they move,—the waves in seeming sleep
Beneath them, whirling there with force unseen.

But see! Updarting with a sulphurous gleen,
The hag of Death leaps on the trembling prow!
Her eyes, of fire and hate, turns on them now!
With famine gaunt, and haggard face of doom,
She sits there soundless in the awful gloom.

"O gods!" shrieked Izdubar in his despair,
"Have I the god of Fate at last met here?
Avaunt, thou Fiend! hence to thy pit of Hell!
Hence! hence! and rid me of thy presence fell!"

And see! she nearer comes with deathless ire,
With those fierce, moveless, glaring eyes of fire!
Her wand is raised! she strikes!

[10] "Ninip," god of bravery and war.
[1] "Tablets." This may mean charts or scrolls similar to the charts used by modern navigators. Babylon communicated with all nations in commerce.

"O gods!" he screams;
He falls beneath that bolt that on them gleams,
And she is gone within the awful gloom.
Hark! hear those screams!
"Accurst! Accurst thy doom!"
And lo! he springs upon his feet in pain,
And cries:
"Thy curses, fiend! I hurl again!"
And now a blinding flash disparts the black
And heavy air, a moment light doth break;
And see! the King leans fainting 'gainst the mast,
With glaring eyeballs, clenched hands,—aghast!
Behold! that pallid face and scaly hands!
A leper white, accurst of gods, he stands!
A living death, a life of awful woe,
Incurable by man, his way shall go.
But oh! the seer in all enchantments wise
Will cure him on that shore, or else he dies.

And see! the vessel's prow with shivering turns,
Adown the roaring flood that gapes and churns
Beneath like some huge boiling cauldron black,
Thus whirl they in the slimy cavern's track.
And spirit ravens round them fill the air,
And see! they fly! the cavern sweeps behind!
Away the ship doth ride before the wind!
The darkness deep from them has fled away,
The fiends are gone!—the vessel in the spray
With spreading sails has caught the glorious breeze,
And dances in the light o'er shining seas;
The blissful haven shines upon their way,
The waters of the Dawn sweep o'er the sea!
They proudly ride up to the glowing sand,
And joyfully the King springs to the land.

COLUMN III

KHASISADRA ON THE SHORE SEES THE VESSEL COMING, AND RETURNING TO HIS PALACE, SENDS HIS DAUGHTER MUA TO WELCOME IZDUBAR—MEETING OF THE KING AND SAGE

Beneath a ku-tree Khasisadra eyes
The spreading sea beneath the azure skies,
An agèd youth with features grave, serene,
Matured with godly wisdom; ne'er was seen
Such majesty, nor young, nor old,—a seer
In purpose high. The countenance no fear
Of death has marred, but on his face sublime
The perfect soul has left its seal through time.

"Ah, yes! the dream was clear, the vision true,
I saw him on the ship! Is it in view?
A speck! Ah, yes! He comes! he comes to me
My son from Erech comes across the sea!"
Back to his palace goes the holy seer,
And Mua [1] sends, who now the shore doth near;
As beautiful as Waters of the Dawn,
Comes Mua here, as graceful as a fawn.

The King now standing on the glistening sand,
Beholds the beauteous Mua where she stands,
With hands outstretched in welcome to the King,
"O thou sweet spirit, with thy snowy wing,
Oh, where is Khasisadra in this land?
I seek the aid of his immortal hand."
"Great Sar," said Mua, "hadst thou not a seer,
That thou shouldst come to seek my father here?"

"'Tis true, my daughter dear, a seer had I,
Whom I have lost,—a dire calamity;
By his advice and love I undertake
This journey. But alas! for mine own sake
He fell by perils on this lengthened way;
He was not strong, and feared that he should lay

[1] "Mua," the waters of the dawn, the daughter of Khasisadra.

Himself to rest amid the mountains wild.
He was a warrior, with him I killed
Khumbaba, Elam's king who safely dwelt
Within a forest vast of pines, and dealt
Destruction o'er the plains. We razed his walls—
My friend at last before me dying falls.

'Alas! why did my seer attempt to slay
The dragons that we met upon the way,
He slew his foe, and like a lion died.
Ah, me! the cause, when I the gods defied,
And brought upon us all this awful woe;
In sorrow o'er his death, my life must flow!
For this I came to find the ancient seer,
Lead me to him, I pray, if he lives here."

Then Mua leads him through the glorious land
Of matchless splendor, on the border grand
Of those wide Happy Fields that spread afar
O'er beaming hills and vales, where ambient air
With sweetest zephyrs sweeps a grand estrade,
Where softest odors from each flowering glade
Lull every sense aswoon that breathes not bliss
And harmony with World of Blessedness.
'Neath trees of luring fruits she leads the way,
Through paths of flowers where night hath fled away,
A wilderness of varied crystal flowers,
Where fragrance rests o'er clustering, shining bowers.
Each gleaming cup its nectared wine distils,
For spirit lips each chalice ever fills.

Beyond the groves a lucent palace shone
In grandest splendor near an inner zone;
In amethyst and gold divinely rose,
With glories scintillant the palace glows.
A dazzling halo crowns its lofty domes,
And spreading from its summit softly comes
With grateful rays, and floods the balustrades
And golden statues 'neath the high arcades;
A holy palace built by magic hand
With wondrous architecture, portals grand,

And aurine turrets piled to dizzy heights,
Oh, how its glory Izdubar delights!

Beneath majestic arcades carved, they pass,
Up golden steps that shine like polished glass,
Through noble corridors with sculptured walls,
By lofty columns, archways to the halls
Of glories, the bright harbinger of fanes
Of greater splendor of the Heavenly plains.
Beneath an arch of gems the King espies
A form immortal, he who death defies.
Advancing forth the sage his welcome gives,
"'Tis Izdubar who comes to me and lives!"
Embracing him he leads him in a room,
Where many a curious graven tablet, tome,
And scrolls of quaint and old forgotten lore
Have slept within for centuries of yore.
The tablets high are heaped, the alcoves full,
Where truth at last has found a welcome goal.
In wisdom's room, the sage his guest has led,
And seats him till the banquet high is spread;
Of Izdubar he learns his journeys great,
How he for aid has left his throne of state.

The maid now comes, him welcomes to the hall
Of banquets, where are viands liberal,
And fruits, immortal bread, celestial wines
Of vintage old; and when the hero dines,
They lead him to his private chamber room
That overlooks the wondrous garden's bloom
Across the plain and jasper sea divine,
To Heaven's mountains rising sapphirine.
Four beauteous streams of liquid silver lead
Across the plain; the shining sea they feed;
The King reclines upon his couch at rest,
With dreams of happiness alone is blest.

COLUMN IV

The King is Cured by the Incantations of Khasisadra and He Becomes Immortal

When Izdubar awakes, they lead the way
To the bright fount beside the jasper sea.
The seer, with Mua and Ur-Hea, stands
Beside the King, who holily lifts his hands
Above an altar where the glowing rays
Of sacred flames are curling; thus he prays:

" Ye glorious stars that shine on high,
Remember me! Oh, hear my cry,
Su-ku-nu,[1] bright Star of the West!
Dil-gan, my patron star, oh, shine!
O Mar-bu-du, whose rays invest
Dear Nipur[2] with thy light divine,
The flames that shines, upon the Waste!
O Papsukul, thou Star of Hope,
Sweet god of bliss, to me, oh, haste,
Before I faint and lifeless drop!
O Adar,[3] Star of Ninazu,
Be kind! O Ra-di-tar-tu-khu.
Sweet U-tu-ca-ga-bu,[4] dear Star
With thy pure face that shines afar!

Oh, pardon me! each glorious Star!
Za-ma-ma,[5] hear me! O Za-ma-ma!
Ca-ca-ma u Ca-ca-ma." [6]

[7]Remember him! O dear Za-ma-ma!
Ca-ca-ma u Ca-ca-ma."

[1] " Su-ku-nu " or " Kak-si-di," the star of the West.

[2] " Nipur," the city from which Izdubar came.

[3] " Adar," the star of Ninazu, the goddess of death, who cursed him with leprosy in the cavern. This star was also called " Ra-di-tar-tu-khu."

[4] " U-tu-ca-ga-bu," the star with the white or pure face.

[5] " Za-ma-ma," another name for Adar. This is the deity for whom Izdubar or Nammurabi built the great temple whose top, in the language of the Babylonians, reached the skies. It was afterward called the " Tower of the Country " or " Tower of Babylon." This was perhaps the Tower of Babel. He also restored another temple called " Bite-muris," which was dedicated to the same goddess.

[6] " Amen and amen! " The word " amen " is usually repeated three times.

[7] The response of the priest Khasisadra.

As Izdubar doth end his holy prayer
He kneels, and they now bear his body where
A snowy couch doth rest beneath a shrine
That stands near by the glowing fount divine,
And Khasisadra lifts his holy hands,
His incantation chants, and o'er him stands.

"O Bel, Lord of An-nu-na-ci,
O Nina, Hea's daughter! Zi![8]
This Incantation aid,
Remember us, Remember!

[9]Ye tempests of High Heaven, be still!
Ye raging lightnings, oh, be calm!
From this brave man his strength is gone,
Before thee see him lying ill!
Oh, fill with strength his feeble frame,
O Ishtar, shine from thy bright throne!
From him thine anger turn away,
Come from thy glowing mountains, come!
From paths untrod by man, oh, haste!
And bid this man arise this day.
With strength divine as Heaven's dome,
His form make pure and bright and chaste!
The evil curse, oh, drive away!

Go! A-sac-cu-kab-bi-lu,[10] go!
O Nam-ta-ru-lim-nu,[1] oh, fly!
U-tuc-cu-lim-nu[2] from him flow!
A-lu-u-lim-nu,[3] hence! away!
E-ci-mu-lim-nu,[4] go! thou fiend!
Fly, Gal-lu-u-lim-nu,[5] afar!
Fly from his head! his life! I send
Thee, fiend! depart from Izdubar!
Go from his forehead, breast, and heart,
And feet! Avaunt! thou fiend! depart!

[8] "Zi," spirits.
[9] See "T. S. B. A.," vol. ii. p. 31.
[10] "A-sac-cu-kab-bi-lu," evil spirit of the head.
[1] "Nam-ta-ru-lim-nu," evil spirit of the life or heart.
[2] "U-tuc-cu-lim-nu," evil spirit of the forehead.
[3] "A-lu-u-lim-nu," evil spirit of the breast.
[4] "E-ci-mu-lim-nu," evil spirit of the stomach.
[5] "Gal-lu-u-lim-nu," evil spirit of the hands.

Oh, from the Curse, Thou Spirit High!
And Spirit of the Earth, come nigh!
Protect him, may his spirit fly!
O Spirit of the Lord of Lands,
And Goddess of the Earthly Lands,
Protect him! raise with strength his hands!

Oh, make him as the Holy Gods,
His body, limbs, like thine Abodes,
And like the Heavens may he shine!
And like the Earth with rays divine!
Quick! with the khis-ib-ta[6] to bring
High Heaven's Charm—bind round his brow!
The sis-bu[7] place around his hands!
And let the sab-u-sat[8] bright cling!
The mus-u-kat[9] lay round him now,
And wrap his feet with rad-bat-bands,[10]
And open now his zik-a-man[1]
The sis-bu cover, and his hands
The bas-sat[2] place around his form!
From baldness and disease, this man
Cleanse, make him whole, head, feet, and hands!

O Purity, breathe thy sweet charm!

Restore his health and make his skin
Shine beautifully, beard and hair
Restore! make strong with might his loins!
And may his body glorious shine
As the bright gods!—

Ye winds him bear!
Immortal flesh to his soul joins!

[6] "Khis-ib-ta," a strip of parchment or linen on which was inscribed a holy text, a charm like that used by the Jews, a phylactery.

[7] "Sis-bu," the same as the preceding.

[8] "Sab-u-sat," was perhaps a holy cloth, also inscribed in the same manner.

[9] "Mus-u-kat," was also of the same character as the preceding.

[10] "Rad-bat-bands," similar bands to the khis-ib-ta.

[1] "Zik-a-man," this is unknown, it perhaps was the inner garment.

[2] "Bas-sat," supposed to be the outside or last covering placed over the person so treated. That some such ceremony was performed in the case of Izdubar seems to be undoubted. See "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 31; also Sayce's edition Smith's "C. A. of G.," p. 290.

Thou Spirit of this man! arise!
Come forth with joy! Come to the skies!"

And lo! his leprosy has fled away!
He stands immortal,—purged! released from clay!

COLUMN V

Izdubar Falls in Love with Mua, and Offers Her His Hand

"O Mua! thou bright Waters of the Dawn!
Oh, where art thou?" one cries as he doth run
Through the bright garden. See! 'tis Izdubar!
Immortal! glorious! our King of War!
And now in love is seeking Mua here.
He scarcely treads the ground as he comes near;
A glow of youth immortal on his cheek,
A form that sorrow, death, will never seek
Within these Happy Fields, his eyes with light
That Love alone may give, show his delight.

A dazzling pillared vista round him shines,
Where golden columns bear the bowering shrines,
With gemmèd domes that clustering round him rise,
'Mid fruit-trees, flashing splendors to the skies.
He goes through silver grots along a zone,
And now he passes yonder blazing throne,
O'er diamond pavements, passes shining seats
Whereon the high and holy conclave meets
To rule the empires vast that spread away
To utmost bounds in all their vast array.
Around the whole expanse grand cestes spread
O'er paths sidereal unending lead.
As circling wheels within a wheel they shine,
Enveloping the Fields with light divine.
A noontide glorious of shining stars,
Where humming music rings from myriad cars,
Where pinioned multitudes their harps may tune,
And in their holy sanctity commune.

And see! here Mua comes! she stops and waits
Within a *gesdin* bower beside its gates.
Around, above her spreads a flowering vine,
And o'er a ruby fountain almandine.
And on a graven garnet table grand,
Carved cups of solid pearl and tilpe[1] stand.
A Zadu[2] reservoir stands near, which rounds
The fount wherein the fragrant nectar bounds.
The ground is strewn with pari[3] gems and pearls,
Wherefrom the light now softly backward hurls
Its rays o'er couches of paruti[4] stone,
Soft cushioned, circling in the inner zone
Beside the shining kami-sadi way,[5]
Where nectar fountains in their splendor play.
The path leads far along Life's beauteous stream,
That ever through this World of Joy doth gleam.

And see! the hero comes! and now doth near
The maiden, where with Love she waits him here.
She flings a flowering garland, weaves it round
His form as he comes by! He turns around,
And she enwraps his breast and arms, and says:

"Dear Izdubar! and thus my lover strays!
I'll bind thee wi' this fragrant chain to keep
Thee ever by my side! thy pleasant sleep
Hath kept my lover from my side too long!"

"O thou sweet spirit, like a warbling song
Thy words are to my heart! I sought for thee,
And thy bright face and presence did not see;
I come to tell thee that I must return,
When from thy father all the past shall learn."

"And wilt thou go from me to earth again?
No! no! dear Izdubar, I thee enchain!"

[1] "Tilpe," a precious gem known only to the Babylonians.
[2] "Zadu," a precious gem known only to the Babylonians.
[3] "Pari," an unknown gem.
[4] "Paruti," an unknown gem.
[5] "Kami-sadi" way, a path paved with unknown gems. These precious stones are mentioned on the various inscriptions in the list of precious jewels with gold, diamonds, pearls, etc., taken as spoils from their enemies.

"'Tis true, my love, I must return to men;
My duty calls me to my throne again."

"Dear Izdubar! my friend! my love! my heart!
I cannot let thee from my soul depart!
Thou shinest in my breast as some bright star!
And shall I let thee from me go afar?"

"But Mua, we immortal are, and we
There might return; and thou on earth shalt see
The glories of my kingdom,—be my queen!
Upon a couch I'll seat thee, there to reign
With me, my beauteous queen,—beside me sit;
And kings will come to us and kiss thy feet.
With all my wealth I'll clothe thee, ever love
Thee, fairest of these glorious souls that move
Within this Happy World. My people there
Shall love us,—ever drive away all care!"

When Mua heard him offer thus his hand,
She then unbinds him,—thoughtful now doth stand.

COLUMN VI

Mua's Answer

Sweet Mua lifts her eyes toward the heights
That glow afar beneath the softened lights
That rest upon the mountain's crystalline.
And see! they change their hues incarnadine
To gold, and emerald, and opaline;
Swift changing to a softened festucine
Before the eye. And thus they change their hues
To please the sight of every soul that views
Them in that Land; but she heeds not the skies,
Or glorious splendor of her home; her eyes
Have that far look of spirits viewing men
On earth, from the invisible mane,
That erstwhile rests upon the mortal eye,—
A longing for that home beyond the sky;

A yearning for that bliss that love imparts,
Where pain and sorrow reach no mortal hearts.

A light now breaks across her beauteous face;
She, turning, says to him with Heavenly grace:

"Dear Izdubar, thou knowest how I love
Thee, how my heart my love doth daily prove;
And, oh, I cannot let thee go alone.
I know not what awaits each soul there gone.
Our spirits often leave this glorious land,
Invisible return on earth, and stand
Amidst its flowerets, 'neath its glorious skies.
Thou knowest every spirit here oft flies
From earth, but none its secrets to us tell,
Lest some dark sorrow might here work its spell.
And, oh, I could not see dark suffering, woe
There spread, with power none to stop its flow!

I saw thee coming to us struck with fire,
Oh, how to aid thee did my heart desire!
Our tablets tell us how dread sorrow spreads
Upon that world and mars its glowing meads.
But, oh, so happy am I, here to know
That they with us here end all sorrow, woe.
O precious Izdubar! its sights would strike
Me there with sadness, and my heart would break!
And yet I learn that it is glorious, sweet!
To there enjoy its happiness,—so fleet
It speeds to sorrowing hearts to turn their tears
To joy! How sweet to them when it appears,
And sends a gleam of Heaven through their lives!

No! no! dear heart! I cannot go! It grieves
Thee! come, my dear one! quick to us return;
We here again will pair our love, and learn
How sweet it is to meet with joy again;
How happy will sweet love come to us then!"

She rests her head upon his breast, and lifts
Her face for Love's sweet kiss, and from them drifts

A halo o'er the shining gesdin-trees
And spreads around them Heaven's holy rays.
He kissses her sweet lips, and brow, and eyes,
Then turns his gaze toward the glowing skies:

"I bless thee, for thy sweetest spirit here!
I bless this glorious land, that brings me near
To one that wafts sweet Heaven in my heart;
From thy dear plains how can my soul depart?
O Mua, Mua! how my heart now sings!
Thy love is sweeter than all earthly things!
I would I were not crowned a king!—away
From this bright land—here would I ever stay!
As thou hast said, I soon will here return;
The earth cannot withhold me from this bourne,
And soon my time allotted there will end,
And hitherward how happy I will wend!"

"And when thou goest, how my love shall there
Guard thee, and keep thy heart with Mua here.
Another kiss!"
Her form doth disappear
Within the garden, gliding through the air.
He seats himself upon a couch and rests
His head upon his hand, and thought invests
Him round. His memory returns again
To Erech's throne, and all the haunts of men.
He rises, turns his footsteps to the halls,
And thoughtful disappears within its walls.

CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS

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[*Translated by various Babylonian and Assyrian Scholars*]

CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS

BABYLONIAN EXORCISMS

Translated by Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A.

THE charms translated below will illustrate the superstition of the Assyrians and Babylonians. Like the Jews of the Talmud, they believed that the world was swarming with noxious spirits who produced the various diseases to which man is liable, and might be swallowed with the food and the drink that support life. They counted no less than 300 spirits of heaven and 600 spirits of earth. All this, with the rest of their mythology, was borrowed by the Assyrians from the primitive population of Babylonia, who spoke an agglutinative language akin to the dialects of the Finnic or Tatar tribes. The charms are written in this ancient language, but Assyrian translations are appended in a column to the right of the tablet. The legends are lithographed in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. II, plates 17 and 18. They have been translated by M. Oppert in the "*Journal Asiatique*" of January, 1873, and an analytical rendering of them is given by M. Fr. Lenormant in his "*Etudes Accadiennes*," II, 1 (1874).

Translation of the Exorcisms

Tablet I

The noxious god, the noxious spirit of the neck, the neck-spirit of the desert, the neck-spirit of the mountains, the neck-spirit of the sea, the neck-spirit of the morass, the noxious cherub of the city, this noxious wind which seizes the body (and) the health of the body. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet II

The burning spirit of the neck which seizes the man, the burning spirit of the neck which seizes the man, the spirit of the neck which works evil, the creation of an evil spirit. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet III

Wasting, want of health, the evil spirit of the ulcer, spreading quinsy of the gullet, the violent ulcer, the noxious ulcer. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet IV

Sickness of the entrails, sickness of the heart, the palpitation of a sick heart, sickness of bile, sickness of the head, noxious colic, the *agitation* of terror, flatulency[1] of the entrails, noxious illness, lingering sickness, nightmare. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet V

He who makes an image (which) injures the man,[2] an evil face, an evil eye, an evil mouth, an evil tongue, evil lips, an evil poison. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet VI

The cruel spirit, the strong spirit of the head, the head-spirit that departs not, the head-spirit that goes not forth, the head-spirit that will not go, the noxious head-spirit. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet VII

The poisonous spittle of the mouth[3] which is noxious to the voice, the phlegm which is destructive to the . . ., the pustules of the *lungs*, the pustule of the body, the loss of the nails, the removal (and) dissolving of old *excrement*, the *skin* which is *stripped off*, the recurrent ague of the body, the food which

[1] Literally, "opposition."

[2] Here we have a reference to a custom well known in the Middle Ages. A waxen figure was made, and as it melted before the fire the person represented by it was supposed similarly to waste away. It will be remembered that Horace ("Sat." i, 8, 30 sq.) speaks of the waxen figure made by the witch Canidia in order that the lover might consume away in the fires of love. Roman and mediæval sorcery had its origin in that of ancient Accad.

[3] That would be consumption.

hardens in a man's body, the food which returns after being eaten, the drink which distends after drinking, death by poison, from the swallowing of the mouth which distends, the unreturning wind from the desert. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet VIII

May Nin-cigal,[4] the wife of Nin-a'su, turn her face toward another place; may the noxious spirit go forth and seize another; may the propitious cherub and the propitious genie settle upon his body. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet IX

May Nebo, the great steward, the recliner (or *incubus*) supreme among the gods, like the god who has begotten him, seize upon his head; against his life may he not break forth. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

Tablet X

(On) the sick man by the sacrifice of mercy may perfect health shine like bronze; may the Sun-god give this man life; may Merodach, the eldest son of the deep (give him) strength, prosperity, (and) health. Spirit of heaven remember, spirit of earth remember.

[4] "Nin-cigal" ("The Lady of the Mighty Earth") was Queen of Hades and a form of "Allat" or "Istar." She is also identified with Gula or Bahu (the Bohu or "Chaos" of Gen. i. 2), "The Lady of the House of Death," and wife of Hea or Nin-a'su.

ACCADIAN HYMN TO ISTAR

Translated by Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A.

THE following is one of the many early Chaldean hymns that were incorporated into a collection which M. Lenormant has aptly compared with the Rig-Veda of India. The concluding lines show that it originally belonged to the city of Erech (now Warka). The date of its composition must be exceedingly remote, and this increases the interest of the astronomical allusions contained in it. The original Accadian text is given, with an interlinear Assyrian translation, as is usually the case with hymns of this kind. The terra-cotta tablet on which it is found is numbered S, 954, being one of those that have been recently brought back from Assyria by Mr. George Smith, who has translated the Reverse in his "Assyrian Discoveries," pp. 392, 393. I owe a copy of the text to the kindness of Mr. Boscawen. It is of considerable importance for the study of Assyrian grammar.

Accadian Hymn to Istar

OBVERSE

1 Light of heaven, who like the fire dawnest on the world, (art) thou.
2 Goddess in the earth, in thy fixed abode.
3 who dawnest [1] like the earth, (art) thou.
4 (As for) thee, prosperity approaches thee.
5 To the house of men in thy descending (thou goest).
6 A hyena, which as they go in warlike strength are made to march, (art) thou.
7 A lion, which into the midst is wont to march, (art) thou.
8 Day (is thy) servant, heaven (thy) canopy.
9 The servant of Istar;[2] heaven (is thy) canopy.
10 Princess of the four cities, head of the sea,[3] heaven (is thy) canopy.
11 The exalted of the Sun-god, heaven (is thy) canopy.

[1] The Assyrian rendering has, "art caused to journey."
[2] The Assyrian mistranslates, "A servant (is) Istar."
[3] The translation given in the text is extremely doubtful.

OBVERSE

12 For the revolver of the seasons sanctuaries I build, a temple I build.
13 For my father the Moon-god, the revolver of the seasons, sanctuaries I build, a temple I build.
14 For my brother the Sun-god, the revolver of the seasons, sanctuaries I build, a temple I build.
15 (As for) me, for Nannaru[4] I build the precinct, for the revolver of seasons sanctuaries I build, a temple I build.
16 In heaven *he laid the hand;* for the revolver of seasons sanctuaries I build, a temple I build.
17 In the beginning (thou art) my begetter; in the beginning (thou art) my begetter.
18 In the beginning the goddess *spoke thus to men:*
19 The Lady of heaven,[5] the divinity of the zenith, (am) I.
20 The Lady of heaven, the divinity of the dawn, (am) I.
21 The Queen of heaven, the opener of the locks of the high heaven, my begetter.
22 Heaven she benefits, earth she enlightens;[6] my begetter.
23 The benefiter of heaven, the enlightener[7] of earth; my begetter.

REVERSE

1 Thou who on the axis of heaven dawnest, in the dwellings of the earth her name revolves; my begetter.
2 (As) Queen of heaven above and below may she be invoked; my begetter.
3 The mountains fiercely she hurls-into-the-deep;[8] my begetter.
4 As to the mountains, their goodly stronghold (art) thou, their mighty lock (art) thou;[9] my begetter.

5 May thy heart rest; may thy liver be magnified.
6 O Lord Anu, the mighty, may thy heart rest.
7 O Lord, the mighty Prince[10] Bel, may thy liver be magnified.
8 O Istar, the Lady of heaven, may thy heart rest.
9 O Lady, Queen of heaven, may thy liver (be magnified).

[4] Literally, "the brilliant one," a title of the moon-god, which gave rise to the classical legend of Nannarus.
[5] The Assyrian renders this by "Istar."
[6] Or perhaps "smites."
[7] Or perhaps "smiter."
[8] The Assyrian mistranslates, "I hurl into the deep."
[9] The Assyrian mistranslates "I" for "thou."
[10] "Sadi" in Assyrian, literally "mountain" or "rock," and apparently connected with the Hebrew "Shaddai," as in the phrase "El Shaddai," "God Almighty."

REVERSE

10 O Lady, Queen of the House of heaven, may thy heart (rest).
11 O Lady, Queen of the land of Erech, may thy liver (be magnified).
12 O Lady, Queen of the land of the four rivers of Erech,[1] may thy heart (rest).
13 O Lady, Queen of the Mountain of the World,[2] may thy liver (be magnified).
14 O Lady, Queen of the Temple of the Resting-place of the world, may thy heart (rest).
15 O Lady, Queen of Babylon, may thy liver (be magnified).
16 O Lady, Queen of the Memorial of Nan'a, may thy heart (rest).
17 O Queen of the Temple, Queen of the gods, may thy liver (be magnified).

18 Prayer of the heart to Istar.

19 Like its original[3] written and translated.
20 Palace of Assur-bani-pal, King of Assyria;
21 Son of Esar-haddon, King of multitudes, King of Assyria, high-priest of Babylon,
22 King of Sumer and Accad, King of the Kings of Cush and Egypt,
23 King of the four zones; Son of Sennacherib,
24 King of multitudes, King of Assyria;
25 who to Assur and Beltis, Nebo and Tasmit trusts.
26 Thy kingdom, O light of the gods.

[1] Possibly the four rivers of Paradise.
[2] Also called the "Mountain of the East," Mount Elwand on which the ark rested.
[3] That is the text from which the Assyrian copy was made for the library of Assurbanipal.

ANNALS OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL

(SOMETIMES CALLED SARDANAPALUS)

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY REV. J. M. RODWELL, M.A.

CONCERNING Assur-nasir-habal or Assur-nasir-pal (*i.e.*, "Assur preserves the son") we possess fuller historical records than of any other of the Assyrian monarchs, and among these the following inscription is the most important. From it, and from the inscription upon his statue discovered by Mr. Layard[1] in the ruins of one of the Nimroud temples, we learn that he was the son of Tuklat-Adar or Tuklat-Ninip, that he reigned over a territory extending from the "Tigris to the Lebanon, and that he brought the great sea and all countries from the sunrise to the sunset under his sway." These inscriptions are published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. I, plates 17 to 27, and were partially translated by Professor Oppert, "*Histoire des Empires de Chaldée et d'Assyrie,* page 73 and following "*Extrait des Annales de philosophie chrétienne,*" tom. IX, 1865.

There is considerable difficulty and a consequent divergence of opinion as to the precise date when Assur-nasir-pal ascended the throne. But he most probably reigned from 883 to 858 B.C.

It need scarcely be remarked that Assur-nasir-pal is a different person from the well-known Sardanapalus of classic writers, or Assur-bani-pal, the son of Esar-haddon, who reigned from about B.C. 668 to 625.

It will be seen from the inscription that the campaigns of Assur-nasir-pal took place in the mountains of Armenia, in Commagene and the provinces of the Pontus, inhabited by the Moschi[2] and other tribes. He probably advanced into Media and a portion of western Persia. The countries on the banks of the Euphrates submitted to his arms, and in one of his expeditions he vanquished Nabu-bal-iddin, King of Babylon. Westward, he reduced the southern part of Syria, and advanced to the mountain chains of the Amanus and Lebanon, but though he penetrated as far as to Tyre and Sidon and exacted tribute from both as well as from Byblus and Aradus, he did not sub-

[1] Now in the British Museum. [2] The Mesek of Psalm cxx. 5.

due Phœnicia. The kingdoms of Israel and Judah, under the sway of Ahab and Jehosaphat, were no doubt too powerful, as is evinced by the armies which they must have maintained for their struggle with the Syrians,[3] for Assur-nasir-pal to have ventured upon attacking them. This feat was reserved for his successors on the throne of Assyria.

The inscription was found in the ruins of the Temple at the foot of the Pyramid at Nimroud (Calach).

Annals of Assur-nasir-pal

1 To Ninip[4] most powerful hero, great, chief of the gods, warrior, powerful Lord, whose onset in battle has not been opposed, eldest son,

2 crusher of opponents, first-born son of Nukimmut,[5] supporter of the seven,[6] noble ruler, King of the gods the producers, governor, he who rolls along the mass

3 of heaven and earth, opener of canals, treader of the wide earth, the god who in his divinity nourishes heaven and earth, the beneficent,

4 the exalted, the powerful, who has not lessened the glory of his face,[7] head of nations, bestower of sceptres, glorious, over all cities a ruler,[8]

5 valiant, the renown of whose sceptre is not approached, chief of widespread influence, great among the gods, shading from the southern sun, Lord of Lords, whose hand the vault of heaven

6 (and) earth has controlled, a King in battle mighty[9] who has vanquished opposition, victorious, powerful, Lord of water-courses and seas,[10]

7 strong, not yielding, whose onset brings down the green corn, smiting the land of the enemy, like the cutting of reeds, the deity who changes not his purposes,

[3] See 2 Chron. xvii. and following chapters.

[4] Ninip was one of the great gods of the Assyrian Pantheon, often joined with Assur as one of the special deities invoked by the Assyrian kings at the opening of their inscriptions. His name is also written under the symbol used for iron ("parzil"). Thus in later times the planets were connected with special metals.

[5] A goddess, called also Nuha, and the mother of Nebo as well as of Ninip. Fox Talbot (Gloss. 158) compares "nu (= 'al') kimmut" with the "al-gum" of Prov. xxx. 31, i.e., "irresistible."

[6] Planets. Or, "warrior among spirits." I mention this rendering as the suggestion of Mr. G. Smith, though I prefer that given above.

[7] Literally, "horn." Cf. Job xvi. 15.

[8] Tigallu. Menant renders this sentence "La massue pour regner sur les villes."

[9] Cf. Ps. xxiv. 8.

[10] Cf. Ps. xcv. 4; civ. 6; cvii. 35.

8 the light of heaven and earth, a bold leader on the waters, destroyer of them that hate (him), a spoiler (and) Lord of the disobedient, dividing enemies, whose name in the speech of the gods

9 no god has ever disregarded, the gatherer of life, the god(?) whose prayers are good, whose abode is in the city of Calah, a great Lord, my Lord—(who am) Assur-nasir-pal, the mighty King,

10 King of multitudes, a Prince unequalled, Lord of all the four countries, powerful over hosts of men, the possession of Bel and Ninip the exalted and Anu

11 and of Dakan,[1] a servant of the great gods in the lofty shrine for great (O Ninip) is thy heart; a worshipper of Bel whose might upon

12 thy great deity is founded, and thou makest righteous his life, valiant, warrior, who in the service of Assur his Lord hath proceeded, and among the Kings

13 of the four regions who has not his fellow, a Prince for admiration, not sparing opponents, mighty leader, who an equal

14 has not, a Prince reducing to order his disobedient ones, who has subdued whole multitudes of men, a strong worker, treading down

15 the heads of his enemies, trampling on all foes, crushing assemblages of rebels, who in the service of the great gods his Lords

16 marched vigorously and the lands of all of them his hand captured, caused the forests of all of them to fall,[2] and received their tribute, taking

17 securities, establishing laws over all lands, when Assur the Lord who proclaims my name and augments my Royalty

18 laid hold upon his invincible power for the forces of my Lordship, for Assur-nasir-pal, glorious Prince, worshipper of the great gods

19 the generous, the great, the powerful, acquirer of cities and forests and the territory of all of them, King of Lords, destroying the wicked, strengthening

20 the peaceful, not sparing opponents, a Prince of firm will(?) one who combats oppression, Lord of all Kings,

[1] Probably the Dagon of Scripture.
[2] Compare the boast in Isaiah xxxvii. 24, "I cut down the tall cedars."

21 Lord of Lords, the acknowledged, King of Kings, seated gloriously, the renown of Ninip the warrior, worshipper of the great gods, prolonging the benefits (conferred by) his fathers:
22 a Prince who in the service of Assur and the Sun-god, the gods in whom he trusted, royally marched to turbulent lands, and Kings who had rebelled against him
23 he cut off like grass, all their lands to his feet he subjected, restorer of the worship of the goddesses and that of the great gods,
24 Chief unwavering, who for the guidance of the heads (and) elders of his land is a steadfast guardian, the work of whose hands and
25 the gift of whose finger the great gods of heaven and earth have exalted, and his steps [3] over rulers have they established forever;
26 their power for the preservation of my Royalty have they exercised; the retribution of his power, (and) the approach of His Majesty over Princes
27 of the four regions they have extended: the enemies of Assur in all their country, the upper and the lower I chastised, and tribute and impost
28 upon them I established, capturing the enemies of Assur—mighty King, King of Assyria, son of Tuklat-Adar who all his enemies
29 has scattered; (who) in the dust threw down the corpses of his enemies, the grandson of Bin-nirari, the servant of the great gods,
30 who crucified alive and routed his enemies and subdued them to his yoke, descendant of Assur-dan-il, who the fortresses
31 established (and) the fanes made good. In those days by the decree [4] of the great gods to royalty power supremacy I rose up:
32 I am a King, I am a Lord, I am glorious, I am great, I am mighty, I have arisen, I am Chief, I am a Prince, I am a warrior
33 I am great and I am glorious, Assur-nasir-habal, a mighty

[3] Goings. Cf. Ps. xl. 2, "He hath established my goings."
[4] Mouth.

King of Assyria, proclaimer of the Moon-god, worshipper of Anu, exalter of Yav,[5] suppliant of the gods

34 am I, servant unyielding, subduing the land of his foeman, a King mighty in battle, destroyer of cities and forests,

35 Chief over opponents, King of the four regions, expeller of his foes, prostrating all his enemies, Prince of a multitude of lands of all Kings

36 Even of all, a Prince subduing those disobedient to him, who is ruling all the multitudes of men. These aspirations to the face of the great gods

37 have gone up; on my destiny steadfastly have they determined; at the wishes of my heart and the uplifting of my hand, Istar, exalted Lady,

38 hath favored me in my intentions, and to the conduct of (my) battles and warfare hath applied her heart. In those days I Assur-nasir-pal, glorious Prince, worshipper of the great gods

39 the wishes of whose heart Bel will cause him to attain, and who has conquered all Kings who disobey him, and by his hand capturing

40 his enemies, who in difficult places has beaten down assemblages of rebels; when Assur, mighty Lord, proclaimer of my name

41 aggrandizer of my royalty over the Kings of the four regions, bountifully hath added his invincible power to the forces of my government,

42 putting me in possession of lands, and mighty forests for exploration hath he given and urgently impelled me—by the might of Assur my Lord,

43 perplexed paths, difficult mountains by the impetuosity of my hosts I traversed, and an equal there was not. In the beginning of my reign

44 (and) in my first campaign when the Sun-god guider of the lands threw over me his beneficent protection[6] on the throne of my dominion I firmly seated myself; a sceptre

45 the dread of man into my hands I took; my chariots (and) armies I collected; rugged paths, difficult mountains, which for the passage

[5] The god Yav may be the Yaveh of the Moabite stone.

[6] Or, shade. This may refer to the eclipse of July 13, 885 B.C.

46 of chariots and armies was not suited I passed, and to the land of Nairi[7] I went: Libie, their capital city, the cities Zurra and Abuqu
47 Arura Arubie, situated within the limits of the land of Aruni and Etini, fortified cities, I took, their fighting-men
48 in numbers I slew; their spoil, their wealth, their cattle I spoiled; their soldiers were discouraged; they took possession of a difficult mountain, a mountain exceedingly difficult; after them
49 I did not proceed, for it was a mountain ascending up like lofty points of iron, and the beautiful birds of heaven had not reached up into it: like nests
50 of the young birds in the midst of the mountain their defence they placed, into which none of the Kings my fathers had ever penetrated: in three days
51 successfully on one large mountain, his courage vanquished opposition: along the feet of that mountain I crept and hid: their nests, their tents,
52 I broke up; 200 of their warriors with weapons I destroyed; their spoil in abundance like the young of sheep I carried off;
53 their corpses like rubbish on the mountains I heaped up; their relics in tangled hollows of the mountains I consumed; their cities
54 I overthrew, I demolished, in fire I burned: from the land of Nummi to the land of Kirruri I came down; the tribute of Kirruri
55 of the territory of Zimizi, Zimira, Ulmanya, Adavas, Kargai, Harmasai, horses,[8] (fish (?).
56 oxen, horned sheep in numbers, copper, as their tribute I received: an officer to guard boundaries[9] over them I placed. While in the land of Kirruri
57 they detained me, the fear of Assur my Lord overwhelmed the lands of Gilzanai and Khubuskai; horses, silver
58 gold, tin, copper, *kams* of copper as their tribute they brought to me. From the land of Kirruri I withdrew;
59 to a territory close by the town Khulun in Gilhi[10] Bitani I passed: the cities of Khatu, Khalaru, Nistun, Irbidi,

[7] A federation of States north and northeast of Assyria at the head of the Euphrates. In Tig. iv. 7, 33 of their kings are mentioned.
[8] Literally, "animals of the East." This looks as if the Assyrians obtained the horse from some Eastern land.
[9] Or, a viceroy.
[10] A mountainous country near the upper Tigris, possibly Kurdistan.

60 Mitkie, Arzanie, Zila, Khalue, cities of Gilhi situated in the environs of Uzie and Arue
61 and Arardi powerful lands, I occupied: their soldiers in numbers I slew; their spoil, their riches I carried off;
62 their soldiers were discouraged; the summits projecting over against the city of Nistun which were menacing like the storms of heaven, I captured;
63 into which no one among the Princes my sires had ever penetrated; my soldiers like birds (of prey) rushed upon them;
64 260 of their warriors by the sword I smote down; their heads cut off in heaps I arranged; the rest of them like birds
65 in a nest, in the rocks of the mountains nestled; their spoil, their riches from the midst of the mountains I brought down; cities which were in the midst
66 of vast forests situated I overthrew, destroyed, burned in fire; the rebellious soldiers fled from before my arms; they came down; my yoke
67 they received; impost tribute and a Viceroy I set over them. Bubu son of Bubua son of the Prefect of Nistun
68 in the city of Arbela I flayed; his skin I stretched in contempt upon the wall. At that time an image of my person I made; a history of my supremacy
69 upon it I wrote, and (on) a mountain of the land of Ikin(?) in the city of Assur-nasir-pal at the foot I erected (it). In my own eponym in the month of July[1] and the 24th day (probably B.C. 882).
70 in honor of Assur and Istar the great gods my Lords, I quitted the city of Nineveh: to cities situated below Nipur and Pazate powerful countries
71 I proceeded; Atkun, Nithu, Pilazi and 20 other cities in their environs I captured; many of their soldiers I slew;
72 their spoil, their riches I carried off; the cities I burned with fire; the rebel soldiers fled from before my arms, submitted,
73 and took my yoke; I left them in possession of their land. From the cities below Nipur and Pazate I withdrew; the Tigris I passed;
74 to the land of Commagene I approached; the tribute of Commagene and of the Moschi[2] in *kams* of copper, sheep and goats I received; while in Commagene

[1] The Hebrew month Ab. [2] In the text, "Kummuhi" and "Muski."

75 I was stationed, they brought me intelligence that the city Suri in Bit-Khalupe had revolted. The people of Hamath had slain their governor

76 Ahiyababa the son of Lamamana[3] they brought from Bit-Adini and made him their King. By help of Assur and Yav

77 the great gods who aggrandize my royalty, chariots, (and) an army, I collected: the banks of the Chaboras[4] I occupied; in my passage tribute

78 in abundance from Salman-haman-ilin of the city of Sadi-kannai and of Il-yav of the city of Sunai,[5] silver, gold,

79 tin, *kam* of copper, vestments of wool, vestments of linen I received. To Suri which is in Bit-Halupe I drew near;

80 the fear of the approach of Assur my Lord overwhelmed them; the great men and the multitudes of the city, for the saving of their lives, coming up after me,[6]

81 submitted to my yoke; some slain, some living, some tongueless I made: Ahiyababa son of Lamamana

82 whom from Bit-Adini they had fetched, I captured; in the valor of my heart and the steadfastness of my soldiers I besieged the city; the soldiers, rebels all,

83 were taken prisoners; the nobles to the principal palace of his land I caused to send; his silver, his gold, his treasure, his riches, copper

84 (?)tin, *kams*, *tabhani*, *hariati* of copper, choice copper in abundance, alabaster and iron-stone of large size

85 the treasures of his harem, his daughters and the wives of the rebels with their treasures, and the gods with their treasures,

86 precious stones of the land of . . . , his swift chariot, his horses, the harness, his chariot-yoke, trappings for horses, coverings for men,

87 vestments of wool, vestments of linen, handsome altars of cedar, handsome . . . , bowls of cedar-wood

88 beautiful black coverings, beautiful purple coverings, carpets, his oxen, his sheep, his abundant spoil, which like the stars of heaven could not be reckoned,

[3] Dr. Hincks was of opinion that Lamaman meant "nobody"; and that "Son of Lamaman" was a delicate way of indicating a man of low origin. Norr. Dict., p. 690.

[4] Assyrian, "Khabur." This may be the Chebar mentioned in the Prophet Ezekiel. Schultens, however (in his Geogr.), mentions another Chaboras which flows into the Tigris.

[5] In the north of Mesopotamia.

[6] Literally, to my back.

89 I carried off; Aziel as my lieutenant over them I placed; a trophy along the length of the great gate I erected: the rebellious nobles

90 who had revolted against me and whose skins I had stripped off, I made into a trophy: some in the middle of the pile I left to decay; some on the top

91 of the pile on stakes I impaled; some by the side of the pile I placed in order on stakes; many within view of my land

92 I flayed; their skins on the walls I arranged; of the officers of the King's officer, rebels, the limbs I cut off;

93 I brought Ahiyababa to Nineveh; I flayed,[7] him and fastened his skin to the wall; laws and edicts

94 over Lakie I established. While I was staying in Suri the tribute of the Princes of Lakie throughout the whole of them,

95 silver, gold, tin, copper, *kam* of copper, oxen, sheep, vestments of wool and linen, as tribute

96 and gift, I defined and imposed upon them. In those days, the tribute of Khayani of the city of Hindanai, silver,

97 gold, tin, copper, amu-stone, alabaster blocks, beautiful black (and) lustrous coverings I received as tribute from him. In those days an enlarged image

98 of my Royalty I made; edicts and decrees upon it I wrote; in the midst of his palace I put it up; of stone my tablets I made;

99 the decrees of my throne upon it I wrote; in the great gate I fixed them, in the date of this year which takes its name from me, in honor of Assur my Lord and Ninip who uplifts my feet.[8]

100 Whereas in the times of the Kings my fathers no man of Suhi to Assyria had ever come, Il-bani Prince of Suhi together with his soldiers

101 (and) his son, silver, gold as his tribute to Nineveh in abundance brought: in my own eponym[9] at the city of Nineveh I stayed: news

102 they brought me that men of the land of Assyria, (and) Hulai the governor of their city which Shalmaneser King of Assyria my predecessor

[7] Compare 2 Macc. vii. 7 for a somewhat similar proceeding. The custom may also be alluded to in Mic. iii. 3.

[8] Compare Ps. lxxiv. 3, "Lift up thy feet," etc.

[9] About 882 B.C.

103 to the city of Hasiluha had united, had revolted: Dandamusa[10] a city of my dominion marched out to subdue (them);

104 in honor of Assur, the Sun-god and Yav, the gods in whom I trust, my chariots and army I collected at the head of the river Zupnat, the place of an image

105 which Tiglath-Pileser and Tiglath-Adar, Kings of Assyria my fathers had raised; an image of My Majesty I constructed and put up with theirs.

106 In those days I renewed the tribute of the land of Izala, oxen, sheep, goats: to the land of Kasyari[1] I proceeded, and to Kinabu

107 the fortified city of the province of Hulai. I drew near; with the impetuosity of my formidable attack I besieged and took the town; 600 of their fighting men

108 with (my) arms I destroyed; 3,000 of their captives I consigned to the flames; as hostages I left not one of them alive; Hulai

109 the governor of their town I captured by (my) hand alive; their corpses into piles I built; their boys and maidens I dishonored;

110 Hulai the governor of their city I flayed: his skin on the walls of Damdamusa I placed in contempt; the city I overthrew demolished, burned with fire;

111 the city of Mariru within their territory I took; 50 warrior fighting men by (my) weapons I destroyed; 200 of their captives in the flame I burned;

112 the soldiers of the land of Nirbi I slew in fight in the desert; their spoil, their oxen, their sheep, I brought away; Nirbu which is at the foot of mount Ukhira

113 I boldly took; I then passed over to Tila their fortified city; from Kinabu I withdrew; to Tila I drew near;

114 a strong city with three forts facing each other: the soldiers to their strong forts and numerous army trusted and would not submit;

115 my yoke they would not accept; (then,) with onset and attack I besieged the city; their fighting men with my weapons I destroyed; of their spoil,

[10] Near the modern Diarbekir, on the road to the sources of the Supnat.

[1] In Armenia near the sources of the Tigris.

116 their riches, oxen and sheep, I made plunder; much booty
I burned with fire; many soldiers I captured alive;
117 of some I chopped off the hands and feet; of others the
noses and ears I cut off; of many soldiers I destroyed the
eyes;[2]
118 one pile of bodies while yet alive, and one of heads I reared
up on the heights within their town; their heads in the midst
I hoisted; their boys

(*Continued on Column* II.)

Column II

1 and their maidens I dishonored, the city I overthrew, razed
and burned with fire,
In those days the cities of the land of Nirbi
2 (and) their strong fortresses, I overthrew, demolished,
burned with fire: from Nirbi I withdrew and to the city
Tuskha
3 I approached; the city of Tuskha I again occupied; its
old fort I threw down: its place I prepared, its dimensions
I took; a new castle
4 from its foundation to its roof I built, I completed, I reared:
a palace for the residence of My Royalty with doors of *iki*
wood I made;
5 a palace of brick from its foundations to its roof I made, I
completed: a complete image of my person of polished
stone I made; the history
6 of my surpassing nation and an account of my conquests
which in the country of Nairi I had accomplished I wrote
upon it; in the city of Tuskha
7 I raised it; on suitable stone I wrote and upon the wall I
fixed it; (then) the men of Assyria, those who from the pri-
vation of food to various countries
8 And to Rurie had gone up, to Tuskha I brought back and
settled there: that city to myself

[2] Thus in 2 Kings xxv. 7 we read that the Chaldees "put out the eyes of Zedekiah." Samson (Judges xvi. 21) was similarly treated. And the custom may be alluded to in Num. xvi. 14. It may be well to compare the treatment of children as recorded in Joshua xi. 14 with what we read in line 118. Horrible and ferocious as was the treatment of the conquered by the Israelites, they at least on that occasion were content with enslaving the children.

9 I took; the wheats and barleys of Nirbi I accumulated in it; the populace of Nirbi who before my arms had fled,
10 returned and accepted my yoke; of their towns, their Viceroys, their many convenient houses I took possession; impost and tribute, horses,
11 horses for the yoke, fish, oxen, sheep, goats in addition to what I had before settled, I imposed upon them; their youths as hostages
12 I took. While I was staying in Tuskha, I received the tribute of Ammibaal son of Zamani, of Anhiti of the land of Rurie
13 of Labduri son of Dubuzi of the land of Nirdun and the tribute of the land of Urumi-sa Bitani, of the Princes of the land of Nairi,
14 chariots, horses, horses for the yoke, tin, silver, gold, *kam* of copper, oxen, sheep, goats.
15 Over the land of Nairi I established a viceroy: (but) on my return the land of Nairi, and Nirbu which is in
16 the land of Kasyari, revolted; nine of their cities leagued themselves with Ispilipri one of their fortified towns and to a mountain difficult of access
17 they trusted; but the heights of the hill I besieged and took; in the midst of the strong mountain their fighting men I slew; their corpses like rubbish on the hills
18 I piled up; their common people in the tangled hollows of the mountains I consumed; their spoil, their property I carried off; the heads of their soldiers
19 I cut off; a pile (of them) in the highest part of the city I built; their boys and maidens I dishonored; to the environs of the city Buliyani
20 I passed; the banks of the river Lukia [1] I took possession of; in my passage I occupied the towns of the land of Kirhi hard by; many of their warriors
21 I slew; their spoil I spoiled; their cities with fire I burned: to the city of Ardupati I went. In those days the tribute
22 of Ahiramu son of Yahiru of the land of Nilaai son of Bahiani of the land of the Hittites [2] and of the Princes of the land of Hanirabi, silver, gold,

[1] Probably the Lycus or upper Zab.
[2] The term "Hittites" is used in a large sense, as the equivalent of "Syrians," including the northern parts of Palestine.

23 tin, *kam* of copper, oxen, sheep, horses, as their tribute I
received; in the eponym of Assuridin [3] they brought me
intelligence that
24 Zab-yav Prince of the land of Dagara had revolted. The
land of Zamua throughout its whole extent he boldly
seized; near the city of Babite
25 they constructed a fort; for combat and battle they
marched forth: in the service of Assur, the great god my
Lord and the great Merodach
26 going before me,[4] by the powerful aid which the Lord
Assur extended to my people, my servants and my soldiers
I called together; to the vicinity
27 of Babite I marched: the soldiers to the valor of their army
trusted and gave battle: but in the mighty force of the
great Merodach going before me
28 I engaged in battle with them; I effected their overthrow;
I broke them down; 1,460 of their warriors in the environs
29 I slew; Uzie, Birata, and Lagalaga, their strong towns,
with 100 towns within their territory I captured;
30 their spoil, their youths, their oxen, and sheep I carried
off; Zab-yav for the preservation of his life, a rugged
mountain
31 ascended; 1,200 of their soldiers I carried off; from the
land of Dagara I withdrew; to the city of Bara I ap-
proached; the city of Bara
32 I captured; 320 of their soldiers by my weapons I de-
stroyed; their oxen, sheep, and spoil in abundance I re-
moved;
33 300 of their soldiers I took off; on Tasritu [5] 15th from the
town Kalzi I withdrew, and came to the environs of Ba-
bite;
34 from Babite I withdrew; to the land of Nizir which they
call Lúlu-Kinaba I drew near; the city Bunasi one of their
fortified cities
35 belonging to Musazina and 20 cities of their environs I
captured; the soldiers were discouraged; they took posses-
sion of a mountain difficult of access; I, Assur-nasir-pal
impetuously after them

[3] About 881 B.C.
[4] A scriptural phrase of frequent occurrence.
[5] Corresponding to the Jewish month Tisri, and to part of our September, called in Accadian "the Holy Altar."

36 like birds swooped down; their corpses lay thick on the hills of Nizir; 326 of their warriors I smote down; his horses I exacted of him,
37 their common people in the tangled hollows I consumed; seven cities in Nizir, which were of their duly appointed fortresses I captured; their soldiers
38 I slew; their spoil, their riches, their oxen, their sheep I carried off; the cities themselves I burned; to these my tents I returned to halt;
39 from those same tents I departed; to cities of the land of Nizir whose place no one had ever seen I marched; the city of Larbusa
40 the fortified city of Kirtiara and 8 cities of their territory I captured; the soldiers lost heart and took to a steep mountain, a mountain (which) like sharp iron stakes
41 rose high upward; as for his soldiers, I ascended after them; in the midst of the mountain I scattered their corpses; 172 of their men I slew; soldiers
42 in numbers in the hollows of the mountain I hunted down; their spoil, their cattle, their sheep, I took away; their cities with fire
43 I burned; their heads on the high places of the mountain I lifted up;[6] their boys and maidens I dishonored; to the tents aforesaid I returned to halt;
44 from those same tents I withdrew; 150 cities of the territory of Larbusai, Durlulumai, Bunisai and Barai I captured;
45 their fighting men I slew; their spoil I spoiled; the city of Hasabtal I razed (and) burned with fire; 50 soldiers of Barai I slew in battle on the plain.
46 In those days the Princes of the entire land of Zamua were overwhelmed by the dread of the advance of Assur my Lord and submitted to my yoke; horses, silver, gold,
47 I received; the entire land under a Prefect I placed; horses, silver, gold, wheat, barley, submission, I imposed upon them
48 from the city of Tuklat-assur-azbat I withdrew; the land of Nispi accepted my yoke; I went down all night; to cities of remote site in the midst of Nispi

[6] Cf. Gen. xl. 19, "Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee."

49 which Zab-yav had established as his stronghold I went, took the city of Birutu and consigned it to the flames.

In the eponym of Damiktiya-tuklat, when I was stationed at Nineveh, they brough me news [7]

50 that Amaka, and Arastua withheld the tribute and vassalage due to Assur my Lord. In honor of Assur mighty Lord and Merodach the great going before me,

51 on the first of May [8] I prepared for the third time an expedition against Zamua: my fighting men [9] before the many chariots I did not consider: from Kalzi I withdrew; the lower Zab

52 I passed; to the vicinity of Babite I proceeded; the river Radanu at the foot of the mountains of Zima, my birthplace, I approached; oxen,

53 sheep, goats, as the tribute of Dagara I received: near Zimaki I added my strong chariots and battering rams as chief of warlike implements to my magazines; by night

54 and daybreak I went down; the Turnat in rafts I crossed; to Amali the strong city of Arastu I approached;

55 with vigorous assault the city I besieged and took; 800 of their fighting men I destroyed by my weapons; I filled the streets of their city with their corpses;

56 their many houses I burned; many soldiers I took alive; their spoil in abundance I carried off; the city I overthrew razed and burnt with fire; the city Khudun

57 and 20 cities in its environs I took; their soldiers I slew; their booty in cattle and sheep I carried off; their cities I overthrew razed and burned; their boys

58 their maidens I dishonored; the city of Kisirtu a fortified city of Zabini with 10 neighboring cities I took; their soldiers I slew; their spoil

59 I carried off; the cities of Barai and Kirtiara, Bunisai together with the province of Khasmar I overthrew razed and burned with fire;

60 I reduced the boundaries to a heap, and then from the cities of Arastua I withdrew: to the neighborhood of the territory of Laara and Bidirgi, rugged land, which for the passage

61 of chariots and an army was not adapted, I passed; to the

[7] About 880 B.C. [8] The Hebrew Sivan. [9] I.e., in comparison with.

royal city Zamri of Amika of Zamua I drew near; Amika from before the mighty prowess of my formidable attack

62 fled in fear and took refuge on a hill difficult of access: I brought forth the treasures of his palace and his chariot; from Zamri I withdrew and passed the river Lallu and to the mountains of Etini,

63 difficult ground, unfit for the passage of chariots and armies, whither none of the Princes my sires had ever penetrated; I marched in pursuit of his army on the mountains of Etini:

64 the hill I ascended: his treasure, his riches, vessels of copper, abundance of copper, *kam* of copper, bowls of copper, pitchers of copper, the treasures of his palace and of his storehouses,

65 from within the mountains I took away to my camp and made a halt: by the aid of Assur and the Sun-god, the gods in whom I trust, from that camp I withdrew and proceeded on my march;

66 the river Edir I passed on the confines of Soua and Elaniu, powerful lands; their soldiers I slew in numbers; their treasure, their riches, *am*[10] of copper,

67 *kam* of copper, *sapli* and *namziete* of copper, vessels of copper in abundance, *pásur* wood, gold and *ahzi*, their oxen, sheep, riches,

68 his abundant spoil, from below the mountains of Elani, his horses, I exacted from him: Amika for the saving of his life to the land of Sabue went up;

69 the cities Zámru, Arazitku, Amaru, Parsindu, Eritu, Zuritu his fortified city, with 150 cities

70 of his territory I overthrew, razed, burned; the boundary I reduced to a heap.

While in the vicinity of Parsindi I was stationed, the warlike engines of the tribe of Kallabu

71 came forth against the place; 150 of the fighting men of Amika I slew in the plain; their heads I cut off and put them up on the heights of his palace;

72 200 of his soldiers taken by (my) hands alive I left to rot

[10] "Am" may be the name of some weight, or figure; v. Norr. Assyr. Dict., pp. 127 and 720.

on the wall of his palace:[1] from Zamri the battering-rams and . . . my banners I made ready;

73 to the fortress Ata, of Arzizai, whither none of the Kings my sires had ever penetrated I marched: the cities of Arzizu, and Arzindu

74 his fortified city, with ten cities situated in their environs in the midst of Nispi a rugged country, I captured; their soldiers I slew the cities I overthrew razed and burned with fire:

75 to those my tents I returned. In those days I received copper, *tabbili* of copper, *kanmate* of copper, and *sariete* as the tribute of the land of Siparmina, such as women

76 collect: from the city of Zamri I withdrew; to Lara, (the rugged hill-country, unfitted for the passage of chariots and armies, with instruments [axes] of iron I cut through and

77 with rollers of metal I beat down) with the chariots and troops I brought over to the city of Tiglath-assur-azbat in the land of Lulu—the city of Arakdi they call it—I went down;

78 the Kings of Zamue, the whole of them, from before the impetuosity of my servants and the greatness of my power drew back and accepted my yoke; tribute of silver, gold, tin,

79 copper, *kam* of copper, vestments of wool, horses, oxen, sheep, goats, in addition to what I had before settled, I imposed upon them; a Viceroy

80 in Kalach I created. While in the land of Zamue I was stationed the cities Khudunai, Khartisai, Khutiskai Kirzanai

81 were overwhelmed by fear of the advance of Assur my Lord; impost, tribute, silver, gold, horses, vestments of wool, oxen, sheep, goats, they brought to me; the rebel soldiers

82 fled from before my arms; they fled to the mountains; I marched after them; within confines of the land of Aziru they settled and got ready the city of Mizu as their strong place;

83 the land of Aziru I overthrew and destroyed; from Zimaki

[1] Menant renders, "j'ai fait etouffer *dans* le mur."

as far as the Turnat I scattered their corpses; 500 of their fighting men I destroyed;

84 their spoil in abundance I carried off.

In those days in the land of Samua, (in which is) the city of Atlila which Zibir King of Kardunias had taken, devastated,

85 and reduced to a heap of ruins, I Assur-nasir-pal King of Assyria took, after laying siege to its castle a second time; the palace as a residence for My Majesty I therein strengthened, made princely and enlarged beyond what of old was planned;

86 the wheat and barleys of the land of Kalibi I accumulated therein; I gave it the name of Dur-Assur.

On the first of May in the eponym of Sanmapakid[2] I collected my chariots and soldiers

87 the Tigris I crossed; to the land of Commagene I passed on; I inaugurated a palace in the city of Tiluli; the tribute due from Commagene I received; from Commagene I withdrew;

88 I passed on to the land of the Istarat;[3] in the city of Kibaki I halted; from Kibaki I received oxen, sheep, goats, and copper; from Kibaki I withdrew;

89 to the city of Mattyati I drew nigh; I took possession of the land of Yatu with the town Kapranisa; 2,800 of their fighting men I smote down with my weapons; their spoil in abundance I carried off;

90 the rebels who had fled from before my arms now accepted my yoke; of their cities I left them in possession; tribute impost and an officer[4] over them I set;

91 an image of my person I made; collected laws I wrote upon it and in the city of Mattiyati I placed it; from Mattiyati I withdrew; at the city of Zazabuka

92 I halted; the tribute of Calach in oxen, sheep, goats and various copper articles I received; from Zazabuka I withdrew;

93 at the city of Irzia I made a halt; that city I burned; but received there the tributes due from Zura in oxen, sheep, goats and *kam* copper:

[2] About 879 B.C. [3] Goddesses. [4] Urasi.

94 from Izria I withdrew; in the land of Kasyari I halted; Madara (and) Anzi two cities of the territory I captured and slew their soldiers;

95 their spoil I carried off; the cities I burned with fire; six lakes I crossed over in Kasyari, a rugged highland for the passage of chariots and an army

96 unsuited; (the hills with instruments of iron I cut through [and] with rollers of metal I beat down;) the chariots and army I brought over. In a city of Assur [5] on the sandy side which is in Kasyari,

97 oxen, sheep, goats *kam* and *gurpisi* of copper I received; by the land of Kasyari I proceeded; a second time to the land of Nairi I went down; at the city of Sigisa

98 I made a halt; from Sigisa I withdrew; to Madara the fortified city of Labduri the son of Dubisi I drew near, a city extremely strong with four impregnable castles;

99 the city I besieged; they quailed before my mighty prowess; I received, for the preservation of their lives, their treasures, their riches, their sons, by tale; I imposed upon them

100 tribute and duties; an officer [6] I appointed over them; the city I demolished, razed, and reduced to a heap of ruins; from Madara I withdrew; to Tuskha

101 I passed over; a palace in Tuskha I dedicated; the tribute of the land of Nirdun, horses, yoke-horses, fish, *kam* of copper, *gurpisi* of copper, oxen, sheep,

102 goats, in Tuskha I received; 60 cities and strong castles below Kasyari, belonging to Labduri son of Dubuzi I overthrew razed and converted to a heap of ruins.

103 In the service of Assur my Lord from Tuskha I withdrew. The powerful chariots and battering-rams I put up in my stores; on rafts

104 I passed the Tigris; all night I descended; to Pitura a strong town of Dirrai I drew near—a very strong city—

105 two forts facing each other, whose castle like the summit of a mountain stood up: by the mighty hands of Assur my Lord and the impetuosity of my army and my formidable attack

[5] Or, "Assur-sidi-huli" may be taken as the name of the town.
[6] "Urasi"(?).

106 I gave them battle; on two days before sunrise like Yav
the inundator I rushed upon them; destruction upon them
I rained with the might [7]
107 and prowess of my warriors; like the rush of birds coming
upon them, the city I captured; 800 of their soldiers by
my arms I destroyed; their heads
108 I cut off; many soldiers I captured in hand alive; their
populace in the flames I burned; their spoil I carried off
in abundance; a trophy of the living and of heads
109 about his great gate I built; [8] 700 soldiers I there impaled
on stakes; [9] the city I overthrew, razed, and reduced to
a heap of ruins all round; their boys,
110 their maidens, I dishonored; the city of Kukunu [10] facing
the mountains of Matni I captured; 700 of their fighting
men I smote down with my weapons;
111 their spoil in abundance I carried off; 50 cities of Dira I
occupied; their soldiers I slew; I plundered them; 50 sol-
diers I took alive; the cities I overthrew
112 razed and burned; the approach of my Royalty overcame
them; from Pitura I withdrew, and went down to Arbaki
in Gilhi-Bitani;
113 they quailed before the approach of my Majesty, and de-
serted their towns and strong places: for the saving of
their lives they went up to Matni a land of strength
114 I went after them in pursuit; 1,000 of their warriors I left
in the rugged hills; their corpses on a hill I piled up;
with their bodies the tangled hollows
115 of the mountains I filled; I captured 200 soldiers and cut
off their hands; their spoil I carried away; their oxen,
their sheep
116 without number, I took away; Iyaya, Salaniba, strong
cities of Arbaki I occupied; the soldiers I slew; their spoil
I carried off
117 250 towns surrounded with strong walls in the land of
Nairi I overthrew demolished and reduced to heaps and
ruins; the trees of their land I cut down; the wheat
118 and barley in Tuskha I kept. Ammiba'al the son of

[7] Compare a similar expression, Job xx. 23, "God shall rain (his fury) upon him while he is eating."
[8] Cf. 2 Kings x. 8, "Lay ye them (the heads) in two heaps in the entering in of the gate."
[9] Or, crosses.
[10] On the upper Tigris.

Zamani had been betrayed and slain by his nobles.[1] To revenge Ammiba'al

119 I marched; from before the vehemence of my arms and the greatness of my Royalty

120 they drew back: his swift chariots, trappings for men and horses one hundred in number,

121 horses, harness, his yokes, tribute of silver and gold with 100 talents

122 in tin, 100 talents in copper, 300 talents in *annui*, 100 *kam* of copper, 3,000 *kappi* of copper, bowls of copper, vessels of copper,

123 1,000 vestments of wool, *nui* wood, *eru* wood, *zalmalli* wood, horns, choice gold,

124 the treasures of his palace, 2,000 oxen, 5,000 sheep, his wife, with large donations from her; the daughters

125 of his chiefs with large donations from them I received. I, Assur-nasir-pal, great King, mighty King, King of legions, King of Assyria,

126 son of Tuklat-Adar great and mighty King, King of legions, King of Assyria, noble warrior, in the strength of Assur his Lord walked, and whose equal among the Kings

127 of the four regions exists not;[2] a King who from beyond the Tigris up to Lebanon and the Great Sea

128 hath subjugated the land of Laki in its entirety, the land of Zuhi with the city of Ripaki: from the sources of the Ani

129 (and) the Zupnat to the land bordering on Sabitan has he held in hand: the territory of Kirrouri with Kilzani on the other side the Lower Zab

130 to Tul-Bari which is beyond the country of the Zab; beyond the city of Tul-sa-Zabdani, Hirimu, Harute, the land of Birate

131 and of Kardunias I annexed to the borders of my realm and on the broad territory of Nairi I laid fresh tribute. The city of Calach I took anew; the old mound

[1] I follow Dr. Oppert in the rendering of this obscure passage. Compare with Ammiba'al the name of the father of Bathsheba, which like many other proper names is indicative of the close relations between Assyria, Phœnicia, Syria, and Judea.

[2] This frequently recurring expression refers to the four races of Syria.

132 I threw down; to the top of the water I brought it; 120 hand-breadths in depth I made it good; a temple to Ninip my Lord I therein founded; when
133 an image of Ninip himself which had not been made before, in the reverence of my heart for his great mighty godship, of mountain stone and brilliant gold I caused to make in its completeness;
134 for my great divinity in the city of Calach I accounted him: his festivals in the months of January and September[3] I established: Bit-kursi which was unoccupied I closed:
135 an altar to Ninip my Lord I therein consecrated: a temple for Beltis, Sin, and Gulanu, Hea-Manna[4] and Yav great ruler of heaven and earth I founded.

Column III

1 On the 22d day of the third month, May,[1] in the eponym of Dagan-bel-ussur,[2] I withdrew from Calach; I passed the Tigris at its nearer bank
2 and received a large tribute; at Tabite I made a halt; on the 6th day of the fourth month, June,[3] I withdrew from Tabite and skirted the banks of Kharmis;
3 at the town of Magarizi I made a halt; withdrew from it and passed along by the banks of the Chaboras and halted at Sadikanni;
4 the tribute due from Sadikanni, silver, gold, tin, *kam* of copper, oxen, sheep, I received and quitted the place.
5 At the city of Katni I made a halt; the tribute of Sunaya I received, and from Katni withdrew;
6 at Dar-Kumlimi[4] I halted; withdrew from it and halted at Bit-Halupe, whose tribute
7 of silver, gold, tin, *kam* of copper, vestments of wool and linen, oxen and sheep I received, and withdrew from it;

[3] "Tabita" (Heb. "Tebeth") and "Tasritu" (Heb. "Tisri"). It should be remarked that after the captivity the names of the months were exchanged for the Chaldean; and the old Hebrew names, such as "Abib" (Exod. xiii. 4), "Zif" (1 Kings vi. 37), "Ethanim" (ib. viii. 2), "Bul" (ib. vi. 38), and the titles first, second, third month, etc., were dropped.

[4] This name has also been read as "Nisroch-Salmon."

[1] Sivan.

[2] 878 B.C.

[3] Heb. "Tammuz," Assyr. "Duwazu."

[4] A city in Mesopotamia.

8 at the city of Zirki I made a halt; the tribute of Zirki, silver, gold, tin, oxen,
9 sheep, I received; withdrew from Zirki; halted at Zupri, whose tribute
10 of silver, gold, tin, *kami*, oxen, sheep, I received; withdrew from Zupri and halted at Nagarabani,
11 whose tribute in silver, gold, tin, *kami*, oxen, sheep, I received and withdrew from it;
12 near Khindani, situated on the nearer banks of the Euphrates I halted;
13 the tribute of Khindani, silver, gold, tin, *kami*, oxen, sheep, I received. From Khindani
14 I withdrew; at the mountains over against the Euphrates [5] I halted; I withdrew from those mountains and halted at Bit-Sabáya near the town of Haridi
15 situate on the nearer bank of the Euphrates. From Bit-Sabáya I withdrew; at the commencement of the town of Anat [6]
16 I made a halt. Anat is situated in the midst of the Euphrates. From Anat I withdrew. The city of Zuru the fortified city of
17 Sadudu of the land of Zuhi I besieged: to the numerous warriors of the spacious land of the Kassi he trusted and to make war and battle to my presence advanced;
18 the city I besieged; two days I was engaged in fighting; I made good an entrance: (then) through fear [7] of my mighty arms Sadudu and his soldiers
19 for the preservation of his life, into the Euphrates threw himself: I took the city; 50 *bit-hallu* [8] and their soldiers in the service of Nabu-bal-idin King of Kardunias;
20 Zabdanu his brother with 300 of his soldiers and Bel-bal-idin who marched at the head of their armies I captured, together with them
21 many soldiers I smote down with my weapons; silver, gold, tin, precious stone of the mountains,[9] the treasure of his palace,
22 chariots, horses trained to the yoke, trappings for men and horses, the women of his palace, his spoil,

[5] "Burattu." In Hebrew (Gen. ii. 14), "Phrat."
[6] Dr. Oppert renders this "Anatho."
[7] Literally, "from the face of."
[8] Probably military engines used in sieges.
[9] Or, sadi-stone shining.

23 in abundance I carried off; the city I pulled down and razed; ordinances and edicts I imposed on Zuhi; the fear of my dominion to Kardunias reached;
24 the greatness of my arms overwhelmed Chaldæa;[10] on the countries of the banks of the Euphrates my impetuous soldiers I sent forth; an image
25 of my person I made; decrees and edicts upon it I inscribed; in Zúri I put it up, I Assur-nasir-pal, a King who has enforced his laws
26 (and) decrees and who to the sword hath directed his face to conquests and alliances hath raised his heart. While I was stationed at Calach
27 they brought me news that the population of Laqai and Khindanu of the whole land of Zukhi had revolted and crossed the Euphrates
28 on the eighteenth of May[1] I withdrew from Calach, passed the Tigris, took the desert to Zúri
29 by Bit-Halupí I approached in ships belonging to me which I had taken at Zúri: I took my way to the sources of the Euphrates;
30 the narrows of the Euphrates I descended, the cities of Khintiel and Aziel in the land of Laqai I took; their soldiers I slew; their spoil
31 I carried off; the cities I overthrew, razed, burned with fire. In my expedition marching westward of the banks of the Chaboras to
32 the city Zibate of Zuhi, cities on the other side of the Euphrates in the land of Laqai I overthrew, devastated and burned with fire; their crops I seized 460 soldiers
33 their fighting men by (my) weapons I destroyed; I took 20 alive and impaled them on stakes;[2] on ships which I had built—
34 in 20 ships which were drawn up on the sand at Haridi I crossed the Euphrates. The land of Zuhaya and Laqai
35 and the city of Khindanai[3] to the power of their chariots

[10] "Kaldu." There are fragments existing in the British Museum of a treaty made between this Nabu-balidin, King of Kardunias (Babylonia), and Shalmaneser, son of Assur-nasir-pal. v. "Trans. Soc. Bib. Archæol.," i. 77.

[1] The Hebrew Sivan.

[2] Literally, "impaled on stakes." But Dr. Oppert and Mr. Norris generally adopt the rendering given in the text, l. 108, p. 194.

[3] It will be observed that this city is differently spelled in line 27. Irregularities of this kind are very frequent, especially in the termination of proper names.

armies and hands trusted and summoned 6,000 of their soldiers to engage in fight and battle.

36 They came to close quarters; I fought with them; I effected their overthrow; I destroyed their chariots 6,500 of their warriors I smote down by my weapons; the remainder

37 in starvation in the desert of the Euphrates I shut up. From Haridi in Zukhi to Kipina and the cities of Khindanai [3]

38 in Laqai on the other side I occupied; their fighting men I slew; the city I overthrew razed and burned. Aziel of Laqai

39 trusted to his forces and took possession of the heights of Kipina; I gave them battle; at the city of Kipina I effected his overthrow; 1,000 of his warriors I slew;

40 his chariots I destroyed; spoil I carried off in plenty; their gods I took away; for the preservation of his life he took refuge on a rugged hill of Bizuru at the sources of the Euphrates;

41 for two days I descended the river in pursuit: the relics of his army with my weapons I destroyed; their hiding place by the hills on the Euphrates I broke up;

42 to the cities of Dumite and Azmú belonging to the son of Adini [4] I went down after him; his spoil, his oxen, his sheep,

43 which like the stars of heaven were without number I carried off.

In those days Ila of Laqai, his swift chariots and 500 soldiers

44 to my land of Assyria I transported; Dumutu and Azmu I captured, overthrew, razed and burned; in the narrows of the Euphrates I turned aside in my course and

45 I outflanked Aziel, who fled before my mighty power to save his life. Ila, the Prince of Laqai, his army his chariots, his harness,

46 I carried off and took to my city of Assur: Khimtiel of Laqai I made prisoner in his own city. Through the might of Assur my Lord, (and) in the presence of my mighty arms and the formidable attack

[3] See note 3, p. 188.

[4] "Ahuni." See l. 61, p. 191.

47 of my powerful forces he was afraid, and I received the treasures of his palaces, silver, gold, tin, copper, *kam* of copper, vestments of wool, his abundant spoil; and trjbute
48 and impost in addition to what I had previously fixed I laid upon them; in those days I slew 50 buffaloes in the neighborhood of the nearer side of the Euphrates: eight buffaloes I caught alive;
49 I killed 20 eagles, and captured others alive: I founded two cities on the Euphrates; one on the farther bank
50 of the Euphrates which I named Dur-Assur-nasir-pal; one on the nearer bank which I named Nibarti-Assur. On the 20th of May [6] I withdrew from Galach;
51 I crossed the Tigris; to the land of Bit-Adini I went; to their strong city of Katrabi I approached, a city exceedingly strong, like a storm rushing from heaven,[7]
52 the soldiers confided to their numerous troops, and would not submit and accept my yoke: in honor of Assur the great Lord, my Lord, and the god the great protector going before me, I besieged the city
53 by the warlike engines [8] on foot and strong, the city I captured; many of their soldiers I slew; 800 of their fighting men I dispersed; their spoil and property I carried off, 2,400 of their warriors
54 I transported away and detained them at Calach; the city I overthrew razed and burnt; the fear of the approach of Assur my Lord over Bit-Adini I made good.
55 In those days the tribute of Ahuni son of Adini of Habini, of the city of Tul-Abnai,[9] silver, gold, tin,[10] copper, vestments of wool and linen, wood for bridges,
56 cedar wood, the treasures of his palace I received; their hostages I took, *rimutu* [1] I imposed upon them
In the month April [2] and on the eighth day I quitted Calach; the Tigris
57 I passed; to Carchemish [3] in Syria I directed my steps; to Bit-Bakhiani I approached; the tribute due from the son [4] of Bakhiani, swift chariots, horses, silver,

[6] The Hebrew Sivan.
[7] Or, "as it were situated among the storm-clouds of heaven."
[8] The nature of these engines ("bilsi") is uncertain.
[9] I.e., stony-hill.
[10] Or, lead.
[1] Possibly "humiliation," from the Chaldee "rama."
[2] Airu.
[3] Carchemish. Cf. Jeremiah xlvi. 2.
[4] Tribe(?).

58 gold, tin, copper, *kami* of copper, I received; the chariots and warlike engines of the officer of the son of Bakhiani I added to my magazines;

59 I menaced the land of Anili: the tribute of Hu-immi of Nilaya, swift war chariots, horses, silver, gold, tin,[5] copper,

60 *kami* of copper, oxen, sheep, horses, I received; the chariots and warlike instruments of the officer I added to my magazines. From Anili I withdrew; to Bit-Adini I approached;

61 the tribute of Ahuni son of Adini, silver, gold, tin,[5] copper, wood of *ereru*, and *rabaz*, horns, *sai*-wood, horns [6]

62 of thrones horns of silver, and gold, *sari*, bracelets of gold, *sahri* fastenings for covers of gold, scabbards of gold, oxen, sheep, goats as his tribute I received;

63 the chariots and warlike engines of the officer of Ahuni I added to my magazines. In those days I received the tribute of Habini of Tul-Abnai, four maneh of silver and 400 sheep;

64 ten maneh of silver for his first year as tribute I imposed upon him: from Bit-Adini I withdrew; the Euphrates, in a difficult part of it, I crossed in ships of hardened skins:

65 I approached the land of Carchemish: the tribute of Sangara King of Syria, twenty talents of silver, *sahri* gold, bracelets of gold, scabbards of gold, 100 talents

66 of copper, 250 talents of annui *kami, hariate, nirmakate kibil* [7] of copper, the extensive furniture of his palace,

67 of incomprehensible perfection [8] different kinds of woods,[9] *ka* and *sara*, 200 female slaves, vestments of wool,

68 and linen; beautiful black coverings, beautiful purple coverings, precious stones, horns of buffaloes, white [10] chariots, images of gold, their coverings, the treasures of his Royalty, I received of him;

69 the chariots and warlike engines of the General of Carchemish I laid up in my magazines; the Kings of all those lands who had come out against me received my yoke; their hostages I received;

[5] Or, lead.

[6] Some projecting ornament, like "horns of an altar." Cf. Ps. cxviii. 27; Exod. xxx. 2.

[7] Probably some utensils, as explained by the Hebrew word "unutu" ("anioth").

[8] Or, with Mr. Norris, "the whole of it was not taken." Dict., p. 558.

[9] The words specified are "sa" or "issa," "passur," and probably "ebony"; the others have not been identified.

[10] Probably "in ivory."

70 they did homage in my presence; to the land of Lebanon[1] I proceeded. From Carchemish I withdrew and marched to the territory of Munzigani and Harmurga:

71 the land of Ahanu I reduced; to Gaza[2] the town of Lubarna[3] of the Khatti I advanced; gold and vestments of linen I received:

72 crossing the river Abrie I halted and then leaving that river approached the town of Kanulua a royal city belonging to Lubarna of the Khatti:

73 from before my mighty arms and my formidable onset he fled in fear, and for the saving of his life submitted to my yoke; twenty talents of silver, one talen' of gold,

74 100 talents in tin, 100 talents in *annui*, 1,000 oxen, 10,000 sheep, 1,000 vestments of wool, linen, *nimati* and *ki* woods coverings,

75 *chuzate* thrones, *kui* wood, wood for seats, their coverings, *sarai*, *zueri*-wood, horns of *kui* in abundance, the numerous utensils of his palace, whose beauty

76 could not be comprehended:[4] . . . *pagatu*(?)[5] from the wealth of great Lords as his tribute

77 I imposed upon him; the chariots and warlike engines of the land of the Khatti I laid up in my magazines; their hostages I took.

In those days (I received) the tribute of Guzi

78 of the land of Yahanai, silver, gold, tin,[6] . . . oxen, sheep, vestments of wool and linen I received: from Kunalua the capital of Lubarna I withdrew,

79 of the land of the Khatti, crossed the Orontes,[7] and after a halt left it, and to the borders

80 of the land of Yaraki and of Yahturi I went round: the land[8] . . . had rebelled: from the Sangura after a halt I withdrew;

81 I made a detour to the lands of Saratini and Girpani[9] . . . I halted and advanced to Aribue a fortified city belonging to Lubarna of the land of the Khatti:

82 the city I took to myself; the wheats and barleys of Luhuti I collected; I allowed his palace to be sacked and settled Assyrians there.[10]

[1] Labnana. [2] Hazazi. [3] Prince.
[4] The Inscription is here defaced.
[5] May this be the Hebrew word for garments, "beged" —
[6] Defaced.
[7] Arunte.
[8] Defaced.
[9] Defaced.
[10] Precisely thus: "The King of As-

83 While I was stationed at Aribua, I captured the cities of the land of Luhiti and slew many of their soldiers; overthrew razed and burned them with fire;

84 the soldiers whom I took alive I impaled on stakes close by their cities.

In those days I occupied the environs of Lebanon; to the great sea

85 of Phœnicia [1] I went up: up to the great sea my arms I carried: to the gods I sacrificed; I took tribute of the Princes of the environs of the sea-coast,

86 of the lands of Tyre, Sidon, Gebal, Maacah [2] Maizai Kaizai, of Phœnicia and Arvad

87 on the sea-coast—silver, gold, tin, copper, *kam* of copper, vestments of wool and linen, *pagutu* [3] great and small,

88 strong timber, wood of *ki* [4] teeth of dolphins, the produce of the sea, I received as their tribute: my yoke they accepted; the mountains of Amanus [5] I ascended; wood for bridges,

89 pines, box, cypress, *li*-wood, I cut down; I offered sacrifices for my gods; a trophy [6] of victory I made, and in a central place I erected it;

90 *gusuri*-wood, cedar wood from Amanus I destined for Bit-Hira, and my pleasure house called Azmaku, for the temple of the Moon and Sun the exalted gods.

91 I proceeded to the land of Iz-mehri, and took possession of it throughout: I cut down beams for bridges of *mehri* trees, and carried them to Nineveh; (and)

92 to Istar Lady of Nineveh (on) my knees I knelt.[7] In the eponym of Samas-nuri [8] in the honor of the great Lord Assur my Lord on the 20th of April [9]

93 from Calach I withdrew—crossed the Tigris—descended to the land of Kipani, and there, in the city of Huzirina, received the tribute of the governors of its cities.

94 While stationed at Huzirana I received the tribute of Ittiel of Nilaya, Giridadi of Assaya, in silver

syria brought men from Babylon . . . and placed them in the cities of Samaria instead of the children of Israel."—2 Kings xvii. 24.

[1] "Akhari." Heb. אַחֵר.

[2] Literally, Zurai, Sidunai, Gubalai, Makullat.

[3] See p. 192, note 5.

[4] Ebony.

[5] The mountain chain which divides Syria from Cilicia.

[6] Or, proof.

[7] Literally, sat.

[8] I.e., "the sun is my light."

[9] Assyr. "Airu," Heb. "Iyar." 866 B.C.

95 gold, oxen, sheep. In those days I received the tribute in
beams for bridges, cedar wood, silver, gold of Qatuzili
96 of Commagene [10]—withdrew from Huzirina and took my
way upward along the banks of the Euphrates; to Kubbu.[1]
97 I crossed over into the midst of the towns of Assa in
Kirkhi over against Syria. The cities of Umalie and
Khiranu
98 powerful cities centrally situated in Adani I captured; num-
bers of their soldiers I slew; spoil beyond reckoning
99 I carried off; the towns I overthrew and demolished; 150
cities of their territory I burned with fire; then from Khi-
ranu
100 I withdrew; I passed over to the environs of the land of
Amadani; I went down among the cities of Dirrie, and
the cities within the lands of
101 Amadani and Arquanie I burned with fire: Mallanu which
is in the middle of Arquanie I took as my own possession;
I withdrew from Mallanu
102 to the cities of Zamba on the sandy outskirt, which I
burned with fire: I passed the river Sua, proceeding up
to the Tigris whose cities
103 on those banks and on these banks of the Tigris in Arkanie
to a heap I reduced: its waters overflowed all Kirkhi: my
yoke they took;
104 their hostages I exacted; a Viceroy of my own I appointed
over them: in the environs of the land of Amadani I
arrived: at Barza-Nistun
105 To Dandamusa the fortified city of Ilani son of Zamani
I drew near and laid siege to it: my warriors like birds
of prey rushed upon them;
106 600 of their warriors I put to the sword and decapitated;
400 I took alive;
107 3,000 captives I brought forth; I took possession of the
city for myself: the living soldiers, and heads to the city
of Amidi [2] the royal city, I sent;
108 heaps of the heads close by his great gate I piled; the
living soldiers I crucified on crosses [3] at the gates of the
town;

[10] Literally, Kumukhaya.
[1] Between Carchemish and the Orontes.
[2] Diarbekr, still known by the name of "Kar-Amid." Rawlinson's "Herodotus," I. 466. The name is of frequent occurrence in early Christian writers.
[3] See p. 188, note 2.

109 inside the gates I made carnage; their forests I cut down;[4] from Amidi I withdrew toward the environs of Kasyari; the city of Allabzie

110 to whose rocks and stones no one among the Kings my fathers had ever made approach, I penetrated; to the town of Uda the fortress of Labduri son of Dubuzi

111 I approached and besieged the city with *bilsi*(?) strengthened and marching; the city I captured;[5] . . . soldiers[6] . . . with my weapons I destroyed; 570 soldiers

112 I captured; 3,000 captives I took forth; soldiers alive I caught; some I impaled on stakes;[7] of others

113 the eyes I put out: the remainder I carried off to Assur and took the city as my own possession—I who am Assur-nasir-pal mighty King, King of Assyria son of Tuklat-Adar, (Tuklat-Ninip)

114 great King, powerful King, King of legions, King of Assyria son of Vul-nirari[8] great King, mighty King, King of legions, King of Assyria, noble warrior, who in the service of Assur his Lord proceeded, and among the Kings of the four regions,

115 has no equal, a Prince[9] (giving) ordinances, not fearing opponents, mighty unrivalled leader, a Prince subduer of the disobedient, who all

116 the thrones of mankind has subdued; powerful King treading over the heads of his enemies, trampling on the lands of enemies, breaking down the assemblages of the wicked; who in the service of the great gods

117 his Lords marched along; whose hand hath taken possession of all their lands, laid low the forests of all of them, and received their tributes, taking hostages (and) imposing laws

118 upon all those lands; when Assur the Lord proclaimer of my name, aggrandizer of my Royalty, who added his unequivocal service to the forces of my government

119 I destroyed the armies of the spacious land of Lúlumi.

[4] Cf. Is. x. 34, "He shall cut down the thickets of the forest with iron"; also Ezek. xxxix. 10.
[5] The inscription is here defaced.
[6] Defaced.
[7] See p. 188, note 2.
[8] The grandfather of Assur-nasir-pal. His reign probably terminated at 889 B.C.
[9] Literally, shepherd. Thus, Isa. xliv. 28, "Cyrus is my shepherd."

In battle by weapons I smote them down. With the help of the Sun-god
120 and Yav, the gods in whom I trust, I rushed upon the armies of Nairi, Kirkhi Subariya and Nirbi like Yav the inundator;[10]
121 a King who from the other side the Tigris to the land of Lebanon and the great sea has subjugated to his yoke the entire land of Lakie and the land of Zukhi as far as the city Rapik;
122 to whose yoke is subjected (all) from the sources of the Zupnat to the frontiers of Bitani; from the borders of Kirruri to Kirzani;
123 from beyond the Lower Zab to the town of Tulsa-Zabdani and the town of Tul-Bari beyond the land of Zaban as far as the towns of Tul-sa-Zabdani and
124 Tul-sa-Abtani; Harimu, Harutu in Birate of Kardunias[1] to the borders of my land I added; (the inhabitants) of the territory of Babite
125 with Khasmar among the people of my own country I accounted: in the countries which I held I established a deputy: they performed homage: submission
126 I imposed upon them; I, Assur-nasir-pal, great, noble, worshipper of the great gods, generous, great, mighty possessors of cities and the forests of all their domains, King of Lords, consumer of
127 the wicked *taskaru* invincible, who combats injustice, Lord of all Kings, King of Kings, glorious, upholder of Bar (Ninip) the warlike, worshipper
128 of the great gods, a King who, in the service of Assur and Ninip, gods in whom he trusted, hath marched royally, and wavering lands and Kings his enemies in all their lands
129 to his yoke hath subdued, and the rebels against Assur, high and low, hath opposed and imposed on them impost and tribute—Assur-nasir-pal
130 mighty King, glory of the Moon-god[2] worshipper of Anu, related[3] to Yav, suppliant of the gods, an unyielding ser-

[10] Cf. Ps. xxix. 10, "The Lord (Jhvh) sitteth upon the flood; yea the Lord sitteth King forever."
[1] This reads like an annexation of a portion of Babylonian territory.
[2] Or upholder, proclaimer of Sin, the moon; cf. l. 127.
[3] Assyr. "Nalad." Cf. the Heb. יָלַד "born of."

vant, destroyer of the land of his foes; I, a King vehement in war,

131 destroyer of forests and cities, chief over opponents, Lord of four regions, router of his enemies in strong lands and forests, and who Kings mighty and fearless from the rising

132 to the setting of the sun to my yoke subjugated.

The former city of Calach which Shalmaneser King of Assyria going before me, had built—

133 that city was decayed and reduced to a heap of ruins: that city I built anew; the people captured by my hand of the countries which I had subdued, Zukhi and Lakie,

134 throughout their entirety, the town of Sirku on the other side of the Euphrates, all Zamua, Bit-Adini, the Khatti, and the subjects of Liburna I collected within, I made them occupy.[4]

135 A water-course from the Upper Zab I dug and called it Pati-kanik: timber upon its shores I erected: a choice of animals to Assur my Lord and (for) the Chiefs of my realm I sacrificed;

136 the ancient mound I threw down: to the level of the water I brought it: 120 courses on the low level I caused it to go: its wall I built; from the ground to the summit I built (and) completed.

[Additional clauses are found on the monolith inscription in the British Museum. They are not, however, of any great importance and amount to little more than directions for the preservation and reparation of the palace, with imprecations upon those who should at any time injure the buildings. On this same monolith is found an invocation to the great gods of the Assyrian Pantheon: namely, to Assur, Anu, Hea, Sin [the Moon], Merodach, Yav Jahve, Jah[?], Ninip, Nebo, Beltis, Nergal, Bel-Dagon, Samas [the Sun], Istar.]

[4] Precisely thus were the Israelites carried away to Babylon.

ASSYRIAN SACRED POETRY

Translated by H. F. Talbot, F.R.S.

THE following translations are some of those which I published in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology" in order to show that the Assyrians had a firm belief in the immortality of the soul: a fact which was previously unknown.

I have added specimens of their penitential psalms, and some notices of their numerous superstitions, such as the exorcism of evil spirits, the use of magic knots and talismans, the belief in inherited or imputed sins, and in the great degree of holiness which they attributed to the number *Seven*. In some of these respects we may evidently see how great an influence was exercised on the mind and belief of the Jews by their long residence at Babylon.

Assyrian Sacred Poetry

A PRAYER FOR THE KING

"Length of days
long lasting years
a strong sword
a long life
extended years of glory
pre-eminence among Kings
grant ye to the King my Lord,
who has given such gifts
to his gods!
The bounds vast and wide
of his Empire
and of his Rule,
may he enlarge and may he complete!
Holding over all Kings supremacy
and royalty and empire
may he attain to gray hairs
and old age!
And after the life of these days,

[1] From the "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. i. p. 107. The original is in "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," vol. iii. pl. 66.

19 in the feasts of the silver mountain,[2] the heavenly Courts
20 the abodes of blessedness:
21 and in the Light
22 of the *Happy Fields,*
23 may he dwell a life
24 eternal, holy
25 in the presence
26 of the gods
27 who inhabit Assyria!"

SHORT PRAYER FOR THE SOUL OF A DYING MAN[3]

1 Like a bird may it fly to a lofty place!
2 To the holy hands of its god, may it ascend!

THE DEATH OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN[4]

1 Bind the sick man to Heaven, for from the Earth he is being torn away!
2 Of the brave man who was so strong, his strength has departed.
3 Of the righteous servant, the force does not return.
4 In his bodily frame he lies dangerously ill.
5 But Ishtar, who in her dwelling is grieved concerning him
6 descends from her mountain, unvisited of men.
7 To the door of the sick man she comes.
8 The sick man listens!
9 Who is there? Who comes?
10 It is Ishtar daughter of the Moon-god Sin:
11 It is the god (. . .) Son of Bel:
12 It is Marduk, Son of the god (. . .).
13 They approach the body of the sick man.
(The next line, 14, is nearly destroyed.)
15 They bring a *khisibta*[5] from the heavenly treasury.
16 They bring a *sisbu* from their lofty storehouse:
17 into the precious *khisibta* they pour bright liquor.
18 That righteous man, may he now rise on high!
19 May he shine like that *khisibta!*
20 May he be bright as that *sisbu!*

[2] The Assyrian Olympus. The epithet "silver" was doubtless suggested by some snowy inaccessible peak, the supposed dwelling-place of the gods.

[3] "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 20.

[4] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 31.

[5] Probably a cup or drinking-vessel.

21 Like pure silver may his garment be shining white!
22 Like brass may he be radiant!
23 To the Sun, greatest of the gods, may he ascend!
24 And may the Sun, greatest of the gods, receive his soul into his holy hands![6]

PENITENTIAL PSALMS

(These lamentations seem frequently to be incoherent. A few specimens are taken from the same work as the preceding.[7])

O my Lord! my sins are many, my trespasses are great;
and the wrath of the gods has plagued me with disease
and with sickness and sorrow.
I fainted: but no one stretched forth his hand!
I groaned: but no one drew nigh!
I cried aloud: but no one heard!
O Lord! do not abandon thy servant!
In the waters of the great storm, seize his hand!
The sins which he has committed, turn thou to righteousness!

ELSEWHERE WE FIND

1 O my god! my sins are seven times seven!
2 O my goddess! my sins are seven times seven!

(And then a prayer follows, that those sins may be pardoned as a father and mother would pardon them!)

AN ADDRESS TO SOME DEITY

In heaven who is great? Thou alone art great!
On earth who is great? Thou alone art great!
When thy voice resounds in heaven, the gods fall prostrate!
When thy voice resounds on earth, the genii kiss the dust!

ELSEWHERE[8]

O Thou; thy words who can resist? who can rival them?
Among the gods thy brothers, thou hast no equal!

[6] There is a fine inscription not yet fully translated, describing the soul in heaven, clothed in a white radiant garment, seated in the company of the blessed, and fed by the gods themselves with celestial food.

[7] "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 60.

[8] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 51.

A PRAYER [9]

The god my creator, may he stand by my side!
Keep thou the door of my lips! guard thou my hands, O Lord of light!

ODE TO FIRE

(The original text of this will be found in 4 R 14 l. 6 which is a lithographic copy of the tablet K, 44. A part of it was translated some years ago from a photograph of that tablet; see No. 430 of my Glossary.

Very few Assyrian odes are so simple and intelligible as this is: unfortunately most of them are mystical and hard of interpretation.)

1 O Fire, great Lord, who art the most exalted in the world,
2 noble Son of heaven, who art the most exalted in the world,
3 O Fire, with thy bright flame
4 in the dark house thou dost cause light.
5 Of all things that can be named, Thou dost form the fabric!
6 Of bronze and of lead, Thou art the melter!
7 Of silver and of gold, Thou art the refiner!
8 Of . . . Thou art the purifier!
9 Of the wicked man in the night time Thou dost repel the assault!
10 But the man who serves his god, Thou wilt give him light for his actions!

[9] Idem.

ASSYRIAN TALISMANS AND EXORCISMS

TRANSLATED BY H. F. TALBOT, F.R.S.

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION AND EXORCISM

DISEASES were attributed to the influence of Evil Spirits. Exorcisms were used to drive away those tormentors: and this seems to have been the sole remedy employed, for I believe that no mention has been found of medicine.

This is a very frequent subject of the tablets.[1] One of them says of a sick man:

1 "May the goddess . . .
2 wife of the god . . .
3 turn his face in another direction;
4 that the evil spirit may come out of him
5 and be thrust aside, and that Good Spirits and Good Powers
6 may dwell in his body!"

Sometimes divine images were brought into the chamber, and written texts taken from holy books were placed on the walls and bound around the sick man's brows. If these failed recourse was had to the influence of the *mamit*, which the evil powers were unable to resist. On a tablet 2 R p. 17 the following is found, written in the Accadian language only, the Assyrian version being broken off:

1 Take a white cloth. In it place the ***mamit,***
2 in the sick man's right hand.
3 And take a black cloth:
4 wrap it round his left hand.
5 Then all the evil spirits.[2]
6 and the sins which he has committed
7 shall quit their hold of him,
8 and shall never return.[3]

The symbolism of the black cloth in the left hand seems evident. The dying man repudiates all his former evil deeds. And he puts his trust in holiness, symbolized by the white

[1] Taken from 2 R pl. 18.
[2] A long list of them is given.
[3] "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 56.

cloth in his right hand. Then follow some obscure lines about the spirits—

Their heads shall remove from his head:
their hands shall let go his hands:
their feet shall depart from his feet:

which perhaps may be explained thus—we learn, from another tablet, that the various classes of evil spirits troubled different parts of the body. Some injured the head, some the hands and feet, etc., etc. Therefore the passage before us may mean: "The spirits whose power is over the hand, shall loose their hands from his," etc. But I can offer no decided opinion on such obscure points of their superstition.

INHERITED OR IMPUTED SINS

These were supposed to pursue a sick man and torment him.[4]

1 The *mamit* for him reveal! The *mamit* for him unfold![5]
2 Against the evil spirit, disturber of his body!
3 Whether it be the sin of his father:
4 or whether it be the sin of his mother:
5 or whether it be the sin of his elder brother:
6 or whether it be the sin of someone who is unknown![6]

MAGIC KNOTS

Justin Martyr, speaking of the Jewish exorcists, says "They use magic ties or knots." A similar usage prevailed among the Babylonians.[7] The god Marduk wishes to soothe the last moments of a dying man. His father Hea says: Go my son!

1 Take a woman's linen kerchief
2 bind it round thy right hand! loose it from the left hand!
3 Knot it with seven knots: do so twice:
4 Sprinkle it with bright *wine:*
5 bind it round the head of the sick man:
6 bind it round his hands and feet, like manacles and fetters.

[4] See "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," vol. iv. p. 7.
[5] A holy object, the nature of which has not been ascertained.
[6] "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 58.
[7] Ibid., p. 54.

7 Sit down on his bed:
8 sprinkle holy water over him.
9 He shall hear the voice of Hea,
10 Davkina [8] shall protect him!
11 And Marduk, Eldest Son of heaven, shall find him a happy habitation! [9]

TALISMANS

To cure diseases they seem to have relied wholly on charms and incantations.

The first step was to guard the entrance to the sick man's chamber.

A tablet says:

"That nothing evil may enter, place at the door the god (. . .) and the god (. . .)."

That is to say, their images. I believe these were little figures of the gods, brought by the priests, perhaps a sort of Teraphim.

The following line is more explicit:

"Place the guardian statues of Hea and Marduk at the door, on the right hand and on the left."

But they added to this another kind of protection:

1 Right and left of the threshold of the door, spread out holy texts and sentences.
2 Place on the statues texts bound around them.

These must have been long strips like ribbons of parchment or papyrus. The following line is still clearer:

"In the night-time bind around the sick man's head a sentence taken from a good book." [10]

[8] One of the principal goddesses, the wife of the god Hea.

[9] "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 54.

[10] Similar to these were the phylacteries of the Jews, which were considered to be protections from all evil. Schleusner in his Lexicon of the New Testament says that they were "Strips of parchment on which were written various portions of the Mosaic law, for the Jews believed that these ligaments had power to avert every kind of evil, but especially to drive away demons, as appears from the Targum on the Canticles," etc. We see that the Babylonian precept was to bind holy sentences "around the head" and others "right and left of the threshold of the door."

Cf. Deut. xi. 18: "Ye shall lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, and as frontlets between your eyes.

"And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates."

Holiness of the Number Seven

Innumerable are the evidences of this opinion which are found on the tablets. Two or three instances may suffice here:

THE SONG OF THE SEVEN SPIRITS [1]

1 They are seven! they are seven!
2 In the depths of ocean they are seven!
3 In the heights of heaven they are seven!
4 In the ocean stream in a Palace they were born.
5 Male they are not: female they are not!
6 Wives they have not! Children are not born to them!
7 Rule they have not! Government they know not!
8 Prayers they hear not!
9 They are seven, and they are seven! Twice over they are seven!

This wild chant touches one of the deepest chords of their religious feeling. They held that seven evil spirits at once might enter into a man: there are frequent allusions to them, and to their expulsion, on the tablets. One runs thus:

1 The god (. . .) shall stand by his bedside:
2 Those seven evil spirits he shall root out, and shall expel them from his body.
3 And those seven shall never return to the sick man again!

But sometimes this belief attained the grandeur of epic poetry. There is a fine tale on one of the tablets [2] of the seven evil spirits assaulting heaven, and the gods alarmed standing upon the defensive, no doubt successfully, but unluckily the conclusion of the story is broken off.

[1] "Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.," vol. ii. p. 58.

[2] "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," vol. iv. pl. 5.

ANCIENT BABYLONIAN CHARMS

TRANSLATED BY REV. A. H. SAYCE, M.A.

THE following are specimens of the imprecatory charms with which the ancient Babylonian literature abounded, and which were supposed to be the most potent means in the world for producing mischief. Some examples are given in the first volume of the "Records of the Past," pp. 131–135 of the exorcisms used to avert the consequences of such enchantments. The original Accadian text is preserved in the first column with an interlinear Assyrian translation: the short paragraphs in Column III also give the Accadian original; but elsewhere the Assyrian scribe has contented himself with the Assyrian rendering alone. The charms are rhythmic, and illustrate the rude parallelism of Accadian poetry. The Assyrian translations were probably made for the library of Sargon of Aganè, an ancient Babylonian monarch who reigned not later than the sixteenth century B.C.; but the copy we possess was made from the old tablets by the scribes of Assur-bani-pal. The larger part of the first column has already been translated by M. François Lenormant in "*La Magie chez les Chaldéens*," p. 59. The tablet on which the inscription occurs is marked K 65 in the British Museum Collection and will be published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, plates 7, 8.

ANCIENT BABYLONIAN CHARMS

COLUMN I

1 The beginning [1]—The baneful charm [2] like an evil demon acts against [3] the man.
2 The voice *that defiles* acts upon him.
3 The maleficent voice acts upon him.
4 The baneful charm is a spell that originates sickness.[4]
5 This man the baneful charm strangles like a lamb.

[1] The Accadian word is translated by the Assyrian "siptu" ("lip"), and may be translated "beginning" or "fresh paragraph."

[2] In the Assyrian version, "curse."
[3] In the Assyrian, "goes against."
[4] In the Assyrian, "(is) the cause of sickness."

His god in his flesh makes the wound.
His goddess mutual enmity brings down.
The voice *that defiles* like a hyena covers him and subjugates him.
Merodach [5] favors him; and
to his father Hea into the house he enters and cries:
"O my father, the baneful charm like an evil demon acts against the man."
To the injured (man) he (Hea) speaks thus:
"(A number) make: this man is unwitting: by means of the number he enslaves thee."
(To) his son Merodach he replies [6]
"My son, the number thou knowest not; the number let me fix for thee.
Merodach, the number thou knowest not; the number let me fix for thee.
What I know thou knowest.
Go, my son Merodach.
. . . with noble hand seize him, and
his enchantment explain and his enchantment make known.
Evil (is to) the substance of his body,[7]
whether (it be) the curse of his father,
or the curse of his mother,
or the curse of his elder brother,
or the bewitching curse of an unknown man."
Spoken (is) the enchantment by the lips of Hea.
Like a signet may he [8] be brought near.
Like garden-herbs may he be destroyed.
Like a weed may he be gathered-for-sale.
(This) enchantment may the spirit of heaven remember, may the spirit of earth remember.

Like this signet he [9] shall be cut, and the sorcerer
the consuming fire-god shall consume.
By written-spells he shall not be *delivered*.
By curses and poisons he shall not be *moved*.

[5] The Accadian god identified with Merodach by the Assyrian translator was "Silik-mulu-khi" ("the protector of the city who benefits mankind"). He was regarded as the son of Hea.

[6] The verbs throughout are in the aorist, but the sense of the original is better expressed in English by the present than the past tense.

[7] That is, the sorcerer's.

[8] The sorcerer.

[9] The sorcerer.

35 His property (and) ground he shall not take.
36 His corn shall not be high and the sun shall not remember (him).

COLUMN II

1 On the festival of the god, the king unconquerable,
2 may the man (by) the enchantment, (with) *eldest* son (and) wife,
3 (by) sickness, the loss of the bliss of prosperity, of joy (and) of gladness,
4 (by) the sickness which exists in a man's skin, a man's flesh (and) a man's entrails,
5 like this signet be brought near and
6 on that day may the consuming fire-god consume;
7 may the enchantment go forth and to (its) dwelling-place betake itself.

8 Like this vineyard he shall be cut off, and the sorcerer
9 the consuming fire-god shall consume.
10 Despite the *holidays* of a *plague* that returns not,
11 despite the shrine of the god, the king unconquerable,
12 may the man, (by) the enchantment, (with) *eldest* son (and) wife,
13 (by) sickness, the loss of the bliss of prosperity, of joy (and) of gladness,
14 (by) the sickness which exists in a man's skin, a man's flesh, a man's *entrails*,
15 like this garden-stuff be rooted out, and
16 on that day may the consuming fire-god consume.
17 May the enchantment go forth and to (its) dwelling-place betake itself.

18 Like this weed he shall be gathered for sale, and the sorcerer
19 the consuming fire-god shall consume.
20 Before him, despite his blessedness that is not,
21 despite the canopy of a covering that departs not,
22 may the man (by) the enchantment, (with) *eldest* son (and) wife,
23 (by) sickness, the loss of the bliss of prosperity, of joy (and) of gladness,

24 (by) the sickness which exists in a man's skin, a man's flesh,
a man's *entrails*,
25 like this weed be plucked, and
26 on that day may the consuming fire-god consume.
27 May the enchantment go forth and to (its) dwelling-place
betake itself.

28 Like this thread he shall be stretched, and the sorcerer
29 the consuming fire-god shall consume.
30 Despite his adoration that is not,
31 despite the clothing of the god, the King unconquerable,
32 may the man, (through) the enchantment, (with) *eldest* son
(and) wife,
33 (by) sickness, the loss of the bliss of prosperity, of joy (and)
of gladness,
34 (by) the sickness which exists in a man's skin, a man's
flesh, a man's *entrails*,
35 like this thread be stretched, and
36 on that day may the consuming fire-god consume.
37 May the enchantment go forth and to (its) dwelling-place
betake itself.

38 Like this goat's-hair cloth he shall be stretched, and the
sorcerer
39 the consuming fire-god shall consume.
40 Despite the goat's-hair that is not,
41 despite the canopy of the covering (that departs not),
42 may the man (through) the enchantment, (with) *eldest* son
(and) wife,
43 (by) sickness, the loss of the bliss of prosperity, of joy (and)
of gladness,
44 (by) the sickness which exists in a man's skin, a man's flesh,
a man's *entrails*,
45 like this goat's-hair cloth be stretched, and
46 on that day the man may the consuming fire-god consume.
47 May the enchantment go forth and to (its) dwelling-place
betake itself.

48 Like these *boards* he shall be stretched, and the sorcerer
49 the consuming fire-god shall consume.
50 O son of the macebearer, despite produce unproduced,

51 despite the clothing of the god, the King unconquerable,
52 may the man (by) the enchantment, (with) *eldest* son and wife,
53 (by) sickness, the loss of prosperity, of joy (and) of gladness,
54 (by) the sickness which exists in a man's skin, a man's flesh, a man's *entrails*,
55 like these *boards* be stretched, and
56 on that day may the consuming fire-god consume.
57 May the enchantment go forth and to (its) dwelling-place betake itself.

COLUMN III

(The first part of Column III is mutilated. It becomes legible in the middle of a list of magical *formulæ*.)

30 The chiefest talisman, the mighty talisman, the engraved talisman, the talisman is the binder, with enchantment.
31 The repetition of the enchantment (is) baneful to man.
32 The curses of the gods.
33 . . . the binder with enchantment.
34 (With enchantment) his hands (and) his feet he binds.
35 Merodach, the son of Hea, the prince, with his holy hands cuts the knots.
36 May the enchantment cause this talisman to the desert among the wild beasts to go forth.
37 May the baneful enchantment seize upon others.
38 May this man rest (and) open (his eyes).
39 To the blessed hand of his god may he be committed.
40 Conclusion of the *formulæ* for averting sorcery.

41 For the raising of the mighty foundation thus have I burned up straight,
42 like fire have I burned up (and) have delivered the oracle.[10]

COLUMN IV

1 The noble *cupbearer* of Hea, the scribe of Merodach (am) I.
2 Like fire have I blazed (and) I rejoice;[1]
3 (like) fire have I burned (and) I grow;
4 the corn I purify and make heavy.

[10] Or, "have laid the witchcraft." [1] Or, "rest."

Like fire have I blazed (and) will rejoice;
(like) fire have I burned (and) will grow;
the corn will I purify and make heavy.
O nadir (and) zenith, the light of god and man,
may the store he collected be delivered.
May the store of (his) heart whoever he be, ye his god and his goddess, be delivered.
May his gate be *kept fast*. On that day
may they enrich him, may they deliver him.

May the rejoicing[2] of the warrior fire-god
rejoice with thee. May lands and rivers
rejoice with thee. May Tigris and (Euphrates)
rejoice with thee. May the seas and (the ocean)
rejoice with thee. May the forest, the daughter of the gods,
rejoice with thee. May all the production (of the earth)
rejoice with thee. May the hearts of my god and my goddess, well-feasted,
rejoice with thee. May the hearts of the god and the goddess of the city, well-feasted, (rejoice with thee).
On that day from the curse may my heart, O my god and my goddess, be delivered,
and may the enchantment go forth from my body.
When the doom *comes upon* thee,
and from the fulfilment thou protectest thyself,
the doom when fulfilled cut thou off.

(The tablet) beginning: . . .
Colophon.
Tablet (copied from)
the old (tablets of Chaldea).
Country of (Assur-bani-pal)
King of (Assyria).

[2] The words translated "rejoicing" and "rejoice" properly signify "rest," and that may be their meaning here.

INSCRIPTION OF TIGLATH PILESER I, KING OF ASSYRIA

TRANSLATED BY SIR H. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., D.C.L., ETC.

THIS inscription of Tiglath Pileser I is found on an octagonal prism and on some other clay fragments discovered at Kalah-Shergat and at present in the British Museum. The text is published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. I, pp. ix–xvi. Four translations of this inscription, made simultaneously in 1857 by Sir H. Rawlinson, Mr. Fox Talbot, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert, were published in that year under the title of "Inscription of Tiglath Pileser I, King of Assyria, B.C 1150." Dr. Oppert has also given a revised translation in his "*Histoire de l'Empire de Chaldée et d'Assyrie*," 8vo, Versailles, 1865, extracted from the "*Annales de la Philosophie chrétienne*" of the same year, 5e Series, p. 44 and foll. The translations simultaneously published were submitted to the Asiatic Society in that year as a test of the advance made in Assyrian interpretations and the close approximation made by scholars in their interpretation of Assyrian texts. The notes contain some of the different readings of the other Assyrian scholars at that time and give a few of the principal varieties of reading some of the words. It was generally considered a very triumphant demonstration of the sound basis on which the then comparatively recent Assyrian researches were placed and a confutation of certain opinions then prevalent, that no certain or accurate advance had been made in the decipherment of Assyrian inscriptions. On the whole for its extent and historical information relating to the early history of Assyria this inscription is one of the most important of the series showing the gradual advance and rise of Assyria, while as one of the first interpreted it presents considerable literary interest in respect to the details of the progress of Assyrian interpretation. It is also nearly the oldest Assyrian text of any length which has been hitherto discovered and is very interesting from its account of the construction of the temples and palaces made by the King in the early part of his reign. S. B.

Inscription of Tiglath Pileser I

THE BEGINNING

Ashur, the great Lord, ruling supreme over the gods; the giver of sceptres and crowns; the appointer of sovereignty. Bel, the Lord; *King of the circle of constellations;*[1] Father of the gods; Lord of the world. Sin;[2] the leader the *Lord of Empire* the *powerful* the *auspicious* god; *Shamas;*[3] the establisher of the heavens and the earth; . . . ;[4] the vanquisher of enemies; the dissolver of cold. *Vul;*[5] he who causes the tempest to rage over hostile lands and *wicked* countries. *Abnil*[6] Hercules; the champion who subdues *heretics* and enemies, and who strengthens the heart. *Ishtar*, the eldest[7] of the gods; the Queen of *Victory;* she who arranges battles.

II

The great gods, ruling over the heavens and the earth, whose attributes I have recorded and whom I have *named;* the guardians of the kingdom of Tiglath Pileser, the Prince inspiring your hearts with *joy;* the proud Chief whom in the strength of your hearts ye have made firm, (to whom) ye have confided the supreme crown, (whom) ye have appointed in might to the sovereignty of the country of Bel, to whom ye have granted pre-eminence, exaltation, and warlike power. May the duration of his empire continue forever to his royal posterity, lasting as the great temple of Bel!

III

Tiglath Pileser the powerful king; supreme King of Lashanan;[8] King of the four regions; King of all Kings; Lord of Lords; the *supreme;* Monarch of Monarchs; the illustrious Chief who under the auspices of the Sun god, being armed with the sceptre and girt with the girdle of power over mankind, rules over all the people of Bel; the mighty Prince whose praise is blazoned forth among the Kings: the exalted sov-

[1] Aratnaki. (Fox Talbot.)
[2] The moon.
[3] The sun.
[4] Lacuna.
[5] Ninev. (Fox Talbot.) Ao. (Dr. Oppert.)
[6] Ninip-Sumdan. Dr. Oppert.
[7] Or source.
[8] "Various tongues." Talbot.

ereign, whose servants Ashur has appointed to the government of the country of the four regions (and) has made his name celebrated to posterity; the conqueror of many plains and mountains of the Upper and Lower Country; the conquering hero, the terror of whose name has overwhelmed all regions; the bright constellation who, according to his power [9] has warred against foreign countries (and) under the auspices of Bel, there being no equal to him, has subdued the enemies of Ashur.[10]

IV

Ashur (and) the great gods, the guardians of my kingdom, who gave government and laws to my dominions, and ordered an enlarged frontier to their territory, having committed to (my) hand their valiant and warlike servants, I have subdued the lands and the peoples and the strong places, and the Kings who were hostile to Ashur; and I have reduced all that was contained in them. With a host [1] of kings I have fought . . .[2] and have imposed on them the bond of *servitude*. There is not to me a second in war, nor an equal in battle. I have added territory to Assyria and peoples to her people. I have enlarged the frontier of my territories, and subdued all the lands contained in them.[3]

V

In the beginning of my reign 20,000 of the *Muskayans* [4] and their 5 kings, who for 50 years had held the countries of Alza and Perukhuz, without paying tribute and offerings to Ashur my Lord, and whom a King of Assyria had never ventured to meet in battle betook themselves to their strength, and went and seized the country of Comukha. In the service of Ashur my Lord my chariots and warriors I assembled after me . . .[5] the country of *Kasiyaia*,[6] a difficult country, I passed through. With their 20,000 fighting men and their 5 kings in the country of Comukha I engaged. I defeated them. The ranks of their warriors in fighting the battle were beaten down as if by the tempest. Their carcasses covered the valleys and

[9] Or, "as he wished."
[10] Or, "has made them obedient to Ashur."
[1] The preamble concludes here.
[2] Lacuna.
[3] Literally, "a sixty."
[4] Sirki citizens. (Fox Talbot.)
[5] Lacuna.
[6] Mount Kasiyaia. (Dr. Hincks.)

the tops of the mountains. I cut off their heads. The battlements of their cities I made heaps of, like mounds of *earth*, their movables, their wealth, and their valuables I plundered to a countless amount. 6,000 of their common soldiers who fled before my servants and accepted my yoke, I took them, and gave them over to the men of my own territory.[7]

VI

Then I went into the country of *Comukha*,[8] which was disobedient and withheld the tribute and offerings due to Ashur my Lord: I conquered the whole country of Comukha. I plundered their movables, their wealth, and their valuables. Their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and ruined. The common people of Comukha, who fled before the face of my servants, crossed over to the city of *Sherisha*,[9] which was on the further banks of the Tigris, and made this city into their stronghold. I assembled my chariots and warriors. I betook myself to *carts of iron* [10] in order to overcome the rough mountains and their difficult marches. I made the wilderness (thus) practicable for the passage of my chariots and warriors. I crossed the Tigris and took the city of Sherisha their stronghold. Their fighting men, in the middle of the forests, like wild beasts, I smote. Their carcasses filled the Tigris, and the tops of the mountains. At this time the troops of the *Akhe*,[1] who came to the deliverance and assistance of Comukha, together with the troops of Comukha, like chaff I scattered. The carcasses of their fighting men I piled up like heaps on the tops of the mountains. The bodies of their warriors, the *roaring* [2] waters carried down to the Tigris. Kili Teru son of Kali Teru, son of Zarupin Zihusun, their King,[3] in the course of their fighting fell into my power. His wives and his children, the delight of his heart I dispossessed him of. One hundred and eighty [4] iron vessels and 5 trays of copper, together with the gods of the people in gold and silver, and their beds and furniture I brought away. Their movables

[7] As slaves.
[8] Dummuk. (Dr. Oppert.)
[9] Sharisha. (Fox Talbot.) Siris. (Dr. Hincks.)
[10] Bridge. (Fox Talbot.)
[1] Aliens. (Dr. Hincks.)
[2] Nami River. (Fox Talbot.) Blood River. (Dr. Hincks.)
[3] Tirikali fil Tirikali. (Fox Talbot.) Kiliantiru eldest son of Campineiyusan. (Dr. Hincks.)
[4] Literally, "three sixties."

and their wealth I plundered. This city and its palace I burnt with fire, I destroyed and ruined.

VII

The city of *Urrakluiras* their stronghold which was in the country of Panari, I went toward. The exceeding fear of the power of Ashur, my Lord, overwhelmed them. To save their lives they took their gods, and fled like birds to the tops of the lofty mountains. I collected my chariots and warriors, and crossed the Tigris. *Shedi Teru*[5] the son of Kha*sutkh*,[6] King of *Urrakluiras* on my arriving in his country submitted to my yoke. His sons, the delight of his heart, and his favorites, I condemned to the service of the gods: 60 vessels of iron; *trays*[7] and *bars* of copper . . .[8] with 120 cattle, and flocks he brought as tribute and offerings. I accepted (them) and spared him. I gave him his life, but imposed upon him the yoke of my empire heavily forever. The wide spreading country of Comukha I entirely conquered, and subjected to my yoke. At this time one tray of copper and one bar of copper from among the service offerings and tribute of Comukha I dedicated to Ashur my Lord, and 60 iron vessels with their gods I offered to my guardian god, *Vul*.[9]

VIII

From among my valiant servants, to whom Ashur the Lord gave strength and power, in 30 of my chariots, select companies of my troops and bands of my warriors who were expert in battle, I gathered together. I proceeded to the extensive country of *Miltis*,[10] which did not obey me; it consisted of strong mountains and a difficult land. Where it was easy I traversed it in my chariots: where it was difficult I went on foot. In the country of Aruma, which was a difficult land, and impracticable to the passage of my chariots, I left the chariots and marched in front of my troops. Like . . .[8] on the peak of the rugged mountains, I marched victoriously. The country of *Miltis*,[10] like heaps of stubble, I swept. Their fighting men in the course of the battle like chaff I scattered.

[5] Sadiyantim. (Dr. Hincks.) Tiridates. (Fox Talbot.)
[6] Kuthakin. (Fox Talbot.) Khathukhi. (Dr. Hincks.)
[7] "Nirmah mamkhar." (Dr. Hincks.)
[8] Lacuna.
[9] "Yem." (Fox Talbot.)
[10] Eshtish. (Fox Talbot.)

Their movables, their wealth and their valuables I plundered. Many of their cities I burned with fire. I imposed on them *religious service*,[1] and offerings and tribute.

IX

Tiglath Pileser, the illustrious warrior, the opener of the roads of the countries, the subjugator of the rebellious . . .[2] he who has overrun the whole Magian world.

X

I subdued the extensive country of Subair, which was in rebellion. The countries of Alza and Purukhuz, which deferred their tribute and offerings, the yoke of my empire heavily upon them I imposed, decreeing that they should bring their tribute and offerings into my presence in the city of Ashur. While I was on this expedition, which the Lord Ashur, committing to my hand a powerful rebel subduing army, ordered for the enlargement of the frontiers of his territory, there were 4,000 of the *Kaskaya* and *Hurunaya* rebellious tribes of the Kheti[3] who had brought under their power the cities of Subarta, attached to the worship of Ashur, my Lord (so that) they did not acknowledge dependence on Subarta. The terror of my warlike expedition overwhelmed them. They would not fight, but submitted to my yoke. Then I took their valuables, and 120[4] of their chariots fitted to the yoke, and I gave them to the men of my own country.

XI

In the course of this my expedition, a second time I proceeded to the country of Comukha. I took many of their cities. Their movables, their wealth, and their valuables I plundered. Their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and overthrew. The soldiers of their armies, who from before the face of my valiant servants fled away, they would not engage with me in the fierce battle: to save their lives they took to the stony heights of the mountains, an inaccessible region: to the recesses of the deep forests and the peaks of the difficult mountains which had never been trodden by the feet of men,

[1] Hostages. Fox Talbot. For further and subsequent various readings see the edition of 1857.

[2] Lacuna.

[3] Hittites.

[4] Two "soss."

I ascended after them: they fought with me; I defeated them: the ranks of their warriors on the tops of the mountains fell like rain: their carcasses filled the ravines and the high places of the mountains: their movables, their wealth, and their valuables I carried off from the stony heights of the mountains. I subdued the country of Comukha throughout its whole extent, and I attached it to the frontiers of my own territory.

XII

Tiglath Pileser, the powerful King, the vanquisher of the disobedient, he who has swept the face of the earth.

XIII

In profound reverence to Ashur my Lord, to the country of Kharia, and the far-spreading tribes of the Akhe, deep forests, which no former King (of Assyria) had ever reached, the Lord Ashur invited me to proceed. My chariots and forces I assembled, and I went to an inaccessible region beyond the countries of Itni and Ayá. As the steep mountains stood up like metal posts, and were impracticable to the passage of my chariots, I placed my chariots in wagons, and (thus) I traversed the difficult ranges of hills. All the lands of the Akhe and their wide-spreading tribes having assembled, arose to do battle in the country of *Azutapis*. In an inaccessible region I fought with them and defeated them. The ranks of their (slain) warriors on the peaks of the mountains were piled up in heaps; the carcasses of their warriors filled the ravines and high places of the mountains. To the cities which were placed on the tops of the mountains I *penetrated* victoriously: 27 cities of Kharia, which were situated in the districts of Aya, Suira, Itni, Shetzu, Shelgu, Arzanibru, Varutsu, and Anitku, I took; their movables, their wealth, and their valuables I plundered; their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and overthrew.

XIV

The people of Adavas feared to engage in battle with me; they left their habitations, and fled like birds to the peaks of the lofty mountains. The terror of Ashur my Lord over-

whelmed them; they came and submitted to my yoke; I imposed on them tribute and offerings.

XV

The countries of Tsaravas and Ammavas, which from the olden time had never submitted, I swept like heaps of stubble; with their forces in the country of Aruma I fought, and I defeated them. The ranks of their fighting men I levelled like grass. I bore away their gods; their movables, their wealth, and their valuables I carried off. Their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and overthrew, and converted into heaps and mounds. The heavy yoke of my empire I imposed on them. I attached them to the worship of Ashur my Lord.

XVI

I took the countries of Itsua and Daria, which were turbulent and disobedient. Tribute and offerings I imposed on them. I attached them to the worship of Ashur.

XVII

In my triumphant progress over my enemies, my chariots and troops I assembled; I crossed the lower Zab. The countries of Muraddan and Tsaradavas, which were near Atsaniu and Atúva, difficult regions, I captured; their warriors I cut down *like weeds*. The city of Muraddan, their capital city, and the regions toward the rising sun, I took possession of. Their gods, their wealth, and their valuables, one *soss* bars of iron, 30 talents of iron, the abundant wealth of the Lords, of their palaces, and their movables, I carried off. This city I burnt with fire, I destroyed and overthrew. At this time this iron to the god Vul, my great Lord and guardian, I dedicated.

XVIII

In the might and power of Ashur my Lord, I went to the country of Tsugi, belonging to Gilkhi, which did not acknowledge Ashur my Lord. With 4,000 of their troops, belonging to the countries Khimi, Lukhi, Arirgi, Alamun, Nuni, and all the far-spread land of the *Akhi*, in the country of Khirikhi, a difficult region, which rose up like metal posts,

with all their people I fought *on foot*. I defeated them; the bodies of their fighting men on the tops of the mountains I heaped in masses. The carcasses of their warriors I strewed over the country of Khirikhi like chaff. I took the entire country of Tsugi. Twenty-five of their gods, their movables, their wealth, and their valuables I carried off. Many of their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and overthrew. The men of their armies submitted to my yoke. I had mercy on them. I imposed on them tribute and offerings. With attachment to the worship of Ashur, my Lord, I intrusted them.[5]

XIX

At this time 25 of the gods belonging to those countries, subject to my government, which I had taken, I dedicated for the honor of the temple of the Queen of glory, the great ancestress of Ashur my Lord, of Anu, and of Vul, the goddess who is the guardian of all the public temples of my city of Ashur, and of all the goddesses of my country.

XX

Tiglath-Pileser, the powerful King; the subduer of hostile races; the conqueror of the whole circle of kings.

XXI

At this time, in exalted reverence to Ashur, my Lord, by the godlike support of the heroic "Sun," having in the service of the great gods, ruled over the four regions imperially; there being found (to me) no equal in war, and no second in battle, to the countries of the powerful Kings who dwelt upon the upper ocean and had never made their submission, the Lord Ashur having urged me, I went. Difficult mountain chains, and distant (or inaccessible) hills, which none of our Kings had ever previously reached, tedious paths and unopened roads I traversed. The countries of Elama, of Amadana, of Eltís, of Sherabili, of *Likhuna*, of Tirkakhuli, of Kisra, of Likhanubi, of Elula, of Khastare, of Sakhisara, of Hubira, of Miliatruni, of *Sulianzi*, of Nubanáshe, and of Sheshe, 16 strong countries, the easy parts in my chariots, and the difficult parts in wagons of iron, I passed through; the thickets

[5] That is, "I caused them to worship Ashur."

of the mountains I cut down; bridges for the passage of my troops I prepared; I crossed over the Euphrates; the King of Elammi, the King of Tunubi, the King of Tuhali, the King of Kindari, the King of Huzula, the King of Vanzamuni, the King of Andiabi, the King of Pilakinna, the King of Atúrgina, the King of Kulibartzini, the King of Pinibirni, the King of Khimua, the King of Päiteri, the King of Vaíram, the King of Sururia, the King of Abäéni, the King of Adäéni, the King of Kirini, the King of Albaya, the King of Vagina, the King of Nazabia, the King of *Amalziú*, the King of Dayeni, in all 23 Kings of the countries of Naíri, in their own provinces having assembled their chariots and troops, they came to fight with me.[6] By means of my powerful servants I straitened them.[7] I caused the destruction of their far-spreading troops, as if with the destroying tempest of Vul. I levelled the ranks of their warriors, both on the tops of the mountains and on the battlements of the cities, like *grass*. Two soss[8] of their chariots I held as a trophy from the midst of the fight; one soss[9] of the kings of the countries of Naíri, and of those who had come to their assistance, in my victory as far as the upper ocean I pursued them; I took their great castles; I plundered their movables, their wealth and their valuables; their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and overthrew, and converted into heaps and mounds. Droves of many horses and mules, of calves and of lambs, their property, in countless numbers I carried off. Many of the kings of the countries of Naíri fell alive into my hands; to these kings I granted pardon; their lives I spared; their abundance and wealth I poured out before my Lord, the sun-god. In reverence to my great gods, to after-times, to the last day, I condemned them to do homage. The young men, the pride of their royalty, I gave over to the service of the gods; 1,200 horses and 2,000 cattle I imposed on them as tribute, and I allowed them to remain in their own countries.

XXII

Tseni, the King of Dayáni, who was not submissive to Ashur my Lord, his abundance and wealth I brought it to my city of Ashur. I had mercy on him. I left him in life to learn

[6] Literally, to make war and do battle.
[7] Or, brought them into difficulties.
[8] One hundred and twenty.
[9] Sixty.

the worship of the great gods from my city of Ashur. I reduced the far-spreading countries of Naíri throughout their whole extent, and many of their kings I subjected to my yoke.

XXIII

In the course of this expedition, I went to the city of Milidia, belonging to the country of Khanni-rabbi, which was independent and did not obey me. They abstained from engaging in the rude fight with me; they submitted to my yoke, and I had mercy on them. This city I did not occupy, but I gave the people over to religious service, and I imposed on them as a token of their allegiance a fixed tribute of . . .[10]

XXIV

Tiglath-Pileser, the ruling constellation; the powerful; the lover of battle.

XXV

In the service of my Lord Ashur, my chariots and warriors I assembled; I set out on my march. In front of my strong men I went to the country of the Aramæans, the enemies of my Lord Ashur. From before Tsukha, as far as the city of Qarqamis[1] belonging to the country of Khatte,[2] I smote with *one blow*. Their fighting men I slew; their movables, their wealth, and their valuables in countless numbers I carried off. The men of their armies who fled from before the face of the valiant servants of my Lord Ashur, crossed over the Euphrates; in boats covered with bitumen skins I crossed the Euphrates after them; I took six of their cities which were below the country of Bisri; I burnt them with fire, and I destroyed and overthrew; and I brought their movables, their wealth, and their valuables to my city of Ashur.

XXVI

Tiglath-Pileser, he who tramples upon the Magian world; he who subdues the disobedient; he who has overrun the whole earth.

[10] Lacuna. [1] Carchemish. [2] The Hittites.

XXVII

My Lord Ashur having urged me on, I took my way to the vast country of Muzri, lying beyond Elammi, Tala, and Kharutsa; I took the country of Muzri throughout its whole extent; I subdued their warriors; I burnt their cities with fire, I destroyed and overthrew; the troops of the country of Comani hastened to the assistance of the country of Muzri: in the mountains I fought with them and defeated them. In the metropolis, the city of Arin, which was under the country of Ayatsa, I besieged them; they submitted to my yoke; I spared this city; but I imposed on them religious service and tribute and offerings.

XXVIII

At this time the whole country of Comani which was in alliance with the country of Muzri, all their people assembled and arose to do battle and make war. By means of my valiant servants I fought with 20,000 of their numerous troops in the country of Tala, and I defeated them; their mighty mass broke in pieces; as far as the country of Kharutsa, belonging to Muzri, I smote them and pursued; the ranks of their troops on the heights of the mountains I cut down *like grass;* their carcasses covered the valleys and the tops of the mountains; their great castles I took, I burnt with fire, I destroyed, and overthrew into heaps and mounds.

XXIX

The city of Khunutsa, their stronghold, I overthrew like a heap of stubble. With their mighty troops in the city and on the hills I fought *fiercely.* I defeated them; their fighting men in the middle of the forests I scattered like *chaff.* I cut off their heads as if they were *carrion;* their carcasses filled the valleys and (covered) the heights of the mountains. I captured this city; their gods, their wealth, and their valuables I carried off, and burnt with fire. Three of their great castles, which were built of brick, and the entire city I destroyed and overthrew, and converted into heaps and mounds, and upon the site I laid down large stones; and I made tablets of copper, and I wrote on them an account of the countries which I had

taken by the help of my Lord Ashur, and about the taking of this city, and the building of its castle; and upon it [3] I built a house of brick, and I set up within it these copper tablets.

XXX

In the service of Ashur my Lord, my chariots and warriors I assembled, and I approached Kapshuna, their capital city; the tribes of Comani would not engage in battle with me; they submitted to my yoke, and I spared their lives. The great castle of the city and its brick buildings I trampled under foot; from its foundations to its roofs I destroyed it and converted it into heaps and mounds, and a band of 300 fugitive heretics who did not acknowledge my Lord Ashur, and who were expelled from inside this *castle*, I took this band and condemned to the service of the gods, and I imposed upon the people tribute and offerings in excess of their former tribute; and the far-spreading country of Comani throughout its whole extent I reduced under my yoke.

XXXI

There fell into my hands altogether between the commencement of my reign and my fifth year 42 countries, with their kings, from beyond the river Zab, plain, forest, and mountain, to beyond the river Euphrates, the country of the Khatte [4] and the upper ocean of the setting sun. I brought them under one government; I placed them under the Magian religion, and I imposed on them tribute and offerings.

XXXII

I have omitted many hunting expeditions which were not connected with my warlike achievements. In pursuing after the game I traversed the easy tracts in my chariots, and the difficult tracts on foot. I demolished the wild animals throughout my territories.[5]

XXXIII

Tiglath-Pileser, the illustrious warrior, he who holds the sceptre of Lashanan; he who has extirpated all wild animals.

[3] "The stone foundation." [4] Hittites. [5] A very difficult paragraph.

XXXIV

The gods Hercules and Nergal gave their valiant servants and their *arrows* as a glory to support my empire. Under the auspices of Hercules, my guardian deity, four wild bulls, strong and fierce, in the desert, in the country of Mitán, and in the city Arazik, belonging to the country of the Khatte,[6] with my long *arrows* tipped with iron, and with heavy blows I took their lives. Their skins and their horns I brought to my city of Ashur.

XXXV

Ten large wild buffaloes in the country of Kharran, and the plains of the river Khabur, I slew. Four buffaloes I took alive; their skins and their horns, with the live buffaloes, I brought to my city of Ashur.

XXXVI

Under the auspices of my guardian deity Hercules, two *soss* of lions fell before me. In the course of my progress on foot I slew them, and 800 lions in my chariots in my exploratory journeys I laid low. All the beasts of the field and the flying birds of heaven I made the victims of my shafts.[7]

XXXVII

From all the enemies of Ashur, the whole of them, I exacted *labor*. I made, and finished the repairs of, the temple of the goddess Astarte, my lady, and of the temple of Martu, and of Bel, and Il, and of the sacred buildings and *shrines* of the gods belonging to my city of Ashur. I *purified* their shrines, and set up inside the images of the great gods, my Lords. The royal palaces of all the great fortified cities throughout my dominions, which from the olden time our kings had neglected through long years, had become ruined. I repaired and finished them. The castles of my country, I filled up their *breaches*. I founded many new buildings throughout Assyria, and I opened out irrigation for corn in excess of what my fathers had done. I carried off the droves of the horses, cattle, and asses that I obtained, in the service of my Lord Ashur, from the subjugated countries which I rendered tributary, and

[6] Hittites. [7] A very doubtful sentence.

the droves of the wild goats and ibexes, the wild sheep and the wild cattle which Ashur and Hercules, my guardian gods, incited me to chase in the depths of the forests, having taken them I drove them off, and I led away their young ones like the tame young goats. These little *wild animals*, the delight of their parents' hearts, in the fulness of my own heart, together with my own victims, I sacrificed to my Lord Ashur.

XXXVIII

The pine, the . . . ,[8] and the *algum tree*, these trees which under the former kings my ancestors, they had never planted, I took them from the countries which I had rendered tributary, and I planted them in the groves of my own territories, and I *bought* fruit trees; whatever I did not find in my own country, I took and placed in the groves [9] of Assyria.

XXXIX

I built chariots fitted to the yoke for the use of my people [10] in excess of those which had existed before. I added territories to Assyria, and I added populations to her population. I improved the condition of the people, and I obtained for them abundance and security.

XL

Tiglath-Pileser, the illustrious prince, whom Ashur and Hercules have exalted to the utmost wishes of his heart; who has pursued after the enemies of Ashur, and has subjugated all the earth.

XLI

The son of Ashur-ris-ili, the powerful King, the subduer of foreign countries, he who has reduced all the lands of the Magian world.

XLII

The grandson of Mutaggil-Nabu, whom Ashur, the great Lord, aided according to the wishes of his *heart* and established in strength in the government of Assyria.

[8] Lacuna. [9] Or "orchards." [10] Or "throughout my territories."

XLIII

The glorious offspring of Ashur-dapur-Il, who held the sceptre of dominion, and ruled over the people of Bel; who in all the works of his hand and the deeds of his life placed his reliance on the great gods, and thus obtained a prosperous and *long life.*

XLIV

The beloved child[1] of Barzan-pala-kura, the king who first organized the country of Assyria, who purged his territories of the wicked as if they had been . . . ,[2] and established the troops of Assyria in authority.

XLV

At this time the temple of Anu and Vul, the great gods, my Lords, which, in former times, Shansi-Vul, High-priest of Ashur, son of Ismi Dagan, High-priest of Ashur, had founded, having lasted for 641 years, it fell into ruin. Ashur-dapur-Il, King of Assyria, son of Barzan-pala-kura, King of Assyria, took down this temple and did not rebuild it. For 60 years the foundations of it were not laid.

XLVI

In the beginning of my reign, Anu and Vul, the great gods, my Lords, guardians of my steps, they invited me to repair this their shrine. So I made bricks; I levelled the earth, I took its *dimensions;* I laid down its foundations upon a mass of strong rock. This place throughout its whole extent I paved with bricks in *set order,* 50 feet deep I prepared the ground, and upon this substructure I laid the lower foundations of the temple of Anu and Vul. From its foundations to its roofs I built it up, better than it was before. I also built two lofty cupolas in honor of their noble godships, and the holy place, a spacious hall, I consecrated for the convenience of their worshippers, and to accommodate their votaries, who were numerous as the stars of heaven, and in quantity poured forth like flights of arrows.[3] I repaired, and built, and completed my work. Outside the temple I fashioned (everything with the same care) as inside. The mound of earth (on which it was

[1] Or, "heart of hearts." [2] Lacuna. [3] Very doubtful.

built) I enlarged like the firmament of the rising stars, and I beautified the entire building. Its cupolas I raised up to heaven, and its roofs I built entirely of brick. An inviolable shrine for their noble godships I laid down near at hand. Anu and Vul, the great gods, I glorified inside,[4] I set them up on their honored purity, and the hearts of their noble godships I delighted.

XLVII

Bit-Khamri, the temple of my Lord Vul, which Shansi-Vul, High-priest of Ashur, son of Ismi-Dagan, High-priest of Ashur, had founded, became ruined. I levelled its site, and from its foundation to its roofs I built it up of brick, I enlarged it beyond its former state, and I adorned it. Inside of it I sacrificed precious victims to my Lord Vul.

XLVIII

At this time I found various sorts of stone [5] in the countries of Naíri, which I had taken by the help of Ashur, my Lord, and I placed them in the temple of Bit-Khamri, belonging to my Lord, Vul, to remain there forever.

XLIX

Since a holy place, a noble hall, I have thus consecrated for the use of the great gods, my Lords Anu and Vul, and have laid down an adytum for their special worship, and have finished it successfully, and have delighted the hearts of their noble godships, may Anu and Vul preserve me in power. May they support the men of my Government. May they establish the authority of my officers. May they bring the rain, the joy of the year, on the cultivated land and the desert during my time. In war and in battle may they preserve me victorious. Many foreign countries, turbulent nations, and hostile Kings I have reduced under my yoke; to my children and descendants may they keep them in firm allegiance. I will lead my steps, firm as the mountains, to the last days before Ashur and their noble godships.

L

The list of my victories and the catalogue of my triumphs over foreigners hostile to Ashur, which Anu and Vul have

[4] The shrine.

[5] The particular sorts cannot be identified.

granted to my arms, I have inscribed on my tablets and cylinders, and I have placed them to the last days in the temple of my Lords Anu and Vul, and the tablets of Shamsi-Vul, my ancestor, I have raised altars and sacrificed victims (before them), and set them up in their places.

LI

In after-times, and in the latter days . . . ,[6] if the temple of the great gods, my Lords Anu and Vul, and these shrines should become old and fall into decay, may the prince who comes after me repair the ruins. May he raise altars and sacrifice victims before my tablets and cylinders, and may he set them up again in their places, and may he inscribe his name on them together with my name. As Anu and Vul, the great gods, have ordained, may he worship honestly with a good heart and full trust.

LII

Whoever shall abrade or injure my tablets and cylinders, or shall moisten them with water, or scorch them with fire, or expose them to the air, or in the holy place of god shall assign them a position where they cannot be seen or understood, or who shall erase the writing and inscribe his own name, or who shall divide the sculptures, and break them off from my tablets,

LIII

Anu and Vul, the great gods, my Lords, let them consign his name to perdition; let them curse him with an irrevocable curse; let them cause his sovereignty to perish; let them pluck out the stability of the throne of his empire; let not offspring survive hi.. in the kingdom;[7] let his servants be broken; let his troops be defeated; let him fly vanquished before his enemies. May Vul in his fury tear up the produce of his land. May a scarcity of food and of the necessaries of life afflict his country. For one day may he not be called happy. May his name and his race perish in the land.

In the month of *Kuzallu*,[8] on the 29th day, in the High-Priesthood of *Ina-iliya-hallik*, (entitled) *Rabbi-turi*.

[6] Lacuna. [7] Doubtful and faulty in text. [8] Chisleu.

THE REVOLT IN HEAVEN

TRANSLATED BY H. FOX TALBOT, F.R.S.

THIS curious narrative is found on a cuneiform tablet in the British Museum. The original text is published in Plate 42 of Delitzsch's work, "*Assyrische Lesestucke.*" I gave a translation of it in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," Vol. IV, pp. 349-362.

This tablet describes the revolt of the gods or angels against their Creator. It seems to have been preceded by an account of the perfect harmony which existed in heaven previously. And here I would call to mind a noble passage in Job, chap. xxxviii, which deserves particular attention, since it is not derived from the Mosaic narrative but from some independent source, namely, that when God laid the foundations of the world, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." By "the sons of God" in this passage are to be understood the angels. In the beginning, therefore, according to this sacred author, all was joy and harmony and loyalty to God. But this state of union and happiness was not to last. At some unknown time, but before the creation of man, some of the angels ceased to worship their Creator: thoughts of pride and ingratitude arose in their hearts, they revolted from God, and were by his just decree expelled from heaven. These were the angels of whom it is said in the book of Jude that "they kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation."[1] The opinions of the fathers and of other religious writers on this mysterious subject it were useless to examine, since they admit that nothing can be certainly known about it. The opinion that one-third of the heavenly host revolted from their Creator is founded on Rev. xii. 3, where it is said: "And there appeared a dragon in heaven, having seven heads . . . and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven and did cast them to the earth. And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels. And prevailed not: neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon

[1] Jude 6.

was cast out—he was cast out into the earth and his angels were cast out with him."

The Revelation of St. John was written in the first century, but some of the imagery employed may have been far more ancient, and for that reason more impressive to the religious mind of the age.

The war between Michael and the dragon bears much resemblance to the combat of Bel and the dragon recounted on a Chaldean tablet.[2] And it is not unworthy of remark that the Chaldean dragon had seven heads, like that spoken of in the Revelation.[3]

At the creation harmony had prevailed in heaven. All the sons of God, says Job, shouted for joy. What caused the termination of this blissful state? We are not informed, and it would be in vain to conjecture. But the Babylonians have preserved to us a remarkable tradition, which is found in the tablet of page 42, and has not, I believe, been hitherto understood. It is unlike anything in the Bible or in the sacred histories of other countries. While the host of heaven were assembled and were all engaged in singing hymns of praise to the Creator, suddenly some evil spirit gave the signal of revolt. The hymns ceased in one part of the assembly, which burst forth into loud curses and imprecations on their Creator. In his wrath he sounded a loud blast of the trumpet and drove them from his presence never to return.

The Revolt in Heaven

(The first four lines are broken. They related, no doubt, that a festival of praise and thanksgiving was being held in heaven, when this rebellion took place.)

5 The Divine Being spoke three times, the commencement of a psalm.
6 The god of holy songs, Lord of religion and worship
7 seated a thousand singers and musicians: and established a choral band
8 who to his hymn were to respond in multitudes . . .

[2] See G. Smith, p. 100 of his Chaldean Genesis.

[3] See 2 R 19, col. ii. 14, and my Assyrian Glossary, No. 108.

9 With a loud cry of contempt they broke up his holy song
10 spoiling, confusing, confounding, his hymn of praise.
11 The god of the bright crown [4] with a wish to summon his adherents
12 sounded a trumpet blast which would wake the dead,
13 which to those rebel angels prohibited return,
14 he stopped their service, and sent them to the gods who were his enemies.[5]
15 In their room he created mankind.[6]
16 The first who received life dwelt along with him.
17 May he give them strength, never to neglect his word,
18 following the serpent's voice, whom his hands had made.
19 And may the god of divine speech [7] expel from his five thousand [8] that wicked thousand
20 who in the midst of his heavenly son, had shouted evil blasphemies!
21 The god Ashur, who had seen the malice of those gods who deserted their allegiance
22 to raise a rebellion, refused to go forth with them.

(The remainder of the tablet, nine or ten lines more, is too much broken for translation.)

THE LEGEND OF THE TOWER OF BABEL

TRANSLATED BY W. ST. CHAD BOSCAWEN

THIS legend is found on a tablet marked K, 3,657, in the British Museum. The story which the tablet contains appears to be the building of some great temple tower, apparently by command of a king. The gods are angry at the work, and so to put an end to it they confuse the speech of the builders. The tablet is in a very broken condition, only a few lines being in any way complete.

The late Mr. George Smith has given a translation of the

[4] The Assyrian scribe annotates in the margin that the same god is meant throughout, under all these different epithets.

[5] They were in future to serve the powers of evil.

[6] It will be observed that line 15 says that mankind were created to fill up the void in creation which the ungrateful rebellion of the angels had caused. A friend has supplied me with some striking evidence that the mediæval church also held that opinion, though it was never elevated to the rank of an authorized doctrine.

[7] See note 4. This is another epithet.

[8] The total number of the gods is, I believe, elsewhere given as 5,000.

legend in his work on Chaldean Genesis, and I have published the text and translation in the fifth volume of "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology."

Legend of the Tower of Babel

COLUMN I

1 . . .[1] them the father.
2 (The thoughts) of his heart were evil
3 . . .[1] the father of all the gods[2] he turned from.
4 (The thoughts) of his heart were evil[3]
5 . . .[1] Babylon corruptly to sin went and
6 small and great mingled on the mound.[4]
7 . . .[1] Babylon corruptly to sin went and
8 small and great mingled on the mound.

COLUMN II

1 The King of the holy mound[5] . . .[1]
2 In front and Anu lifted up . . .[1]
3 to the good god his father . . .[1]
4 Then his heart also . . .[1]
5 which carried a command . . .[1]
6 At that time also . . .[1]
7 he lifted it up . . .[6]
8 Davkina.
9 Their (work) all day they founded
10 to their stronghold[7] in the night
11 entirely an end he made.
12 In his anger also the secret counsel he poured out
13 to scatter (abroad) his face he set
14 he gave a command to make strange their speech[8]
15 . . .[9] their progress he impeded
16 . . .[9] the altar

(Column III is so broken only a few words remain, so I have omitted it.)

[1] Lacunæ.
[2] A title of Anu.
[3] Refers to the king who caused the people to sin.
[4] The verb used here is the same as in Gen. xi. 7, בלל.
[5] A title of Anu.
[6] All these broken lines relate to council of gods?
[7] The tower.
[8] "Uttaccira-melic-su-nu," "make hostile their council."
[9] Lacunæ.

COLUMN IV [10]

1 In (that day)
2 he blew and . . .[9]
3 For future time the mountain . . .[9]
4 Nu-nam-nir [1] went . . .[9]
5 Like heaven and earth he spake . . .[9]
6 His ways they went . . .[9]
7 Violently they fronted against him [2]
8 He saw them and to the earth (descended)
9 When a stop he did not make
10 of the gods . . .[9]
11 Against the gods they revolted
12 . . .[9] violence . . .[9]
13 Violently they wept for Babylon [3]
14 very much they wept.
15 And in the midst

(The rest is wanting.)

AN ACCADIAN PENITENTIAL PSALM

TRANSLATED BY REV. A. H. SAYCE, M.A.

THE following psalm for remission of sins is remarkable alike for its deeply spiritual tone and for its antiquity. As it is written in Accadian, its composition must be referred to a date anterior to the seventeenth century B.C., when that language became extinct. An Assyrian interlinear translation is attached to most of the lines; some, however, are left untranslated. The tablet is unfortunately broken in the middle, causing a lacuna in the text. Similarities will be noticed between the language of the psalm and that of the Psalms of the Old Testament, and one passage reminds us strongly of the words of Christ in St. Matthew xviii. 22. Seven, it must be remembered, was a sacred number among the Accadians. Accadian poetry was characterized by a parallelism of ideas and clauses; and as this was imitated, both

[9] Lacunæ.
[10] Relates to the destruction of the tower by a storm.
[1] The god of "no rule," or lawlessness.
[2] The builders continued to build.
[3] Lamentations of the gods for the Babylonians.

by the Assyrians and by the Jews, the striking resemblance between the form of Accadian and Hebrew poetry can be accounted for.

Some of the lines in the middle of the psalm have been previously translated by Mr. Fox Talbot, in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology," Vol. II, p. 60, and Prof. Schrader in his "*Höllenfahrt der Istar*," pp. 90-95.

A copy of the text is given in the fourth volume of the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," plate 10.

An Accadian Penitential Psalm

OBVERSE OF TABLET

1 The heart of my Lord[1] was wroth: to his place may he return.
2 From the man that (sinned) unknowingly to his place may (my) god return.
3 From him that (sinned) unknowingly to her place may (the) goddess return.
4 May God who knoweth (that) he knew not to his place return.
5 May the goddess[2] who knoweth (that) he knew not to her place return.
6 May the heart of my god to his place return.
7 May the heart of my goddess to his place return.
8 May my god and my goddess (unto their place) return.
9 May god (unto his place) return.
10 May the goddess (unto her place return).
11 The transgression (that I committed my god) knew it.
12 The transgression (that I committed my goddess knew it).
13 The holy name (of my god I profaned?).
14 The holy name (of my goddess I profaned?).

(The next three lines are obliterated.)

18 The waters of the sea (the waters of my tears) do I drink.
19 That which was forbidden by my god with my mouth I ate.
20 That which was forbidden by my goddess in my ignorance I trampled upon.

[1] Literally, "of my lord his heart."
[2] The Accadian throughout has the word "mother" before "goddess."

OBVERSE

21 O my Lord, my transgression (is) great, many (are) my sins.
22 O my god, my transgression (is) great, my sins (are many).
23 O my goddess, my transgression (is) great, my sins (are many).
24 O my god that knowest (that) I knew not, my transgression (is) great, my sins (are many).
25 O my goddess, that knowest (that) I knew not, my transgression (is) great, my sins (are many).
26 The transgression (that) I committed I knew not.
27 The sin (that) I sinned I knew not.
28 The forbidden thing did I eat.
29 The forbidden thing did I trample upon.
30 My Lord in the wrath of his heart has punished me.
31 God in the strength of his heart has overpowered me.
32 The goddess upon me has laid affliction and in pain has set me.
33 God who knew, (though) I knew not, hath pierced me.
34 The goddess who knew (though) I knew not hath caused darkness.
35 I lay on the ground and no man seized me by the hand.[3]
36 I wept,[4] and my palms none took.

REVERSE OF TABLET

1 I cried aloud; there was none that would hear me.
2 I am in darkness (and) trouble:[5] I lifted not myself up.
3 To my god my (distress) I referred; my prayer I addressed.
4 The feet of my goddess I embraced.
5 To (my) god, who knew (though) I knew not, (my prayer) I addressed.
6 To (my) goddess, who knew (though I knew not, my prayer) I addressed.

(The next four lines are lost.)

11 How long O my god (shall I suffer?).
12 How long O my goddess (shall I suffer?).

[3] Accadian, "extended the hand."
[4] Accadian, "in tears [water of the eye] I dissolved myself."
[5] Or more literally, "hiding." The verb that follows means "to lift one's self up so as to face another."

REVERSE

13 How long O my god, who knewest (though) I knew not, shall (thy) strength (oppress me?).
14 How long O my goddess, who knewest (though) I knew not, shall thy heart (be wroth?).
15 Of mankind thou writest the number and there is none that knoweth.
16 Of mankind the name (that) is fully proclaimed how can I know?
17 Whether it be afflicted or whether it be blessed there is none that knoweth.
18 O Lord, thy servant thou dost not restore.[6]
19 In the waters of the raging flood seize his hand.
20 The sin (that) he has sinned to blessedness bring back.
21 The transgression he has committed let the wind carry away.
22 My manifold affliction like a garment destroy.
23 O my god, seven times seven (are my) transgressions, my transgressions are before (me).
24 (To be repeated) 10 times.[7] O my goddess, seven times seven (are my) transgressions.
25 O god who knowest (that) I knew not, seven times seven (are my) transgressions.
26 O goddess who knowest (that) I knew not, seven times seven (are my) transgressions.
27 My transgressions are before (me): may thy judgment give (me) life.
28 May thy heart like the heart of the mother of the setting day to its place return.
29 (To be repeated) 5 times.[8] Like the mother of the setting day (and) the father of the setting day to its place (may it return).
30 For the tearful supplication of my heart 65 times let the name be invoked of every god.[8]
31 Peace afterward.
32 (*Colophon*) Like its old (copy) engraved and written.
33 Country of Assur-bani-pal King of multitudes, King of Assyria.

[6] In the Assyrian "quiet." [7] A rubrical direction. [8] A rubrical direction.

THE BLACK OBELISK INSCRIPTION OF SHALMANESER II

Translated by Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A.

THIS inscription is engraved on an obelisk of black marble, five feet in height, found by Mr. Layard in the centre of the Mound at Nimroud, and now in the British Museum. Each of its four sides is divided into five compartments of sculpture representing the tribute brought to the Assyrian King by vassal princes, Jehu of Israel being among the number. Shalmaneser, whose annals and conquests are recorded upon it, was the son of Assur-natsir-pal, and died in 823 B.C., after a reign of thirty-five years. A translation of the inscription was one of the first achievements of Assyrian decipherment, and was made by Sir. H. Rawlinson; and Dr. Hincks shortly afterward (in 1851) succeeded in reading the name of Jehu in it. M. Oppert translated the inscription in his "*Histoire des Empires de Chaldée et d'Assyrie*," and M. Ménant has given another rendering of it in his "*Annales des Rois d'Assyrie*" (1874). A copy of the text will be found in Layard's "Inscriptions in the Cuneiform Character" (1851).

Black Obelisk of Shalmaneser

FACE A

1 Assur, the great Lord, the King of all
2 the great gods; Anu, King of the spirits of heaven
3 and the spirits of earth, the god, Lord of the world; Bel,
4 the Supreme, Father of the gods, the Creator;
5 Hea, King of the deep, determiner of destinies,
6 the King of crowns, drinking in brilliance;
7 Rimmon, the *crowned* hero, Lord of canals;[1] the Sun-god
8 the Judge of heaven and earth, the urger on of all;
9 (Merodach), Prince of the gods, Lord of battles; Adar, the terrible,
10 (Lord) of the spirits of heaven and the spirits of earth, the exceeding strong god; Nergal,

[1] Or, "fertility."

11 the powerful (god), King of the battle; Nebo, the bearer
of the high sceptre,
12 the god, the Father above; Beltis, the wife of Bel, mother
of the (great) gods;
13 Istar, sovereign of heaven and earth, who the face of hero-
ism perfectest;
14 the great (gods), determining destinies, making great my
kingdom.
15 (I am) Shalmaneser, King of multitudes of men, prince
(and) hero of Assur, the strong King,
16 King of all the four zones of the Sun (and) of multitudes
of men, the marcher over
17 the whole world; Son of Assur-natsir-pal, the supreme
hero, who his heroism over the gods
18 has made good and has caused all the world[2] to kiss
his feet;

FACE B

19 the noble offspring of Tiglath-Adar
20 who has laid his yoke upon all lands hostile to him, and
21 has swept (them) like a whirlwind.
22 At the beginning of my reign, when on the throne
23 of royalty mightily I had seated myself, the chariots
24 of my host I collected. Into the lowlands[3] of the country
of 'Sime'si
25 I descended. The city of Aridu, the strong city
26 of Ninni, I took. In my first year
27 the Euphrates in its flood I crossed. To the sea of the
setting sun[4]
28 I went. My weapons on the sea I rested. Victims
29 for my gods I took.[5] To mount Amanus[6] I went up.
30 Logs of cedar-wood and pine-wood I cut. To
31 the country of Lallar I ascended. An image of my Royalty
in the midst (of it) I erected.
32 In my second year to the city of Tel-Barsip I approached.
The cities
33 of Akhuni the son of Adin I captured. In his city I shut
him up. The Euphrates

[2] Or, "the countries the whole of them."
[3] Or, "the descendings."
[4] That is, the Mediterranean.
[5] Namely, in sacrifice.
[6] "Khamanu" in Assyrian.

34 in its flood I crossed. The city of Dabigu, a choice city of the Hittites
35 together with the cities which (were) dependent upon it I captured. In my third year Akhuni
36 the son of Adin, from the face of my mighty weapons fled, and the city of Tel-Barsip,

FACE C

37 his royal city, he fortified. The Euphrates I crossed.
38 The city unto Assyria I restored. I took it. (The town) which (is) on the further side
39 of the Euphrates which (is) upon the river 'Sagurri, which the Kings
40 of the Hittites call the city of Pitru,[7]
41 for myself I took. At my return
42 into the lowlands of the country of Alzi I descended. The country of Alzi I conquered.
43 The countries of Dayaeni (and) Elam, (and) the city of Arzascunu, the royal city
44 of Arame of the country of the Armenians, the country of Gozan (and) the country of Khupuscia.
45 During the eponymy of Dayan-Assur from the city of Nineveh I departed. The Euphrates
46 in its upper part I crossed. After Akhuni the son of Adin I went.
47 The heights on the banks of the Euphrates as his stronghold he made.
48 The mountains I attacked, I captured. Akhuni with his gods, his chariots,
49 his horses, his sons (and) his daughters I carried away. To my city Assur
50 I brought (them). In that same year the country of Kullar I crossed. To the country of Zamua
51 of Bit-Ani I went down. The cities of Nigdiara of the city of the Idians
52 (and) Nigdima I captured. In my fifth year to the country of Kasyari I ascended.
53 The strongholds I captured. Elkhitti of the Serurians (in) his city I shut up. His tribute

[7] Pethor in the Old Testament.

54 to a large amount I received. In my sixth year to the cities on the banks of the river Balikhi

FACE D

55 I approached. Gi'ammu, their Governor, I smote.
56 To the city of Tel-abil-akhi I descended.
57 The Euphrates in its upper part I crossed.
58 The tribute of the Kings of the Hittites
59 all of them I received. In those days Rimmon-idri [8]
60 of Damascus, Irkhulina of Hamath, and the Kings
61 of the Hittites and of the sea-coasts to the forces of each other
62 trusted, and to make war and battle
63 against me came. By the command of Assur, the great Lord, my Lord,
64 with them I fought. A destruction of them I made.
65 Their chariots, their war-carriages, their war-material [9] I took from them.
66 20,500 of their fighting men with arrows I slew.
67 In my seventh year to the cities of Khabini of the city of Tel-Abni I went.
68 The city of Tel-Abni, his stronghold, together with the cities which (were) dependent on it I captured.
69 To the head of the river, the springs of the Tigris, the place where the waters rise,[10] I went.
70 The weapons of Assur in the midst (of it) I rested. Sacrifices for my gods I took. Feasts and rejoicing
71 I made. An image of my Royalty of large size I constructed. The laws of Assur my Lord, the records
72 of my victories, whatsoever in the world I had done, in the midst of it I wrote. In the middle (of the country) I set (it) up.

FACE A, *base*

73 In my eighth year, Merodach-suma-iddin King of Gan-Dunias [1]
74 did Merodach-bila-yu'sate his *foster*-brother against him rebel;

[8] This is the Ben-hadad of Scripture whose personal name seems to have been Rimmon-idri.
[9] Or, "furniture of battle."
[10] Or, "the place of the exit of the waters situated." The tablet is still to be seen near the town of Egil.
[1] That is, Chaldea.

75 strongly had he fortified (the land). To exact punishment [2]
76 against Merodach-suma-iddin I went. The city of the waters of the Dhurnat [3] I took.
77 In my ninth campaign a second time to the land of Accad I went.
78 The city of Gana-nate I besieged. Merodach-bila-yu'sate exceeding fear
79 of Assur (and) Merodach overwhelmed, and to save his life to
80 the mountains he ascended. After him I rode. Merodach-bila-yu'sate (and) the officers
81 the rebels [4] who (were) with him (with) arrows I slew. To the great fortresses
82 I went. Sacrifices in Babylon, Borsippa, (and) Cuthah I made.
83 Thanksgivings to the great gods I offered up. To the country of Kaldu [5] I descended. Their cities I captured.
84 The tribute of the Kings of the country of Kaldu I received. The greatness of my arms as far as the sea overwhelmed.
85 In my tenth year for the eighth time the Euphrates I crossed. The cities of 'Sangara of the city of the Carchemishians I captured.
86 To the cities of Arame I approached. Arne his royal city with 100 of his (other) towns I captured.
87 In my eleventh year for the ninth time the Euphrates I crossed. Cities to a countless number I captured. To the cities of the Hittites
88 of the land of the Hamathites I went down. Eighty-nine cities I took. Rimmon-idri of Damascus (and) twelve of the Kings of the Hittites
89 with one another's forces strengthened themselves. A destruction of them I made. In my twelfth campaign for the tenth time the Euphrates I crossed.
90 To the land of Pagar-khubuna I went. Their spoil I carried away. In my thirteenth year to the country of Yaeti I ascended.

[2] Or, "to return benefits."
[3] The Tornadotus of classical geographers.
[4] Or, "the Lord of sin."
[5] This is the primitive Chaldea. The Caldai or Chaldeans afterward overran Babylonia and gave their name to it among classical writers.

91 Their spoil I carried away. In my fourteenth year the country I assembled; the Euphrates I crossed. Twelve Kings against me had come.
92 I fought. A destruction of them I made. In my fifteenth year among the sources of the Tigris (and) the Euphrates I went. An image
93 of my Majesty in their hollows I erected. In my sixteenth year the waters of the Zab I crossed. To the country of Zimri
94 I went. Merodach-mudammik King of the land of Zimru to save his life (the mountains) ascended. His treasure
95 his army (and) his gods to Assyria I brought. Yan'su son of Khanban to the kingdom over them I raised.[6]

FACE B, *base*

96 In my seventeenth year the Euphrates I crossed. To the land of Amanus I ascended. Logs
97 of *cedar* I cut. In my eighteenth year for the sixteenth time the Euphrates I crossed. Hazael
98 of Damascus to battle came. 1,221 of his chariots, 470 of his war-carriages with
99 his camp I took from him. In my nineteenth campaign for the eighteenth [7] time the Euphrates I crossed. To the land of Amanus
100 I ascended. Logs of cedar I cut. In my 20th year for the 20th time the Euphrates
101 I crossed. To the land of Kāhue I went down. Their cities I captured. Their spoil
102 I carried off. In my 21st campaign, for the 21st time the Euphrates I crossed. To the cities
103 of Hazael of Damascus I went. Four of his fortresses I took. The tribute of the Tyrians,
104 the Zidonians (and) the Gebalites I received. In my 22d campaign for the 22d time the Euphrates
105 I crossed. To the country of Tabalu [8] I went down. In those days (as regards) the 24
106 Kings of the country of Tabalu their wealth I received. To conquer

[6] Or, "I made."
[7] The King counts his passage of the river on his return from Syria the seventeenth time of his crossing the Euphrates.
[8] The Tubal of the Old Testament, and Tibareni of classical geographers.

107 the mines of silver, of salt and of stone for sculpture I went. In my 23d year
108 the Euphrates I crossed. The city of Uetas, his strong city,
109 (which belonged) to Lalla of the land of the Milidians I captured. The Kings of the country of Tabalu
110 had set out. Their tribute I received. In my 24th year, the lower Zab
111 I crossed. The land of Khalimmur I passed through. To the land of Zimru
112 I went down. Yan'su King of the Zimri from the face
113 of my mighty weapons fled and to save his life
114 ascended (the mountains). The cities of 'Sikhisatakh, Bit-Tamul, Bit-Sacci
115 (and) Bit-Sedi, his strong cities, I captured. His fighting men I slew.
116 His spoil I carried away. The cities I threw down, dug up, (and) with fire burned.
117 The rest of them to the mountains ascended. The peaks of the mountains
118 I attacked, I captured. Their fighting men I slew. Their spoil (and) their goods
119 I caused to be brought down. From the country of Zimru I departed. The tribute of 27 Kings
120 of the country of Par'sua[9] I received. From the country of Par'sua I departed. To
121 the strongholds of the country of the Amadai,[10] (and) the countries of Arazias (and) Kharkhar I went down.
122 The cities of Cua-cinda, Khazzanabi, Ermul,
123 (and) Cin-ablila with the cities which were dependent on them I captured. Their fighting men

FACE C, *base*

124 I slew. Their spoil I carried away. The cities I threw down, dug up (and) burned with fire. An image of my Majesty
125 in the country of Kharkhāra I set up. Yan'su son of Khaban with his abundant treasures

[9] The Parthia of classical authors.
[10] These seem to be the Madai or Medes of later inscriptions. This is the first notice that we have of them. It will be observed that they have not yet penetrated into Media but are still eastward of the Parthians.

126 his gods, his sons, his daughters, his soldiers in large numbers I carried off. To Assyria I brought (them). In my 25th campaign
127 the Euphrates at its flood I crossed. The tribute of the Kings of the Hittites, all of them, I received. The country of Amanus
128 I traversed. To the cities of Cati of the country of the Kahuians I descended. The city of Timur, his strong city
129 I besieged, I captured. Their fighting men I slew. Its spoil I carried away. The cities to a countless number I threw down, dug up,
130 (and) burned with fire. On my return, the city of Muru, the strong city of Arame the son of Agu'si,
131 (as) a possession for myself I took. Its entrance-space I marked out. A palace, the seat of my Majesty, in the middle (of it) I founded.
132 In my 26th year for the seventh time the country of the Amanus I traversed. For the fourth time to the cities of Cati
133 of the country of the Kahuians I went. The city of Tanacun, the strong city of Tulca I approached. Exceeding fear
134 of Assur my Lord overwhelmed him and (when) he had come out my feet he took. His hostages I took. Silver, gold,
135 iron, oxen, (and) sheep, (as) his tribute I received. From the city of Tanacun I departed. To the country of Lamena
136 I went. The men collected themselves. An inaccessible mountain they occupied. The peak of the mountain I assailed,
137 I took. Their fighting men I slew. Their spoil, their oxen, their sheep, from the midst of the mountain I brought down.
138 Their cities I threw down, dug up (and) burned with fire. To the city of Khazzi I went. My feet they took. Silver (and) gold,
139 their tribute, I received. Cirri, the brother of Cati to the sovereignty over them

140 I set. On my return to the country of Amanus I ascended. Beams of cedar I cut,
141 I removed, to my city Assur[1] I brought. In my 27th year the chariots of my armies I mustered. Dayan-Assur
142 the Tartan,[2] the Commander of the wide-spreading army, at the head of my army to the country of Armenia I urged,
143 I sent. To Bit-Zamāni he descended. Into the low ground to the city of Ammas he went down. The river Arzane he crossed.
144 'Seduri of the country of the Armenians heard, and to the strength of his numerous host
145 he trusted; and to make conflict (and) battle against me he came. With him I fought.
146 A destruction of him I made. With the flower of his youth[3] his broad fields I filled. In my 28th year
147 when in the city of Calah I was stopping news had been brought (me, that) men of the Patinians
148 Lubarni their Lord had slain (and) 'Surri (who was) not heir to the throne to the kingdom had raised.
149 Dayan-Assur the Tartan, the Commander of the wide-spreading army at the head of my host (and) my camp[4]
150 I urged, I sent. The Euphrates in its flood he crossed. In the city of Cinalua his royal city
151 a slaughter he made. (As for) 'Surri the usurper, exceeding fear of Assur my Lord
152 overwhelmed him, and the death of his destiny he went.[5] The men of the country of the Patinians from before the sight of my mighty weapons

FACE D, *base*

153 fled, and the children of 'Surri together with the soldiers, the rebels, (whom) they had taken they delivered to me.
154 Those soldiers on stakes I fixed. 'Sa'situr of the country of Uzzā my feet took. To the kingdom
155 over them I placed (him). Silver, gold, lead, bronze,

[1] The Ellasar of Genesis, now Kalah Shergat.
[2] "Turtanu" ("chief prince") in Assyrian.
[3] Or, "the chiefs of his young warriors."
[4] The word properly means "baggage," and sometimes signifies "standard," which may be the translation here.
[5] That is, he died as was fated.

iron, (and) the horns of wild bulls to a countless number I received.

156 An image of my Majesty of great size I made. In the city of Cinalua his royal city in the temple of his gods I set it up. In

157 my 29th year (my) army (and) camp I urged, I sent. To the country of Cirkhi[6] I ascended. Their cities I threw down,

158 dug up, (and) burned with fire. Their country like a thunderstorm I swept. Exceeding

159 fear over them I cast. In my 30th year when in the city of Calah I was stopping, Dayan-Assur

160 the Tartan, the Commander of the wide-spreading army at the head of my army I urged, I sent. The river Zab

161 he crossed. To the midst of the cities of the city of Khupuscā he approached. The tribute of Datana

162 of the city of the Khupuscians I received. From the midst of the cities of the Khupuscians

163 I departed.[7] To the midst of the cities of Maggubbi of the country of the Madakhirians he approached. The tribute

164 I received. From the midst of the cities of the country of the Madakhirians he departed. To the midst of the cities of Udaci

165 of the country of the Mannians he approached. Udaci of the country of the Mannians from before the sight of my mighty weapons

166 fled, and the city of Zirta, his royal city, he abandoned. To save his life he ascended (the mountains).

167 After him I pursued. His oxen, his sheep, his spoil, to a countless amount I brought back. His cities

168 I threw down, dug up, (and) burned with fire. From the country of the Mannians[8] he departed. To the cities of Sulu'sunu of the country of Kharru

169 he approached. The city of Mairsuru, his royal city, together with the cities which depended on it he captured. (To) Sulu'sunu

170 together with his sons mercy I granted. To his country

[6] The mountainous country near the sources of the Tigris.

[7] That is in the person of his commander-in-chief, Dayan-Assur.

[8] The modern Van.

I restored him. A payment (and) tribute of horses I imposed.

171 My yoke upon him I placed. To the city of Surdira he approached. The tribute of Arta-irri

172 of the city of the Surdirians I received. To the country of Par'sua [9] I went down. The tribute of the Kings

173 of the country of Par'sua I received. (As for) the rest of the country of Par'sua which did not reverence Assur, its cities

174 I captured. Their spoil, their plunder to Assyria I brought. In my 31st year, the second time, the cyclical-feast

175 of Assur and Rimmon I had inaugurated.[10] At the time while I was stopping in the city of Calah, Dayan-Assur

176 the Tartan, the Commander of my wide-spreading army, at the head of my army (and) my camp I urged, I sent.

177 To the cities of Datā of the country of Khupuscā he approached. The tribute I received.

178 To the city of Zapparia, a stronghold of the country of Muzatsira, I went. The city of Zapparia together with

179 forty-six cities of the city of the Muzatsirians I captured. Up to the borders of the country of the Armenians

180 I went. Fifty of their cities I threw down, dug up (and) burned with fire. To the country of Guzani [1] I went down. The tribute

181 of Upu of the country of the Guzanians, of the country of the Mannians, of the country of the Buririans, of the country of the Kharranians,[2]

182 of the country of the Sasganians, of the country of the Andians,[3] (and) of the country of the Kharkhanians, oxen, sheep, (and) horses

183 trained to the yoke I received. To the cities of the country of . . . I went down. The city of Perria

184 (and) the city of Sitivarya, its strongholds, together with 22 cities which depended upon it, I threw down, dug up

[9] Parthia.

[10] This refers to his assuming the eponymy a second time after completing a reign of thirty years. At this period the Assyrian kings assumed the eponymy on first ascending the throne, and the fact that Shalmaneser took the same office again in his thirty-first year shows that a cycle of thirty years was in existence.

[1] The Gozan of the Old Testament.

[2] Haran or Harran in the Old Testament; called Carrhæ by the classical geographers.

[3] Andia was afterward incorporated into Assyria by Sargon.

185 (and) burned with fire. Exceeding fear over them I cast. To the cities of the Parthians he went.
186 The cities of Bustu, Sala-khamanu (and) Cini-khamanu, fortified towns, together with 23 cities
187 which depended upon them I captured. Their fighting-men I slew. Their spoil I carried off. To the country of Zimri I went down.
188 Exceeding fear of Assur (and) Merodach overwhelmed them. Their cities they abandoned. To
189 inaccessible mountains they ascended. Two hundred and fifty of their cities I threw down, dug up (and) burned with fire.
190 Into the lowground of Sime'si at the head of the country of Khalman I went down.

THE EPIGRAPHS ACCOMPANYING THE SCULPTURES

I The tribute of 'Su'a of the country of the Guzanians: silver, gold, lead, articles of bronze, sceptres for the King's hand, horses (and) camels with double backs: I received.
II The tribute of Yahua[4] son of Khumri[5]: silver, gold, bowls of gold, vessels of gold, goblets of gold, pitchers of gold, lead, sceptres for the King's hand, (and) staves: I received.
III The tribute of the country of Muzri[6]: camels with double backs, an ox of the river 'Saceya,[7] horses, *wild asses, elephants,* (and) apes: I received.
IV The tribute of Merodach-pal-itstsar of the country of the 'Sukhians[8]: silver, gold, pitchers of gold, tusks of the wild bull, staves, antimony, garments of many colors, (and) linen: I received.
V The tribute of Garparunda of the country of the Patinians: silver, gold, lead, bronze, gums, articles of bronze, tusks of wild bulls, (and) *ebony*[9]: I received.

[4] Jehu.
[5] Omri.
[6] This is the Armenian Muzri, not Egypt.
[7] This would seem from the sculpture to mean a rhinoceros. Lenormant, however, identifies it with the Yak.
[8] Nomadic tribes in the southwest of Babylonia.
[9] The word means literally "pieces of strong wood."

INSCRIPTION OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR

Translated by Rev. J. M. Rodwell, M.A.

BABYLONIAN inscriptions are by no means so replete with interest as the Assyrian. The latter embrace the various expeditions in which the Assyrian monarchs were engaged, and bring us into contact with the names and locality of rivers, cities, and mountain-ranges, with contemporary princes in Judea and elsewhere, and abound in details as to domestic habits, civil usages, and the implements and modes of warfare. But the Babylonian inscriptions refer mainly to the construction of temples, palaces, and other public buildings, and at the same time present especial difficulties in their numerous architectural terms which it is often impossible to translate with any certainty. They are, however, interesting as records of the piety and religious feelings of the sovereigns of Babylon, and as affording numerous topographical notices of that famous city; while the boastful language of the inscription will often remind the reader of Nebuchadnezzar's words in Dan. iv. 30: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Compare column vii, line 32.

The reign of Nebuchadnezzar extended from B.C. 604 to 561. In B.C. 598 he laid siege to Jerusalem (2 Kings xxiv.) and made Jehoiachin prisoner, and in 588 again captured the city, and carried Zedekiah, who had rebelled against him, captive to Babylon (2 Kings xxv.). Josephus gives an account of his expeditions against Tyre and Egypt, which are also mentioned with many details in Ezek. xxvii.-xxix.

The name Nebuchadnezzar, or more accurately Nebuchadrezzar (Jer. xxi. 2, 7, etc.), is derived from the Jewish Scriptures. But in the inscriptions it reads Nebo-kudurri-ussur, *i.e.*, "may Nebo protect the crown"; a name analogous to that of his father Nebo(Nabu)-habal-ussur. ("Nebo protect the son") and to that of Belshazzar, *i.e.*, "Bel protect the prince." The phonetic writing of Nebuchadnezzar is "*An-pa-sa-du-sis*," each of which syllables has been identified through the syllabaries. The word "*kudurri*" is probably the כֶּתֶר of

Esther vi. 8, and the κιδαρις of the Greeks. The inscriptions of which a translation follows was found at Babylon by Sir Harford Jones Bridges, and now forms part of the India House Collection. It is engraved on a short column of black basalt, and is divided into ten columns, containing 619 lines.

It may be worth while to remark that in the name given to the prophet Daniel, Belteshazzar, *i.e.*, Balat-su-ussur ("preserve thou his life"), and in Abednego ("servant of Nebo"), we have two of the component parts of the name of Nebuchadnezzar himself.

Inscription of Nebuchadnezzar

COLUMN I

1 Nebuchadnezzar
2 King of Babylon,
3 glorious Prince,
4 worshipper of Marduk,
5 adorer of the lofty one,
6 glorifier of Nabu,
7 the exalted, the possessor of intelligence,
8 who the processions of their divinities
9 hath increased;
10 a worshipper of their Lordships,
11 firm, not to be destroyed;
12 who for the embellishment
13 of Bit-Saggatu and Bit-Zida [1]
14 appointed days hath set apart, and
15 the shrines of Babylon
16 and of Borsippa
17 hath steadily increased;
18 exalted Chief, Lord of peace,
19 embellisher of Bit-Saggatu and Bit-Zida,
20 the valiant son
21 of Nabopolassar
22 King of Babylon am I.

23 When he, the Lord god my maker made me,

[1] Two of the principal temples of Babylon. The former occurs below, Col. ii. 40, where it is followed by the epithet, "Temple of his power." Dr. Oppert always renders it "la Pyramide et la Tour."

24 the god Merodach, he deposited
25 my germ in my mother's (womb):
26 then being conceived
27 I was made.
28 Under the inspection of Assur my judge
29 the processions of the god I enlarged,
30 (namely) of Merodach great Lord, the god my maker.
31 His skilful works
32 highly have I glorified;
33 and of Nebo his eldest son
34 exalter of My Royalty
35 the processions (in honor of)[2] his exalted deity
36 I firmly established.
37 With all my heart firmly
38 (in) worship of their deities I uprose
39 in reverence for Nebo their Lord.

40 Whereas Merodach, great Lord,
41 the head of My ancient Royalty,
42 hath empowered me over multitudes of men,
43 and (whereas) Nebo bestower of thrones in heaven and earth,
44 for the sustentation of men,
45 a sceptre of righteousness
46 hath caused my hand to hold;
47 now I, that sacred way
48 for the resting-place of their divinities,
49 for a memorial of all their names,
50 as a worshipper of Nebo, Yav and Istar,
51 for Merodach my Lord I strengthened.
52 Its threshold I firmly laid, and
53 my devotion of heart he accepted, and
54 him did I proclaim
55 . . . Lord of all beings, and[3]
56 as Prince of the lofty house, and
57 thou, (O Nebuchadnezzar) hast proclaimed the name of him
58 who has been beneficent unto thee.

[2] Literally, "the goings." Compare Ps. lxviii. 24: "They have seen thy goings, O God," i.e., processions.

[3] Of this line Mr. Norris (Dict., p. 166) states "that he cannot suggest any rendering."

59 His name, (O god,) thou wilt preserve,
60 the path of righteousness thou hast prescribed to him.
61 I, a Prince, and thy worshipper
62 am the work of thy hand;
63 thou hast created me, and [4]
64 the empire over multitudes of men
65 thou hast assigned me,
66 according to thy favor, O Lord,
67 which thou hast accorded
68 to them all.[5]
69 May thy lofty Lordship be exalted!
70 in the worship of thy divinity
71 may it subsist! in my heart
72 may it continue, and my life which to thee is devoted

(*Continued on Column II.*)

COLUMN II

1 mayest thou bless!

2 He, the Chief, the honorable,
3 the Prince of the gods, the great Merodach,
4 my gracious Lord, heard
5 and received my prayer;
6 he favored it, and by his exalted power,
7 reverence for his deity
8 placed he in my heart:
9 to bear his tabernacle
10 he hath made my heart firm,
11 with reverence for thy power,
12 for exalted service,
13 greatly and eternally.

14 The foundation of his temple it was
15 which from the upper waters
16 to the lower waters
17 in a remote way,
18 in a spot exposed to winds,
19 in a place whose pavements had been broken,
20 low, dried up,

[4] It seems as if the hand were addressed.
[5] I.e., "in making me their ruler."

21 a rugged way,
22 a difficult path,
23 I extended.
24 The disobedient I stirred up,
25 and I collected the poor and
26 gave full directions (for the work) and
27 in numbers I supported them.
28 Wares and ornaments
29 for the women I brought forth,
30 silver, molten gold, precious stones,
31 metal, *umritgana* and cedar woods,
32 (however their names be written)
33 a splendid abundance,
34 the produce of mountains,
35 sea clay,[6]
36 beautiful things in abundance,
37 riches and sources of joy,
38 for my city Babylon,
39 into his presence have I brought
40 for Bit-Saggatu
41 the temple of his power,
42 ornaments for Dakan[7]

43 Bit-Kua, the shrine
44 of Merodach, Lord of the house of the gods,
45 I have made conspicuous with fine linen[8]
46 and its seats
47 with splendid gold,
48 as for royalty and deity,
49 with lapis lazuli and alabaster blocks[9]
50 I carefully covered them over;
51 a gate of passage, the gate Beautiful,[10]
52 and the gate of Bit-Zida and Bit-Saggatu
53 I caused to be made brilliant as the sun.
54 A fulness of the treasures of countries I accumulated;[1]

[6] Mr. Norris conjectures "amber."
[7] Dagon.
[8] "Sassanis." The root is probably identical with the Hebrew "shesh," "fine linen"; thus in Ex. xxvi. 1: "Thou shalt make the tabernacle with ten curtains of fine twined linen."
[9] These are found still in the ruins of Babylon.
[10] Compare the Beautiful Gate of the Jewish Temple.
[1] Mr. Norris in his Dictionary professes his inability to master the first words of this line, p. 580. The same remark applies to line 58. The above rendering is suggested to me by Mr. G. Smith.

55 around the city it was placed as an ornament,
56 when at the festival of Lilmuku at the beginning of the year,
57 on the eighth day (and) eleventh day,
58 the divine Prince, Deity of heaven and earth, the Lord god,
59 they raised within it.
60 (The statue) of the god El, the beauty of the sphere,
61 reverently they bring;
62 treasure have they displayed before it,
63 a monument to lasting days,
64 a monument of my life.

65 They also placed within it

(*Continued on Column III.*)

COLUMN III

1 his altar, an altar of Royalty;
2 an altar of Lordship,
3 (for) the Chief of the gods, the Prince Merodach,
4 whose fashion the former Prince
5 had fashioned in silver,
6 with bright gold accurately weighed out
7 I overlaid.
8 Beautiful things for the temple Bit-Saggatu
9 seen at its very summit,
10 the shrine of Merodach, with statues and marbles
11 I embellished
12 as the stars of heaven.
13 The fanes of Babylon
14 I built, I adorned.
15 Of the house, the foundation of the heaven and earth,
16 I reared the summit
17 with blocks of noble lapis lazuli:
18 to the construction of Bit-Saggatu
19 my heart uplifted me;
20 in abundance I wrought
21 the best of my pine trees
22 which from Lebanon
23 together with tall *Babil*-wood I brought,

24 for the portico of the temple of Merodach:
25 the shrine of his Lordship
26 I made good, and interior walls
27 with pine and tall cedar woods:
28 the portico of the temple of Merodach,
29 with brilliant gold I caused to cover,
30 the lower thresholds, the cedar awnings,
31 with gold and precious stones
32 I embellished:
33 in the erection of Bit-Saggatu
34 I proceeded: I supplicated
35 the King of gods, the Lord of Lords:
36 in Borsippa, the city of his loftiness,
37, 38 I raised Bit-Zida: a durable house
39 in the midst thereof I caused to be made.
40 With silver, gold, precious stones,
41 bronze, *ummakana* and pine woods,
42 those thresholds I completed:
43 the pine wood portico
44 of the shrine of Nebo
45 with gold I caused to cover,
46 the pine wood portico of the gate of the temple of Merodach
47 I caused to overlay with bright silver.
48 The bulls and columns of the gate of the shrine
49 the thresholds, the *sigari* of *ri*-wood, conduits
50 of *Babnaku* wood and their statues
51 with cedar wood awnings
52 of lofty building,
53 and silver, I adorned.
54 The avenues of the shrine
55 and the approach to the house,
56 of conspicuous brick
57 sanctuaries in its midst
58 with perforated silver work.
59 Bulls, columns, doorways,
60, 61 in marble beautifully I built;
62, 63 I erected a shrine and with rows
64 of wreathed work I filled it:
65 the fanes of Borsippa

66 I made and embellished:
67 the temple of the seven spheres
68 . . .[2]
69 with bricks of noble lapis lazuli
70 I reared its summit:
71 the tabernacle of Nahr-kanul
72 the chariot of his greatness

(*Continued on Column IV.*)

COLUMN IV

1 the tabernacle, the shrine Lilmuku,
2 the festival of Babylon,
3, 4 his pageant of dignity
5 within it, I caused to decorate
6 with beryls and stones.

7 A temple for sacrifices, the lofty citadel
8 of Bel and Merodach, god of gods,
9 a threshold of joy and supremacy
10 among angels and spirits,
11 with the stores of Babylon,
12 with cement and brick,
13 like a mountain I erected.

14 A great temple of Ninharissi[3]
15 in the centre of Babylon
16 to the great goddess the mother who created me,
17 in Babylon I made.
18 To Nebo of lofty intelligence
19 who hath bestowed (on me) the sceptre of justice,
20 to preside over all peoples,
21 a temple of rule over men, and a site for this his temple
22, 23 in Babylon, of cement and brick
24 the fashion I fashioned.

25, 26 To the Moon-god, the strengthener of my hands
27 a large house of alabaster as his temple
28 in Babylon I made.

[2] Lacuna. [3] Wife of the sun.

29 To the sun, the judge supreme
30 who perfects good in my body,
31 a house for that guide of men, even his house,
32, 33 in Babylon, of cement and brick,
34 skilfully did I make.

35 To the god Yav, establisher of fertility
36 in my land, Bit-Numkan as his temple
37 in Babylon I built.

38 To the goddess Gula, the regulator
39 and benefactress of my life,
40 Bit-Samit, and Bit-haris the lofty,
41, 42 as fanes in Babylon, in cement and brick
43 strongly did I build.

44 To the divine Lady of Bit 'Anna,
45 my gracious mistress,
46 Bit-Kiku in front of her house
47 so as to strengthen the wall of Babylon
48 I skilfully constructed.

49, 50 To Ninip the breaker of the sword of my foes
51 a temple in Borsippa I made;
52 and to the Lady Gula [4]
53 the beautifier of my person [5]
54 Bit-Gula, Bit-Tila, Bit-Ziba-Tila,
55 her three temples
56 in Borsippa I erected:
57 to the god Yav who confers
58 the fertilizing rain upon my land,
59, 60 his house (also) in Borsippa I strongly built:
61 to the Moon-god who upholds
62 the fulness of my prosperity
63 Bit-ti-Anna [6] as his temple,
64 on the mound near Bit-Ziba
65 I beautifully constructed:
66, 67 Imgur-Bel and Nimetti-Belkit

[4] In 1 Mich. iv. 5. Gula is said to be the wife of the southern sun.
[5] Or, "the favorer of my praises."
[6] The goddess Anna is identical with the Nana whose image was by her own command restored by Assurbanipal to the temple of Bit-Anna after an absence in Elam of 1,635 years. See Smith's "Assurb.," pp. 234, 235.

68 the great walls of Babylon,
69 . . .[7] I built,
70 which Nabopolassar
71 King, King of Babylon, the father who begat me;
72 had commenced but not completed their beauty

(*Continued on Column V.*)

COLUMN V

1 Its fosse he dug
2 and of two high embankments
3 in cement and brick
4 he finished the mass:
5, 6 an embankment for pathways he made,
7, 8 Buttresses of brick beyond the Euphrates
9, 10 he constructed, but did not complete:
11, 12 the rest from . . .[8]
13 the best of their lands I accumulated:
14 a place for sacrifice, as ornament,
15, 16 as far as Aibur-sabu[9] near Babylon
17 opposite the principal gate
18 with brick and *durmina-turda* stone
19 as a shrine of the great Lord, the god Merodach
20 I built as a house for processions.
21, 22 I his eldest son, the chosen of his heart,
23, 24 Imgur-Bel and Nimetti-Bel
25, 26 the great walls of Babylon, completed:
27 buttresses for the embankment of its fosse,
28 and two long embankments
29 with cement and brick I built, and
30 with the embankment my father had made
31, 32 I joined them; and to the city for protection
33, 34 I brought near an embankment of enclosure
35 beyond the river, westward.
36 The wall of Babylon
37, 38 I carried round Aibur-sabu
39 in the vicinity of Babylon:
40 for a shrine of the great Lord Merodach
41, 42 the whole enclosure I filled (with buildings)
43 with brick made of *kamina-turda* stone

[7] Lacuna. [8] Lacuna. [9] An ornamental piece of water near Babylon.

44 and brick of stone cut out of mountains.
45, 46 Aibur-sabu from the High gate,
47, 48 as far as Istar-Sakipat I made,
49, 50 for a shrine for his divinity I made good,
51 and with what my father had made
52, 53 I joined, and built it;
54, 55, 56 and the access to Istar-Sakipat I made,
57, 58 which is Imgur-Bel and Nimetti-Bel,
59 the great gates, the whole temple of the gods,
60, 61 in completeness near to Babylon
62 I brought down;
63, 64 the materials of those great gates
65 I put together and

(*Continued on Column VI.*)

COLUMN VI

1 their foundations opposite to the waters
2, 3 in cement and brick I founded,
4 and of strong stone of *zamat-hati*,
5 bulls and images,
6 the building of its interior
7 skilfully I constructed:
8, 9, 10 tall cedars for their porticos I arranged,
11 *ikki* wood, cedar wood,
12 with coverings of copper,
13 on domes and arches:
14, 15 work in bronze I overlaid substantially on its gates,
16, 17 bulls of strong bronze and molten images
18 for their thresholds, strongly.
19 Those large gates
20 for the admiration of multitudes of men
21 with wreathed work I filled:
22 the abode of Imzu-Bel
23 the invincible castle of Babylon,
24 which no previous King had effected,
25 4,000 cubits complete,
26 the walls of Babylon
27 whose banner is invincible,
28 as a high fortress by the ford of the rising sun,
29 I carried round Babylon.

30 Its fosse I dug and its mass
31 with cement and brick
32, 33 I reared up and a tall tower at its side
34 like a mountain I built.
35, 36 The great gates whose walls I constructed
37 with *ikki* and pine woods and coverings of copper
38 I overlaid them,
39 to keep off enemies from the front
40 of the wall of unconquered Babylon.
41, 42 Great waters like the might of the sea
43 I brought near in abundance
44 and their passing by
45 was like the passing by of the great billows
46 of the Western ocean:
47, 48 passages through them were none,
49, 50 but heaps of earth I heaped up,
51 and embankments of brickwork
52 I caused to be constructed.
53, 54 The fortresses I skilfully strengthened
55 and the city of Babylon
56 I fitted to be a treasure-city.
57 The handsome pile
58, 59 the fort of Borsippa I made anew:
60, 61 its fosse I dug out and in cement and brick
62 I reared up its mass
63 Nebuchadnezzar

(*Continued on Column VII.*)

COLUMN VII

1 King of Babylon
2 whom Merodach, the Sun, the great Lord,
3 for the holy places of his city
4 Babylon hath called, am I:
5 and Bit-Saggatu and Bit-Zida
6 like the radiance of the Sun I restored:
7 the fanes of the great gods
8 I completely brightened.
9 At former dates from the days of old
10 to the days . . .[10]

[10] Lacuna.

11 of Nabopolassar King of Babylon
12 the exalted father who begat me,
13 many a Prince who preceded me
14, 15 whose names El had proclaimed for royalty
16 for the city, my city, the festivals of these gods
17 in the perfected places
18 a princely temple, a large temple did they make
19 and erected it as their dwelling-places.
20, 21 Their spoils in the midst they accumulated,
22 they heaped up, and their treasures
23 for the festival Lilmuku
24 of the good Lord, Merodach god of gods
25 they transferred into the midst of Babylon;
26, 27 when at length Merodach who made me for royalty
28 and the god Nero his mighty son,
29 committed his people to me
30 as precious lives.
31 Highly have I exalted their cities;
32 (but) above Babylon and Borsippa
33 I have not added a city
34 in the realm of Babylonia
35 as a city of my lofty foundation.

36 A great temple, a house of admiration for men,
37, 38 a vast construction, a lofty pile,
39, 40 a palace of My Royalty for the land of Babylon,
41 in the midst of the city of Babylon
42, 43 from Imgur Bel to Libit-higal
44 the ford of the Sun-rise,
45 from the bank of the Euphrates
46 as far as Aibur-sabu
47 which Nabopolassar
48 King of Babylon the father who begat me
49, 50 made in brick and raised up in its midst,
51 but whose foundation was damaged
52 by waters and floods
53, 54 at Bit-Imli near Babylon,
55, 56 and the gates of that palace were thrown down,
57, 58 of this the structure with brickwork I repaired
59 with its foundation and boundary wall,

60 and a depth of waters I collected:
61, 62 then opposite the waters I laid its foundation
63 and with cement and brick

(*Continued on Column VIII.*)

COLUMN VIII

1, 2 I skilfully surrounded it;
3, 4 tall cedars for its porticos I fitted;
5, 6 *ikki* and cedar woods with layers of copper,
7 on domes and arches
8, 9 and with bronze work, I strongly overlaid its gates
10 with silver, gold, precious stones,
11, 12 whatsoever they call them, in heaps;
13 I valiantly collected spoils;
14 as an adornment of the house were they arranged,
15 and were collected within it;
16, 17 trophies, abundance, royal treasures,
18 I accumulated and gathered together.
19 As to the moving of My Royalty
20 to any other city,
21 there has not arisen a desire:
22 among any other people
23 no royal palace have I built:
24 the merchandise and treasures of my kingdom
25, 26, 27 I did not deposit within the provinces of Babylon:
28 a pile for my residence
29, 30 to grace My Royalty was not found:
31 Therefore with reverence for Merodach my Lord,
32, 33 the exterior and interior in Babylon
34 as his treasure city
35, 36 and for the elevation of the abode of My Royalty
37 his shrine I neglected not:
38 its weak parts which were not completed,
39 its compartments that were not remembered,
40 as a securely compacted edifice
41, 42 I dedicated and set up as a preparation for war
43, 44 by Imgur Bel, the fortress of invincible Babylon,
45 400 cubits in its completeness,
46 a wall of Nimitti-Bel
47 an outwork of Babylon

48, 49 for defence. Two lofty embankments,
50 in cement and brick,
51 a fortress like a mountain I made,
52 and in their sub-structure
53 I built a brickwork;
54 then on its summit a large edifice
55 for the residence of My Royalty
56, 57 with cement and brick I skilfully built
58 and brought it down by the side of the temple:
59 and in the exact middle, on the second day
60 its foundation in a solid depth
61, 62 I made good and its summit I carried round;
63 and on the 15th day its beauty

(*Continued on Column IX.*)

COLUMN IX

1 I skilfully completed
2 and exalted as an abode of Royalty.
3, 4 Tall pines, the produce of lofty mountains,
5 thick *asuhu* wood
6, 7 and *surman* wood in choice pillars
8 for its covered porticos I arranged.
9 *ikki* and *musritkanna* woods
10 cedar and *surman* woods
11 I brought forth, and in heaps,
12 with a surface of silver and gold
13 and with coverings of copper,
14, 15 on domes and arches, and with works of metal
16 its gates I strongly overlaid
17 and completely with *zamat*-stone
18 I finished off its top.
19, 20 A strong wall in cement and brick
21 like a mountain I carried round
22, 23 a wall, a brick fortress, a great fortress
24 with long blocks of stone
25, 26 gatherings from great lands I made
27, 28 and like hills I upraised its head.
29, 30 That house for admiration I caused to build
31 and for a banner to hosts of men:
32 with carved work I fitted it;

33 the strong power of reverence for
34 the presence of Royalty
35 environs its walls;
36, 37 the least thing not upright enters it not,
38 that evil may not make head.
39 The walls of the fortress of Babylon
40, 41 its defence in war I raised
42 and the circuit of the city of Babylon.
43, 44 I have strengthened skilfully.
45 To Merodach my Lord
46 my hand I lifted:
47 O Merodach the Lord, Chief of the gods,
48, 49 a surpassing Prince thou hast made me,
50 and empire over multitudes of men,
51, 52 hast intrusted to me as precious lives;
53 thy power have I extended on high,
54, 55 over Babylon thy city, before all mankind.
56 No city of the land have I exalted
57, 58 as was exalted the reverence of thy deity:
59 I caused it to rest: and may thy power
60, 61 bring its treasures abundantly to my land.
62 I, whether as King and embellisher,
63 am the rejoicer of thy heart
64 or whether as High Priest appointed,
65 embellishing all thy fortresses,

(*Continued on Column X.*)

COLUMN X

1, 2 For thy glory, O exalted Merodach
3 a house have I made.
4 May its greatness advance!
5 May its fulness increase!
6, 7 in its midst abundance may it acquire!
8 May its memorials be augmented!
9 May it receive within itself
10 the abundant tribute
11, 12 of the Kings of nations and of all peoples![1]
13, 14 From the West to the East by the rising sun

[1] Compare Dan. i. 2, "He brought the vessels into the treasure-house of his god."

15 may I have no foemen!
16 May they not be multiplied
17, 18 within, in the midst thereof, forever,
19 Over the dark races may he rule!

ACCADIAN POEM ON THE SEVEN EVIL SPIRITS

TRANSLATED BY REV. A. H. SAYCE, M.A.

THE following poem is one of the numerous bilingual texts, written in the original Accadian with an interlinear Assyrian translation, which have been brought from the library of Assur-bani-pal, at Kouyunjik. The seven evil spirits who are mentioned in it are elsewhere described as the seven storm-clouds or winds whose leader seems to have been the dragon Tiamat ("the deep") defeated by Bel-Merodach in the war of the gods. It was these seven storm-spirits who were supposed to attack the moon when it was eclipsed, as described in an Accadian poem translated by Mr. Fox Talbot in a previous volume of "Records of the Past." Here they are regarded as the allies of the incubus or nightmare. We may compare them with the Maruts or storm-gods of the Rig-Veda (see Max Müller, "Rig-Veda-Sanhita: the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans translated and explained," Vol. I). The author of the present poem seems to have been a native of the Babylonian city of Eridu, and his horizon was bounded by the mountains of Susiania, over whose summits the storms raged from time to time. A fragment of another poem relating to Eridu is appended, which seems to celebrate a temple similar to that recorded by Maimonides in which the Babylonian gods gathered round the image of the sun-god to lament the death of Tammuz.

A copy of the cuneiform text will be found in the "Cuneiform Inscrptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, pl. 15. M. Fr. Lenormant has translated a portion of it in "*La Magie chez les Chaldéens*," pp. 26, 27.

Accadian Poem on the Seven Evil Spirits

OBVERSE

1 (In) the earth their borders were taken, and that god[1] came not forth.
2 From the earth he came not forth, (and) their power was baneful.
3 The heaven like a vault they extended and that which had no exit they opened.[2]
4 Among the stars of heaven their watch they kept not, in watching (was) their office.
5 The mighty hero[3] to heaven they exalted, and his father he knew not.[4]
6 The Fire-god on high, the supreme, the first-born, the mighty, the divider of the supreme crown of Anu!
7 The Fire-god the light that exalts him with himself he exalts.
8 Baleful (are) those seven, destroyers.
9 For his ministers in his dwelling he chooses (them).
10 O Fire-god, those seven how were they born, how grew they up?
11 Those seven in the mountain of the sunset were born.
12 Those seven in the mountain of the sunrise grew up.
13 In the hollows of the earth have they their dwelling.
14 On the high-places of the earth are they proclaimed.
15 As for them in heaven and earth immense (is) their habitation.
16 Among the gods their couch they have not.
17 Their name in heaven (and) earth exists not.
18 Seven they are: in the mountain of the sunset do they rise.
19 Seven they are: in the mountain of the sunrise did they set.
20 Into the hollows of the earth do they penetrate.[5]
21 On the high places of the earth did they ascend.
22 As for them, goods they have not, in heaven and earth they are not known.[6]

[1] That is, the god of fire.
[2] The Assyrian has, "Unto heaven that which was not seen they raised."
[3] The Assyrian adds, "the first-born supreme."
[4] In the Accadian text, "they knew not."
[5] In the Accadian, "cause the foot to dwell."
[6] In the Assyrian, "learned."

OBVERSE

23 Unto Merodach [7] draw near, and this word may he say unto thee.[8]
24 Of those baleful seven, as many as he sets before thee, their might may he give thee,
25 according to the command of his blessed mouth, (he who is) the supreme judge of Anu.
26 The Fire-god unto Merodach draws near, and this word he saith unto thee.
27 In the pavilion, the resting-place of might, this word he hears, and
28 to his father Hea [9] to his house he descends, and speaks:
29 O my father, the Fire-god unto the rising of the sun has penetrated, and these secret words has uttered.
30 Learning the story of those seven, their places grant thou to another.
31 Enlarge the ears, O son of Eridu.[10]
32 Hea his son Merodach answered:
33 My son, those seven dwell in earth;
34 those seven from the earth have issued.

REVERSE

35 Those seven in the earth were born,
36 those seven in the earth grew up.
37 The forces of the deep for war [1] have drawn near.
38 Go, my son Merodach!
39 (for) the laurel, the baleful tree that breaks in pieces the incubi,
40 the name whereof Hea remembers in his heart.
41 In the mighty enclosure, the girdle of Eridu which is to be praised,
42 to roof and foundation may the fire ascend and to (work) evil may those seven never draw near.
43 Like a broad scimitar in a broad place bid (thine) hand rest; and
44 In circling fire by night and by day [2] on the (sick) man's head may it abide.

[7] In the Accadian text, Merodach, the mediator and protector of mankind, is called "protector of the covenant."
[8] That is, the fire-god.
[9] Hea, the god of the waters, was the father of Merodach, the sun-god.
[10] "Eridu," the "Rata" of Ptolemy, was near the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, on the Arabian side of the river. It was one of the oldest cities of Chaldea.
[1] Literally, "warlike expedition."
[2] In the Accadian, "day (and) night."

45 At night mingle the potion and at dawn in his hand let him raise (it).
46 In the night a precept [3] in a holy book,[4] in bed, on the sick man's head let them place.[5]
47 The hero (Merodach) unto his warriors sends:
48 Let the Fire-god seize on the incubus.
49 Those baleful seven may he remove and their bodies may he bind.
50 During the day the sickness (caused by) the incubus (let him) overcome.
51 May the Fire-god bring back the mighty powers to their foundations.
52 May Nin-ci-gal [6] the wife of (Hea) establish before her the *bile* (of the man).
53 Burn up the sickness [7] . . .
54 May Nin-akha-kuddu [8] seize upon his body and abide upon his head,
55 according to the word of Nin-akha-kuddu,
56 (in) the enclosure of Eridu.
57 (In) the mighty girdle of the deep and of Eridu may she remember his return (to health).
58 In (her) great watch may she keep (away) the incubus supreme among the gods (that is) upon his head, and in the night may she watch him.
59 (By) night and day to the prospering hands of the Sun-god may she intrust him.

Conclusion.

60 (In) Eridu a dark pine grew, in a holy place it was planted.
61 Its (crown) was white crystal which toward the deep spread.
62 The . . .[9] of Hea (was) its pasturage in Eridu, a canal full (of waters).
63 Its seat (was) the (central) place of this earth.[10]
64 Its shrine (was) the couch of mother Zicum.[1]

[3] "Masal" (mashal), as in Hebrew, "a proverb."
[4] Literally, "tablet."
[5] It is evident that the poem was to be used as a charm in case of sickness. Compare the phylacteries of the Jews.
[6] "Nin-ci-gal" ("the Lady of the Mighty Country") was Queen of Hades, and identified with Gula, or Bahu (the "chaos" ["bohu"] of Gen. i. 2), "the Lady of the House of Death."
[7] In the Accadian, "the sick head (and) sick heart." Then follows a lacuna.
[8] Apparently another name of Nin-ci-gal.
[9] Lacuna.
[10] Compare the Greek idea of Delphi as the central ὀμφαλός or "navel" of the earth.
[1] Zicum, or Zigara, was the primeval goddess, "the mother of Anu and the gods."

65 The . . .[2] of its holy house like a forest spread its shade;
there (was) none who within entered not.
66 (It was the seat) of the mighty the mother, begetter of Anu.[3]
67 Within it (also was) Tammuz.[4]

(Of the two next and last lines only the last word, "the universe," remains.)

Charm for Averting the Seven Evil Spirits

For the sake of completeness a charm for averting the attack of the seven evil spirits or storm-clouds may be added here, though the larger part of it has already been translated by Mr. Fox Talbot in "Records of the Past," Vol. III, p. 143. It forms part of the great collection of magical *formulæ*, and is lithographed in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, pl. 2, col. v, lines 30-60.

1 Seven (are) they, seven (are) they!
2 In the channel of the deep seven (are) they!
3 (In) the radiance of heaven seven (are) they!
4 In the channel of the deep in a palace grew they up.
5 Male they (are) not, female they (are) not.[5]
6 (In) the midst of the deep (are) their paths.
7 Wife they have not, son they have not.
8 Order (and) kindness know they not.
9 Prayer (and) supplication hear they not.
10 The *cavern* in the mountain they enter.
11 Unto Hea (are) they hostile.
12 The throne-bearers of the gods (are) they.
13 Disturbing the *lily* in the torrents are they set.
14 Baleful (are) they, baleful (are) they.
15 Seven (are) they, seven (are) they, seven twice again (are) they.
16 May the spirits of heaven remember, may the spirits of earth remember.

[2] Lacuna.
[3] That is, of Zicum.
[4] Tammuz, called "Du-zi" ("the [only] son") in Accadian, was a form of the sun-god. His death through the darkness of winter caused Istar to descend into Hades in search of him.
[5] The Accadian text, "Female they are not, male they are not." This order is in accordance with the position held by the woman in Accad; in the Accadian Table of Laws, for instance, translated in "Records of the Past," vol. iii. p. 23, the denial of the father by the son is punished very leniently in comparison with the denial of the mother.

CHALDEAN HYMNS TO THE SUN

TRANSLATED BY FRANÇOIS LENORMANT

THE sun-god, called in the Accadian *Utu* and *Parra* (the latter is of less frequent occurrence), and in the Semitic Assyrian *Samas*, held a less important rank in the divine hierarchy of the Chaldaic-Babylonian pantheon, afterward adopted by the Assyrians, than the moon-god (in the Accadian *Aku, Enizuna,* and *Huru-kî;* in the Assyrian *Sin*), who was even sometimes said to be his father. His principal and most common title was "Judge of Heaven and Earth," in the Accadian *dikud ana kîa,* in the Assyrian *dainu sa same u irtsiti.* The most important sanctuaries of the deity were at Larsam, in southern Chaldæa, and Sippara, in the north of Babylonia.

Some few fragments of liturgical or magical hymns addressed to Shamas have come down to us. These are five in number, and I give a translation of them here. They have all been studied previously by other Assyriologists, but I think the present interpretation of them is superior to any which has as yet been furnished.

The following are the chief bibliographical data concerning them:

I. The primitive Accadian text, accompanied by an interlinear Assyrian version published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, pl. 20, No. 2. I put forth a first attempt at a translation in my "*Magie chez les Chaldéens*" (p. 165), and since then M. Friedrich Delitzsch has given a much better explanation of it ("*G. Smith's Chaldäische Genesis,*" p. 284). Of this hymn we possess only the first five lines.

II. The primitive Accadian text, with an interlinear Assyrian version, is published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, pl. 19, No. 2. M. Delitzsch has given a German translation of it in "*G. Smith's Chaldäische Genesis,*" p. 284, and a revised one in English has just appeared in Prof. Sayce's "Lectures upon Babylonian Literature," p. 43.

III. A similar sacred text, published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, pl. 28, No. 1, in which

the indications as to the obverse and reverse of the tablet are incorrect and ought to be altered. The two fragments left to us, separated by a gap, the extent of which it is at present impossible to estimate, belong to an incantatory hymn destined to effect the cure of the king's disease. Interpretations have been attempted in my "Premières Civilisations" (Vol. II, p. 165 *et seq.*), and in the appendices added by M. Friedrich Delitzsch to his German translation of G. Smith's work, already cited.

IV. The primitive Accadian text with an interlinear Assyrian version, published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, pl. 17, col. 1. This hymn, like the preceding one, is intended to be recited by the priest of magic in order to cure the invalid king. I gave a very imperfect translation of it in my "*Magie chez les Chaldéens*" (p. 166).

V. We possess only the Semitic Assyrian version of this text; it was published in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, pl. 17, col. 2. As yet, no one has produced a complete translation of this hymn; but a few passages have been quoted by M. Friedrich Delitzsch ("*G. Smith's Chaldäische Genesis*," p. 284) and myself ("*La Magie chez les Chaldéens*," p. 164, and pp. 179, 180, of the English edition, 1877).

I refer the reader to the various publications above mentioned for a convincing proof of the entirely revised character of the translations here submitted to him, and I think he will grant that I have made some progress in this branch of knowledge, since my first attempts many years ago.

Chaldean Hymns to the Sun

first hymn

1 Magical incantation.
2 Sun, from the foundations of heaven thou art risen;
3 thou hast unfastened the bolts of the shining skies;
4 thou hast opened the door of heaven.
5 Sun, above the countries thou hast raised thy head.
6 Sun, thou hast covered the immensity of the heavens and the terrestrial countries.

(The fragments of the four following lines are too mutilated to furnish any connected sense; all the rest of the hymn is entirely wanting.)

SECOND HYMN [1]

1 Lord, illuminator of the darkness, who piercest the face of darkness,
2 merciful god, who settest up those that are bowed down, who sustainest the weak,
3 toward the light the great gods direct their glances,
4 the archangels of the abyss,[2] every one of them, contemplate eagerly thy face.
5 The language of praise,[3] as one word, thou directest it.
6 The host of their heads seeks the light of the Sun in the South.[4]
7 Like a bridegroom thou restest joyful and gracious.[5]
8 In thy illumination thou dost reach afar to the boundaries of heaven.[6]
9 Thou art the banner of the vast earth.
10 O God! the men who dwell afar off contemplate thee and rejoice.
11 The great gods fix . . .[7]
12 Nourisher of the luminous heavens, who favorest . . .[8]
13 He who has not turned his hands (toward thee . . .[8]
14 . . .[8]

THIRD HYMN

1 Thou who marchest before . . .[8]
2 With Anu and Bel . . .[8]
3 The support of crowds of men, direct them!
4 He who rules in heaven, he who arranges, is thyself.
5 He who establishes truth in the thoughts of the nations, is thyself.
6 Thou knowest the truth, thou knowest what is false.
7 Sun, justice has raised its head;

[1] See also Lenormant, "Chaldean Magic," p. 180.
[2] In the Assyrian version, "The archangels of the earth."
[3] In the Assyrian version, "The eager language."
[4] The Assyrian version has simply, "of the sun."
[5] "Like a wife thou submittest thyself, cheerful and kindly."—Sayce.
[6] In the Assyrian version, "Thou art the illuminator of the limits of the distant heavens."
[7] Here occurs a word which I cannot yet make out.
[8] Lacunæ.

8 Sun, falsehood, like envy, has spoken calumny.
9 Sun, the servant of Anu and Bel [9] is thyself;
10 Sun, the supreme judge of heaven and earth is thyself.
11 Sun, . . .

(In this place occurs the gap between the two fragments on the obverse and on the reverse of the tablet.)

12 Sun, the supreme judge of the countries, is thyself.
13 The Lord of living beings, the one merciful to the countries, is thyself.
14 Sun, illuminate this day the King, son of his god,[10] make him shine!
15 Everything that is working evil in his body, may that be driven elsewhere.
16 Like a cruse of . . .[1] purify him!
17 Like a cruse of milk, make him flow!
18 May it flow like molten bronze!
19 Deliver him from his infirmity!
20 Then, when he revives, may thy sublimity direct him!
21 And me, the magician, thy obedient servant, direct me!

FOURTH HYMN

1 Great Lord, from the midst of the shining heavens at thy rising,
2 valiant hero, Sun, from the midst of the shining heavens, at thy rising,
3 in the bolts of the shining heavens, in the entrance which opens heaven, at thy rising
4 in the bar of the door of the shining heavens, in . . .[2] at thy rising,
5 in the great door of the shining heavens, when thou openest it.
6 in the highest (summits) of the shining heavens, at the time of thy rapid course,
7 the celestial archangels with respect and joy press around thee;

[9] In the Accadian, "Ana and Mulge."
[10] Meaning the pious king.
[1] Here follows an incomprehensible word.
[2] Lacuna.

8 the servants of the Lady of crowns [3] lead thee in a festive manner;
9 the . . .[4] for the repose of thy heart fix thy days;
10 the multitudes of the crowds on the earth turn their eyes often toward thee;
11 the Spirits of heaven and earth lead thee.
12 The . . .[4] thou crushest them with thy strength,
13 . . .[4] thou discoverest them,
14 . . .[4] thou causest to seize,
15 . . .[4] thou directest.

(I am obliged here to pass over five lines which are too mutilated for me to attempt to translate them with any degree of certainty.)

21 The Lord, as to me, has sent me;
22 the great god, Hea, as to me, has sent me.[5]
23 Settle what has reference to him,[6] teach the order which concerns him, decide the question relating to him.
24 Thou, in thy course thou directest the human race;
25 cast upon him a ray of peace, and let it cure his suffering.
26 The man, son of his god,[7] has laid before thee his shortcomings and his transgressions;
27 his feet and his hands are in pain, grievously defiled by disease.
28 Sun, to the lifting up of my hands pay attention;
29 eat his food, receive the victim, give his god (for a support) to his hand!
30 By his order let his shortcomings be pardoned! let his transgressions be blotted out!
31 May his trouble leave him! may he recover from his disease!
32 Give back life to the King! [8]
33 Then, on the day that he revives, may thy sublimity envelop him!
34 Direct the King who is in subjection to thee!
35 And me, the magician, thy humble servant, direct me!

[3] In the Assyrian version, "of the Lady of the gods."
[4] Lacunæ.
[5] There is no Assyrian version of this line; we have only the Accadian.
[6] The invalid on behalf of whom the invocation is recited.
[7] The pious man.
[8] From this verse onward the Assyrian version is wanting.

FIFTH HYMN [9]

1 Magical incantation.
2 I have invoked thee, O Sun, in the midst of the high heavens.
3 Thou art in the shadow of the cedar, and
4 thy feet rest on the summits.
5 The countries have called thee eagerly, they have directed their looks toward thee, O Friend;
6 thy brilliant light illuminates every land,
7 overthrowing all that impedes thee, assemble the countries,
8 for thou, O Sun, knowest their boundaries.
9 Thou who annihilatest falsehood, who dissipatest the evil influence
10 of wonders, omens, sorceries, dreams, evil apparitions,
11 who turnest to a happy issue malicious designs, who annihilatest men and countries
12 that devote themselves to fatal sorceries, I have taken refuge in thy presence.
13 . . .[10]
14 Do not allow those who make spells, and are hardened, to arise;
15 Frighten their heart . . .[1]
16 Settle also, O Sun, light of the great gods.
17 Right into my marrow, O Lords of breath, that I may rejoice, even I.
18 May the gods who have created me take my hands!
19 Direct the breath of my mouth! my hands
20 direct them also, Lord, light of the legions of the heavens, Sun, O Judge!
21 The day, the month, the year . . .[1]
22 . . .[1] conjure the spell!
23 . . .[1] deliver from the infirmity!

[9] Cf. also "Chaldean Magic," pp. 285, 286.

[10] Here I am obliged to omit a line, which I cannot yet make out.

[1] Lacunæ.

TWO ACCADIAN HYMNS

TRANSLATED BY REV. A. H. SAYCE, M.A.

THE two following hymns, both of which are unfortunately mutilated, are interesting from their subject-matter. The first is addressed to the sun-god Tammuz, the husband of Istar, slain by the boar's tusk of winter, and sought by the goddess in the underground world. It is this visit which is described in the mythological poem known as the "Descent of Istar into Hades" ("Records of the Past," Vol. I, p. 143). The myth of Tammuz and Istar passed, through the Phœnicians, to the Greeks, among whom Adonis and Aphrodite represent the personages of the ancient Accadian legend. Tammuz is referred to in Ezek. viii. 14. (See "Records of the Past," Vol. IX, p. 147.) The second hymn treats of the world-mountain, the Atlas of the Greeks, which supports the heaven with its stars, and is rooted in Hades. Under its other name, "Kharsak-kurra," or "Mountain of the East," it was identified with the present Mount Elwend, and was regarded as the spot where the ark had rested, and where the gods had their seat. A reference is made to it in Isa. xiv. 13. Both hymns illustrate the imagery and metaphor out of which grew the mythology of primeval Babylonia, and offer curious parallels to the Aryan hymns of the Rig-Veda. The cuneiform texts are lithographed in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. IV, 27, 1, 2.

TWO ACCADIAN HYMNS

I

1 O shepherd,[1] Lord Tammuz, Bridegroom[2] of Istar!
2 Lord of Hades, Lord of Tul-Sukhba!
3 *Understanding* one, who among the papyri the water drinks not!
4 His brood in the desert, even the reed, he created not.[3]

[1] The early Accadian kings frequently call themselves "shepherds." According to Berosus, Alorus, the first antediluvian king of Babylonia, gave himself the same title. Compare the Homeric ποιμὴν λαῶν.

[2] "Khamir," literally "red" or "blushing one," in reference to the glow of the setting sun.

[3] Or, "was not green."

5 Its bulrush in his canal he lifted not up.
6 The roots of the bulrush were carried away.
7 O god of the world, who among the papyri the water drinks not!

. . . . . .[4]

II

1 O mighty mountain of Bel, Im-kharsak,[5] whose head rivals heaven, whose root (is) the holy deep!
2 Among the mountains, like a strong wild bull, it lieth down.
3 Its horn like the brilliance of the sun is bright.
4 Like the star of heaven[6] it is a prophet and is filled with sheen.
5 O mighty mother of Beltis, daughter of Bit-Esir: splendor of Bit-kurra,[7] appointment of Bit-Gigune, handmaid of Bit-Cigusurra![8]

. . . . . .[9]

ACCADIAN PROVERBS AND SONGS

Translated by Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A.

THE following is a selection from an interesting collection of Accadian songs and proverbs, given in a mutilated reading-book of the ancient language which was compiled for the use of Assyrian (or rather Semitic Babylonian) students. These sentences were drawn up at a time when it was necessary for the scribes to be familiar with the old language of Accad, and to be able to translate it into Assyrian, and hence these phrases are of very great philological value, since they indicate often analogous words and various verbal forms. The Assyrian translation and the Accadian texts are arranged in parallel columns. Some of the proverbs must be taken from an agricultural treatise of the same nature as the "Works and Days" of Hesiod. Copies of the texts will be found in the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," Vol. II, 15, 16.

[4] Lacuna.
[5] "Wind of the mountain."
[6] That is, Dilbat, "the prophet," or Venus, the morning-star.
[7] "The temple of the East."
[8] "The temple of the land of forests."
[9] Lacuna.

Accadian Proverbs

1 Door and bolt are made fast.
2 Oracle to oracle: to the oracle it is brought.[1]
3 The cut beam he strikes: the strong beam he shapes.
4 The resting-place of the field which (is) in the house he will establish.
5 Within the court of the house he feels himself small.
6 A heap of witnesses [2] as his foundation he has made strong.
7 Once and twice he has made gains;[3] yet he is not content.
8 By himself he dug and wrought.[4]
9 For silver his resting-place he shall buy.
10 On his heap of bricks a building he builds not, a beam he set not up.
11 A house like his own house one man to another consigns.
12 If the house he contracts for he does not complete, 10 shekels of silver he pays.
13 The joists of his wall he plasters.
14 In the month Marchesvan,[5] the 30th day (let him choose) for removal.
15 (Let him choose it, too,) for the burning of weeds.
16 The tenant of the farm two-thirds of the produce on his own head to the master of the orchard pays out.

Accadian Songs

26 (If) evil
thou hast done,
(to) the sea forever
. . .[6] thou goest.
23 My *city* bless:
among my men
fully prosper me.
26 Bless everything;
and to (my) dress be favorable.

[1] That is, "compared."
[2] Accadian "izzi ribanna," Assyrian "igar kasritu" ("heap of covenant"), like the Hebrew "Galeed," Aramaic "Yegar-sahadutha" (Gen. xxxi. 47).
[3] That is, "the more a man has, the more he wants."
[4] That is, "if you want a thing done, do it yourself."
[5] October.
[6] Lacuna.

28 Before the oxen as they march
in the grain thou liest down.

30 My knees are marching,
my feet are not resting:
with no wealth of thine own,
grain thou begettest for me.

34 A heifer am I;
to the cow I am yoked:
the plough-handle is strong;
lift it up, lift it up!

53 May he perform vengeance:
may he return also
(to him) who gives.

55 The marsh as though it were not he passes;[7]
the slain as though they were not . . .[8] he makes good.

57 To the waters their god[9]
has returned:
to the house of bright things
he descended (as) an icicle:
(on) a seat of snow
he grew not old in wisdom.
. . . . . .[8]

10 Like an oven
(which is) old
against thy foes
be hard.

15 Thou wentest, thou spoiledst
the land of the foe;
(for) he went, he spoiled
thy land, (even) the foe.

[7] I have translated this line from the Accadian, the Assyrian text being wanting, and the words "a recent lacuna" being written instead. This makes it clear that the scribe who copied the tablet for Assur-bani-pal's library did not understand Accadian and could not therefore supply the translation.

[8] Lacunæ.

[9] This seems to be quoted from a hymn describing the return of Oannes to the Persian Gulf.

18 Kingship
in its going forth
(is) like a *royal robe*(?)

19 Into the river thou plungest, and
thy water (is) swollen
at the time:[10]
into the orchard thou plungest, and
thy fruit
(is) bitter.

34 The corn (is) high,
it is flourishing;
how
is it known?
The corn (is) bearded,
it is flourishing;
how
is it known?

42 The fruit of death
may the man eat,
(and yet) the fruit of life
may he achieve.

BABYLONIAN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS CONCERNING PRIVATE PERSONS

EDITED BY MM. OPPERT AND MENANT

THESE translations are taken from a French work published by Dr. Oppert and M. Ménant;[1] the versions have been revised, in some essential points, for the "Records of the Past," by Dr. Oppert, who holds himself personally responsible for the exact representation of the sense of these documents; but on account of the unusual difficulty of these texts, the reader may easily be convinced that for a long time yet, and particularly in details of minor importance, there will remain room enough for a conscientious improvement of all previous translations.

[10] See "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia," vol. i. 25, 10.

[1] The title of the work is "Documents juridiques de l'Assyrie et de la Chaldée," par J. Oppert et J. Ménant, Paris, 1877.

BABYLONIAN PRIVATE CONTRACTS

The Stone of Za'aleh

This document, engraved on a small broken slab of basalt, is dated from the first year of the reign of Marduk-idin-akhe. It was discovered long ago in the small mound of Za'aleh, on the left bank of the Euphrates, a few miles northwest of Babylon. The text forms two columns of cursive Babylonian characters; the first column is extremely damaged. Though defaced, this contract offers some interest by its differing from other documents of the aforesaid reign. It has been published in the first volume of the collection of the British Museum ("W. A. I.," pl. 66), and translated for the first time by Dr. Oppert, "*Expédition en Mésopotamie*," t. i, p. 253.

COLUMN I

Covenant which in the town of Babylon, in the month Sebat, in the first year of Marduk-idin-akhe, the mighty King, the men of M . . . , have agreed:

The waters of the river . . . ,[2] and the waters of the canals did not go through . . .[3]

COLUMN II

. . . [2] and all the streams which exist at the mouth of the river Salmani. Therefore, Aradsu, son of Erisnunak, has agreed to (aforesaid things) for the times to come, in giving his signature to this tablet.

Bit-Karra-basa, son of Hea-habal-idin, Governor of the town of Isin; Babilayu, son of Sin-mustesir, Chief; Malik-akh-idinna, son of Nigazi, Chief of the *ru-bar;*[4] Ṭab-asap-Marduk, son of Ina-e-saggatu-irbu, a Scribe; Zikar-Nana, son of . . .[2] Bin, *sabil;* Nabu-mumaddid-zir, a servant, son of Zikar-Ea, a Governor; and Nabu-idin-akhe, son of Namri, have fixed it in the furnitures of the house.

In the town of Babylon, on the 30th of Sebat (January), in the first year of Marduk-idin-akhe, the mighty King.

The Masters of the Royal Seal have granted approbation.

[2] Lacuna. [3] Lacuna of several lines. [4] Unknown dignity.

The Paris Michaux Stone

This monument is so called from the name of the traveller by whom it was brought over to France in 1800. It was discovered near the Tigris, not far from the ruins of the ancient city of Ctesiphon. It is an ovoid basalt stone of seventeen inches in height, by twenty-four in circumference. The upper part is decorated with symbolical figures spread over nearly one-third of the monument; one of the sides is divided in two parts. At the top the moon crescent and the sun are represented; in a somewhat lower place there are four altars; two on the right support tiaras; the other two are adorned with two symbolical figures. In the middle a winged goat kneeling; the lower part of the animal is hidden by the image of another altar. The second part contains two altars; one of them bears a sort of arrow-head which for a long time has been taken for the symbol of the Cuneiform writing, because it resembles the element of these characters. On the other part there is a triangular symbol, then, between both altars, two kneeling monsters; only the fore part of their body is visible. On the left behind the altar there is to be seen a symbolical figure preceding a downward pointed arrow. On the back side of the monument there is a scorpion, a bird roosting. On the ground there is a bird, on the head of which is to be seen an unknown symbol composed of two other monsters, one bears a bird's head, and the other has a hideous horned face; the rest of the body is wrapped up in a sort of sheath; opposite to which a dog kneeling. The top of the stone is bordered with an immense snake; its tail extends into the very inscriptions, its head touches the head of the dog. On each side of the monument in its lower part, there are two columns of cuneiform texts, which contain altogether ninety-five lines.

This monument is now kept since 1801 in the "*Cabinet des Médailles*" at Paris (No. 702). Since that epoch it has always attracted the attention of scholars; it was published by M. Millin in 1802, "*Monuments inédits*," t. I, pl. viii, ix. Münter first attempted to explain the symbolical figures ("*Religion der Babylonier*," p. 102, pl. 111). Sir Henry Rawlinson has also published the inscription again, in "W. A. I.," Vol. I, p. 70. The sense of this text has been fixed for the first time, in 1856,

by M. Oppert's translation in the "*Bulletin Archéologique de l'Athénéum Français.*" After this translation, Mr. Fox Talbot gave one in 1861, in the "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society," Vol. XVIII, p. 54.

COLUMN I

20 hin of corn is the quantity for seeding an *arura*.[5] The field is situated near the town of Kar-Nabu, on the bank of the river Mekaldan, depending of the property of Kilnamandu.

The field is measured as follows:[6] Three stades in length toward the East, in the direction of the town of Bagdad; three stades in length toward the West, adjoining the house of Tunamissah; 1 stade 50 fathoms[7] in breadth toward the North, adjoining the property of Kilnamandu; 1 stade 50 fathoms up in the South, adjoining the property of Kilnamandu.

Sirusur, son of Kilnamandu, gave it for all future days to Dur-Sarginaiti, his daughter, the bride[8] of Tab-asap-Marduk, son of Ina-e-saggatu-irbu (the pretended), who wrote this; and Tab-asap-Marduk, son of Ina-e-saggatu-irbu, who wrote this in order to perpetuate without interruption the memory of this gift, and commemorated on this stone the will of the great gods and the god Serah.

COLUMN II

Whosoever in the process of time, among the brothers, the sons, the family, the men and women, the servants both male and female, of the house of Kilnamandu, either a foreigner, or a guest, or whosoever he may be (or anyone else), who will destroy this field, who will venture to take away the boundary-stone, or will vindicate it: whether he consecrate this field to a god, or earn it for his superior, or claim it for himself, or

[5] Or the great U, namely, of the field in question.

[6] Dr. Oppert's first translation of this passage, which is to be found in almost all documents of this kind, has been corrected in "L'Etalon des mesures assyriennes," p. 42. The field of Kilnamandu was a rectangle of 1 5-6 stades in breadth and 3 stades long, viz., 5½ square stades, amounting to 19.64 hectares, or 48½ English acres. The Stone of Michaux is the only one which affords a valuation of the land.

The arura (great U) is valued at 88 hectares, 207 acres in the Babylonian system; a hin is almost 3 litres, or 5 pints and a quarter; 20 hins, therefore, are somewhat more than 13 gallons. The fertility of the Babylonian soil was renowned in antiquity. See Herodotus i. 193.

[7] A fathom, 10 1-3 feet, is the sixtieth part of a stade, 620 feet.

[8] This word is explained in a syllabary copied by Dr. Oppert in 1855, but which has never been published. The three signs of the ideogram ("Bit-gigunu-a") are rendered by "kallatu" ("a bride"), and this very important statement put the translator on the track of the right interpretation.

change the extent, the surface, or the limits, that he reaps new harvests (crops); or who will say of the field with its measures, "There is no granter;" whether he call forth malediction and hostility on the tablets; or establish on it anyone other who change these curses, in swearing: "The head is not the head;" and in asserting: There is no evil eye;[9] whosoever will carry elsewhere those tablets; or will throw them into the water; will bury them in the earth; will hide them under stones; will burn them with fire, will alter what is written on them, will confine them into a place where they might not be seen; that man shall be cursed:

May the gods Anu, El, Hea, the Great Goddess, the great gods, inflict upon him the utmost contumely, extirpate his name, annihilate his family.

May Marduk, the great Lord of eternity without end, bind him in fetters which cannot be broken.

May Samas, the great Judge of heaven and earth, judge his unpunished misdeeds, and surprise him in flagrant deeds.

May Sin, the brilliant (*Nannar*), who dwells in the sacred heavens, clothe him in leprosy as in a garment, and give him up to the wild beasts that wander in the outsides of the town.

May Istar, the Queen of heaven and earth, carry him off, and deliver him for avenge to the god and the king.

May Ninip, son of the zenith, son of El the sublime, take away his lands, funds, and limits.

May Gula, the great Queen, the wife of Ninip, infilter into his bowels a poison which cannot be pushed out, and may he void blood and pus like water.

May Bin, the great Guardian of heaven and earth, the son of the warrior Anu, inundate his field.

May Serah destroy his firstborn; may he torture his flesh, and load his feet with chains.

May Nabu, the supreme Watcher, strike him with misfortune and ruin, and blast his happiness that he not obtain it, in the wrath of his face.

May all the great gods whose names are recorded on this tablet, curse him with irrevocable malediction, and scatter his race even to the last days.

[9] This seems to be a usual formula.

Contract Concerning the House of Ada

(This monument is equally engraved on a black basalt stone; it offers the same arrangement as the stone of Michaux. The analogous documents show that numerous inaccuracies have been committed.

In the upper part there occur the same altars, tiaras, birds, as well as the above-mentioned goat, dog, scorpion, and snake. The surface of the basso-relievo is also covered with Cuneiform writing.

The inscriptions are arranged in four columns, and take both sides of the monument. The first column originally finished at the 30th line; it seems to have been completed by four lines, which contain one of the essential articles of the contract, but which evidently are not in their right place, and had been actually forgotten in the original engraving.

On the margins and the bassso-relievo many additions and repetitions are to be read, which also prove the engraver's carelessness or precipitation.)

20 hins [1] of corn are sufficient to seed an *arura*,[2] a field in the land of Zunire,[3] on the bank of the river Zirzirri, belonging to the house of Ada.

Marduk-idin-akhe, King of Babylon, has thus sentenced according to the laws of the country of Assur. Bin-zir-basa, his Minister, has favored Marduk-ilusu, son of Ina-e-saggatu-irbu,[4] who has written this to the King of Babylon: I say, He has loaded me with favors, and I proclaim that this rating has been made according to the epha [5] of the King of Babylon.

20 hin of corn are sufficient to seed an *arura*. Bin-zir-basa, the Lieutenant (of the King) has invested him with it, and (the measurer of lands) has thus measured it for the time to come.

In the length [6] above toward the North, turned to the river

[1] Twenty hins are equal to 60 litres, 13¼ gallons.

[2] Great U, the standard agrarian measure.

[3] The country is unknown; the river Zirzirri is also mentioned elsewhere.

[4] This name signifies, "In the Pyramid he will increase."

[5] The valuations of the estates are made by the quantity of corn required to seed them, as it is the case in rabbinical literature, where the unity is a beth-sea, or the surface seeded by a sea. Therefore the epha of the king (royal epha) is quite in its place: the epha is varying from 32 to 36 pints.

The text itself states the royal endowment of a perhaps conquered land.

[6] There is no valuation of the field. An error crept into the French transliteration; "us" is not "a stade," but the word "length."

Zirzirri, adjoining the house of Ada, and the field of the house of the Satraps. In the length below, toward the South of the river Atab-du-Istar, adjoining the house of Ada. In breadth above toward the East, adjoining the limits of Bit-ulbar. In breadth below toward the West, adjoining the house of Ada.

According to the law of Marduk-idin-akhe, King of Babylon, servant of the gods of the City of the eternal fire,[7] it was so measured by Bel-zir-kini, son of Zikar-Istar, the measurer of the field.

In the town of Dindu, in the month of Tebet, on the 28th day (December) in the 10th year of Marduk-idin-akhe, King of Babylon.

In the presence of Bet-ulbar-sakimu, son of Bazi, Chief of the *ru-bar* of the countries;
in the presence of Babilai, son of Sin-mustesir,[8] Chief of the head Rulers of the country;
in the presence of Hea-Kudurri-ibni, son of Zikar-Ea, Governor of the provinces;
in the presence of Bel-nasir-habal, son of the Chief of the *rubar* of the orders in the provinces;
in the presence of Takisa-belit, son of Riu-simti;
in the presence of Uballitsu, son of Karistiya-napasti;
in the presence of Bel-idin-akh, son of Suti;
in the presence of Sukamuna[9]-idin, son of Meliharbat;
in the presence of Isu-il, son of Habliya;
in the presence of Bel-akhesu, son of Meliharbat;
in the presence of Nis-bet-ulbar, son of Ulamhala;
in the presence of Sumidu, son of Marduk-kabuya, Prefect of the house of Ada;
in the presence of E-saggatu-bunuya, *hazan*[10] of the house of Ada;
in the presence of Babrabtatutai, son of Sar-Babil-Assur-issi;
in the presence of Sadu-rabu-kabuya, Judge;
in the presence of Marduk-nasir, son of Gamilu.

[7] This is the city generally read "Agade."
[8] Person already mentioned in the Za-aleh Stone.
[9] The god Sukamanu occurs elsewhere.
[10] The "hazan" seems to be a superintendent.

COLUMN III

Whoever in the process of time, among the brothers, the sons, among the near relations, the allies of the family of the house of Ada, would claim this land, would nourish against it bad designs, or would suggest them; whoever would utter these words, "There is no giver," who would say, "There is no sealer," or whosoever will say, "I deny that there is a master of the house of Ada, that there is a Chief in the house of Ada; that there is a *hazan* of the house of Ada; or that there is either a speculator for the house of Ada; or a *gitta*[1] of the house of Ada; or a *sumtalu;* or a *lubattu;* or an *aklu;* or a *kisirtu* in the house of Ada; or he will say, The confiscation has been pronounced; whether he say: "This field has no measurer," or say, "This seal is not of a sealer" (who has the right to); or whoever will take possession of this field; or consecrate it to the gods; or claim it for himself; or alter its surface, circumference and limits; or construct buildings on this land, and in the middle of this field (that man will be cursed):

The gods who are inscribed on this tablet, all those whose name is commemorated herein, will curse him with irrevocable curses.

May the gods Anu,[2] Bel, Hea, these great gods, torment him and overwhelm him; that . . .[3]

May Marduk, the great Lord of eternity without limits, fetter him with inextricable bonds.

May Nebo, the supreme minister, overthrow the surface, circumference, and limits of his properties.

May Bin, the great Lord of heaven and earth, cause the streams of his river to overflow[4] . . . have his progeny circumcised, and load his feet with a heavy chain.

May Sin, who turns around heaven, envelop his body with leprosy as in a garment.

May Samas, the bright Judge of heaven and earth, judge his lawsuit, and have him seized in deed doing.

May Istar, the goddess of heaven and earth, deliver him to the vengeance of the gods and of the King.

[1] By an error, this line is omitted in the French work; the Assyrian words are not yet understood.
[2] In the text is nu.
[3] Lacuna.
[4] The passage is very obscure; if Dr. Oppert's idea is correct, there is an allusion to the detested custom of circumcision, the performance of which was regarded as an affliction.

May Gula, the Sovereign Lady, the great wife of Ninip, infilter into his bowels with a poison that will not leave him, and may he void pus and blood like water.

May Ninip, the god of boundaries, *filium camelas inire cogat.*[5]

May Nergal, the god of arms and bows, break his arrows.

May Zamal, the King of battles, prevent him in the midst of the fray from taking a prisoner.

May Turda, the Keeper of the images of the great gods, walking in the right ways of the gods, besiege his door during the night.

May Iskhara, the goddess of the ancient customs, not hear him in the battles.

May Malik, the great Master of Heaven,[6] while he sins cause him to be slain in the act.

May all the gods that are on this stone, whose name is commemorated, curse him with irrevocable curses.

(The lines at the end of the first column read as follows:)

[7] If anybody swears thus: This head is not a head . . .[7] or institutes here an outlaw or a causer of mischief, immerse them in the waters, bury them in the earth, hide them under a heap of stones, destroy them by fire.

(On the edge of the second column:)

May the gods whose image is on this table, and whose name is invoked, curse him with irrevocable curses.

(On the edge of the fourth column:)

The horses . . . [8] the Master of the house of Ada may dispose of them after him. 30 horses, 25 buffaloes, 3 mares in the fields are not inclosed in the decree of the King of Babylon; Bin-zir-basa has ascribed it for the benefit of Mahanitu, after Marduk-ilusu, son of Ina-e-saggatu-irbu.

The Chief of the *rubar* of the house of Ada has said it (named and pronounced) to Marduk-ilusu, son of the Scribe of Marduk-idin-akhe, King of Babylon, and Ina-e-saggatu-

[5] See Lev. xx. 15.
[6] "Gara anna."
[7] In the French work, this passage has been left untranslated.
[8] Lacunæ.

irbu, the Scribe, the field, this one has[9] . . . owner of the house of Ada, has given it for the days to come, and has yielded it up.

(A great many short inscriptions are placed over the basso-relievos.

1. The smallest of them is placed over a kind of lyre. It reads:)

In sum, an epha and a half.

(2. Entangled between the branches of an object difficult to design and the horns of a goat, occurs a sentence which has not been translated.

3. The word "*nase*" is written between and the altar supporting a triangular object.

4. A legend of three lines is engraved between the mentioned altar, and a horned animal.)

So that he may not devastate the land of Zunire, nor the dwellings which are belonging to the Governor of Zunire.

(5. Under an undetermined object, opposite to the nose of the above-mentioned fantastical animal is written a sentence composed of a perpendicular line and four lines parallel to the circumference.)

That he will not acknowledge either the *kisirtu* or the tribute of this house, or the Prefect, or the *hazan* of the house of Ada.

(6. Below the preceding one.)

Either the author of the treaty, or the *hazan* of the land of Zunire.

(7. Included between the roost and the back of the dog occurs another sentence which has not been translated.

8. Across the symbolical figures [commencement obscure]:)

That he might not watch upon the streets of Bit-Ada.

(9. Between the scorpion and the back of the snake.)

[9] Here are two very obscure words.

That he may pay the rent of the land.

(10. Over the head of the snake.)

That in his abode, there may not be any power, any judge, any implorer.

Contract of Hankas

(The fourth monument of the reign of Marduk-idin-akhe is a black basalt stone of nearly the same size and arrangement as the preceding. At the top we also see analogous symbols disposed in a similar way. The inscription has but two columns, and occupies but one side of the monument; on the other, the image of the King is engraved, and near the garment of the King, represented by the basso-relievo, the three lines of the beginning are repeated at the end of the document.)

By this table, the author of the everlasting limits has forever perpetuated his name.[10]

25 hins [1] of corn are sufficient to seed an arura,[2] in a field lying on the bank of the river Besim, belonging to Hankas.

In length [3] above toward the North, adjoining the property of Hankas; in length below toward the South, adjoining the property of Imbiyati; in breadth above toward the West, adjoining the property of Hankas; in breadth below toward the East, limited by the river Besim.

Such is what Marduk-nasir, Captain of the King, has received from the hands of Nis-Bel, son of Hankas. He has paid the price for it. Sapiku son of Itti-Marduk-balat, son of Zikar-Ea, is the measurer [4] of the field.

	Weights of
1 Chariot with its team of horses [5]	100 silver
6 Harnesses	300 "
1 Ass from Phœnicia	30 "
6 Harnesses, 1 Ass from Phœnicia	50 "

[10] See at the end.

[1] These 25 hins represent 75 litres, 16 gallons and a half, for seeding a surface of 207 acres.

[2] The great U, or arura.

[3] Again in this deed no statement is given in account of the measurings. The space is determined merely by the indication of the boundaries.

This document is also the charter of a royal donation: it is not clear whether the below-mentioned objects are the price, or if, what is much more verisimilar, they are only the accessoria of the field.

[4] Measurer is expressed by "masihan."

[5] Cf. 1 Kings x. 29: "A chariot . . . of Egypt for 600 shekels of silver; and a horse for 150."

		Weights of
1 Mule		15 silver
1 Cow (pregnant)		30 "
30 Measures of corn, 60 Measures of 12 epha [6]		137 "
1 Hemicorion, 10 Shovels of 4 epha		16 "
2 Dogs, good		12 "
9 Greyhounds from the East		18 "
1 Hunting dog		1 "
1 Shepherd dog		1 "
1 Dog (bloodhound [7])		6 "
Total	616 [8] (weights of)	silver.

Such is what Nis-Bel, son of Hankas, has paid in the hands of Marduk-nasir, Captain of the King, as equivalent of the price of a field of 25 hins of (grain).

At any epoch whatever, in the days to come (or process of time) either an *aklu*,[9] or a no-servant, or a farmer, or a husbandman, or a workman, or any other guardian who presents himself, and who settles in the house of Hankas, and will endeavor to lay waste this field, will earn its first-fruits, will turn it over, will plough it (mix up the earth), will have it put under water, who will occupy this property by fraud or violence and will settle in its territories, either in the name of the god, or in the name of the King, or in the name of the representative of the Lord of the country, or in the name of the representative of the house, or in the name of any person whatever, whoever he may be, who will give it, will earn the harvest of the land, will say,[10] " These fields are not granted as gifts by the King "; whether he pronounce against them the holy malediction or he swears by these words, " The head is not the head "; and establish anyone therein, in saying, " There is no eye "; or who will carry away this tablet, or will throw it into the river, or will break it into pieces, or will bury it under a heap of stones, or will burn it by fire, or will bury it in the earth, or will hide it in a dark place, that man (shall be cursed):

[6] It is a question here of the utensils used for measuring, viz., thirty of one kind, and sixty of another.

[7] The quality of the dogs is somewhat uncertain.

[8] There is evidently a fault in the total number, 616 instead of 716.

A weight of silver may be an obolus, the 360th part of a mina.

[9] The " akli," who were at the royal court, may have been legists.

[10] All these are formulæ solennes, as in the Roman law.

May the god Anu, Bel, Hea, the great gods, afflict him and curse him with maledictions which are not (retracted).

May the god Sin, the splendid in the high heaven, envelop all his members with incurable leprosy until the day of his death; and expel him to the farthest limits like a wild beast.

May Samas, the Judge of heaven and earth, fly before him; that he change into darkness the light of the day.

May Istar, the Sovereign, the Queen of the gods, load him with infirmities and anguish of illness like arrows, may she increase (day and night his pains,) so that he runs about like a dog, in the ways of his town.

May Marduk, the King of heaven and earth, the Lord of the eternity without end, entangle his weapons with bonds which cannot be broken.

May Ninip, the god of crops and boundaries, sweep away its limits and tread upon his crops, and remove its limit.

May Gula, the mother (nurse), the great Lady, infect his bowels with a poison, and that he void pus and blood like water.

May Bin, the supreme Guardian of heaven and earth, inundate his field like a . . .[1]

May Serah suffocate his first-born.

May Nabu, the holy minister of the gods, continually pour over his destinies laments and curses; and blast his wishes.

May all the great gods whose name is invoked on this table, devote him to vengeance and scorn, and may his name, his race, his fruits, his offspring, before the face of men perish wretchedly.

By this table, the author of the everlasting limits has forever perpetuated his name.

Translation of an Unedited Fragment

Five-sixths of an *artaba*[2] of corn sows an *arura,* a field situated on the Euphrates.

. . . adjoining . . . wide . . . adjoining . . . a field in great measure . . . Zirbet-u-Alzu . . . and for the days to come he has given . . . this table . . . sin-idin . . . son of Tuklat-habal-Mar-

[1] Obscure.

[2] The artaba was 3 epha, 18 hins; the mentioned quantity of 15 hins necessary to seed this very fertile field is only 79 pints.

duk, Governor of the town of Nisin. Bani-Marduk, son of Tuklat . . . Malik-kilim, son of Tuklat . . . Chief of . . . An-sali . . . son of Zab-zib-malik . . . Malik-habal-idin, of the town of Balaki . . . Chief of Sin-idin-habal . . . May he cause him to perish . . . and his offering.[3]

GREAT INSCRIPTION IN THE PALACE OF KHORSABAD

TRANSLATED BY DR. JULIUS OPPERT

THE document of which I publish a translation has been copied with admirable precision by M. Botta in his "*Monuments de Ninive.*" There are four specimens of this same text in the Assyrian palace, which bear the title of Inscriptions of the Halls, Nos. iv, vii, viii, and x.

There is another historical document in the palace of Khorsabad containing more minute particulars, and classed in a chronological order, which I translated in my "*Dur-Sarkayan,*" 1870, and in the "Records of the Past," Vol. VII.

The several copies of this document have been united in one sole text in a work which I published in common with M. Ménant in the "*Journal Asiatique,*" 1863.

I published my translation of the "Great Inscriptions of Khorsabad," in the "*Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne,*" July and August, 1862, tom. V (New Series), p. 62; then in my "*Inscriptions des Sargonides,*" p. 20 (1862). The same text was inserted in the work which I edited in communion with my friend M. Joachim Ménant, entitled "*La Grande Inscription des Salles de Khorsabad,*" "*Journal Asiatique,*" 1863. Some passages have been since corrected by me in my "*Dur-Sarkayan,*" Paris, 1870, in the great work of M. Victor Place, and these corrections have been totally admitted by M. Ménant in a translation which he has given in his book, "*Annales des Rois d'Assyrie,*" Paris, 1874, p. 180. As the reader may easily convince himself in collating it with my previous attempts, this present translation is now amended according to

[3] Dr. Oppert copied this text twenty years ago; he does not know whether since that time any other piece of the stone has been discovered.

the exigencies of the progressing science of Assyriology, as it is now understood.

GREAT INSCRIPTION OF THE PALACE OF KHORSABAD

1 Palace of Sargon, the great King, the powerful King, King of the legions, King of Assyria, Viceroy of the gods at Babylon, King of the Sumers and of the Accads, favorite of the great gods.

2 The gods Assur, Nebo, and Merodach have conferred on me the royalty of the nations, and they have propagated the memory of my fortunate name to the ends of the earth. I have followed the reformed precepts of Sippara, Nipur, Babylon, and Borsippa; I have amended the imperfections which the men of all laws had admitted.

3 I have reunited the dominions of Kalu, Ur, Orchoé, Erikhi, Larsa,[1] Kullab, Kisik, the dwelling-place of the god Laguda; I have subdued their inhabitants. As to the laws of Sumer[2] and of the town of Harran, which had fallen into desuetude from the most ancient times, I have restored to fresh vigor their forgotten customs.

4 The great gods have made me happy by the constancy of their affection, they have granted me the exercise of my sovereignty over all kings; they have re-established obedience upon them all. From the day of my accession there existed no princes who were my masters; I have not, in combats or battles, seen my victor. I have crushed the territories of the rebels like straws, and I have struck them with the plagues of the four elements. I have opened innumerable deep and very extensive forests, I have levelled their inequalities. I have traversed winding and thick valleys, which were impenetrable, like a needle, and I passed in digging tanks dug on my way.

[1] Orchoé, the Erech of the Bible, is certainly the Warka of the present day; Sippara, Sofeira; Nipur, Niffar; Larsam, Senkereh. Ur (the Ur of the Bible) is Mugheir; Kullab and Erikhi are unknown. (See "Expéd. en Mésopot.," i. p. 255 et seq.

[2] The old empire Bal-bat-ki. The syllabaries explain this ideogram by "Assur," but it is very awkward that in these texts the identification with Assur occurs nowhere. I therefore transcribe "Sumer," which was the true name of the people and the language named wrongly Accadian. The term of "Sumerian" is supported by MM. Ménant, Eneberg, Gelzer, Praetorius, Delitzsch, Olshausen, and other scholars.

5 By the grace and power of the great gods, my Masters, I have flung my arms; by my force I have defeated my enemies. I have ruled from Iatnan,[3] which is in the middle of the sea of the setting sun, to the frontiers of Egypt and of the country of the Moschians, over vast Phœnicia, the whole of Syria, the whole of *guti muski*[4] of distant Media, near the country of Bikni, to the country of Ellip, from Ras which borders upon Elam, to the banks of the Tigris, to the tribes of Itu, Rubu, Haril, Kaldud, Hauran, Ubul, Ruhua, of the Litaï who dwell on the borders of the Surappi and the Ukne, Gambul, Khindar, and Pukud.[5] I have reigned over the *suti* hunters who are in the territory of Iatbur, in whatever it was as far as the towns of Samhun, Bab-Dur, Dur-Tilit, Khilikh, Pillat, Dunni-Samas, Bubi, Tell-Khumba, which are in the dependency of Elam,[6] and Kar-duniyas[7] Upper and Lower, of the countries of Bit-Amukkan, Bit-Dakkur, Bit-Silan, Bit-Sa'alla, which together form Chaldea in its totality, over the country of Bit-Iakin, which is on the sea-shore, as far as the frontier of Dilmun. I have received their tributes, I have established my Lieutenants over them as Governors, and I have reduced them under my suzerainty.

6 This is what I did from the beginning of my reign to my fifteenth year of reign:
I defeated Khumbanigas, King of Elam, in the plains of Kalu.

7 I besieged and occupied the town of Samaria, and took 27,280 of its inhabitants captive. I took from them 50 chariots, but left them the rest of their belongings. I placed my Lieutenants over them; I renewed the obligation imposed upon them by one of the Kings who preceded me.[8]

8 Hanun, King of Gaza, and Sebech, Sultan[9] of Egypt, allied themselves at Rapih[10] to oppose me, and fight against

[3] "Itanus," or Yatnan, in the island of Crete, became afterward the name of the island of Cyprus.
[4] For the words in italics no satisfactory translation has as yet been found.
[5] The "Pekod" of the Bible (Jer. i. 21; Ezek. xxiii. 23).
[6] Which belongs to Elam.
[7] Lower Chaldea. Nearly all the names of the Elamite towns are Semitic (see Gen. x. 22), but the Susian ones are not.
[8] Tiglatpileser, whom Sargon would not acknowledge.
[9] This is the word "siltan," the Hebrew "shilton" ("power"), the Arabic "sultan."
[10] Raphia, near the frontier of Egypt.

me; they came before me, I put them to flight. Sebech yielded before my cohorts, he fled, and no one has ever seen any trace of him since. I took with my own hand Hanun, King of Gaza.

9 I imposed a tribute on Pharaoh, King of Egypt; Samsie, Queen of Arabia; It-amar, the Sabean, of gold, sweet smelling herbs of the land, horses, and camels.

10 Kiakku of Sinukhta had despised the god Assur, and refused submission to him. I took him prisoner, and seized his 30 chariots and 7,350 of his soldiers. I gave Sinuhta, the town of his royalty, to Matti from the country of Tuna, I added some horses and asses to the former tribute and appointed Matti as Governor.

11 Amris of Tabal, had been placed upon the throne of Khulli his father; I gave to him a daughter and I gave him Cilicia [1] which had never submitted to his ancestors. But he did not keep the treaty and sent his ambassador to Urzaha, King of Armenia, and to Mita, King of the Moschians, who had seized my provinces. I transported Amris to Assyria, with his belongings, the members of his ancestors' families, and the magnates of the country, as well as 100 chariots; I established some Assyrians, devoted to my government, in their places. I appointed my Lieutenant Governor over them, and commanded tributes to be levied upon them.

12 Jaubid of Hamath, a smith,[2] was not the legitimate master of the throne, he was an infidel and an impious man, and he had coveted the royalty of Hamath. He incited the towns of Arpad, Simyra, Damascus, and Samaria to rise against me, took his precautions with each of them, and prepared for battle. I counted all the troops of the god Assur; in the town of Karkar which had declared itself for the rebel, I besieged him and his warriors, I occupied Karkar and reduced it to ashes. I took him, himself, and had him flayed, and I killed the chief of the rioters in each town, and reduced them to a heap of ruins. I recruited my forces with 200 chariots and 600 horsemen from among

[1] Khilakku. It seems to be identical with the "Sparda" of Persian, the "Sepharad" of Obadiah.

[2] The condition of Jaubid before his accession.

the inhabitants of the country of Hamath and added them to my empire.

13 Whilst Iranzu of Van[3] lived, he was subservient and devoted to my rule, but fate removed him. His subjects placed his son Aza on the throne. Urzaha the Armenian intrigued with the people of Mount Mildis, Zikirta, Misiandi, with the nobles of Van, and enticed them to rebellion; they threw the body of their Master Aza on the top of the mountains. Ullusun of Van, his brother, whom they had placed on his father's throne, did homage to Urzaha, and gave him 22 fortresses with their garrisons. In the anger of my heart I counted all the armies of the god Assur, I watched like a lion in ambush and advanced to attack these countries. Ullusun of Van saw my expedition approaching, he set out with his troops and took up a strong position in the ravines of the high mountains. I occupied Izirti the town of his royalty, and the towns of Izibia and Armit, his formidable fortresses, I reduced them to ashes. I killed all that belonged to Urzaha the Armenian, in these high mountains. I took with my own hand 250 royal members of his family. I occupied 55 royal towns of which 8 were ordinary towns and 11 impregnable fortresses. I reduced them to ashes. I incorporated the 22 strong towns, that Ullusun of Van had delivered to him with Assyria. I occupied 8 strong cities of the country of Tuaya and the districts of Tilusina of Andia; 4,200 men, with their belongings, were carried away into slavery.

14 Mitatti, of Zikirta, had secured himself against my arms; he and the men of his country had fled into the forests; no trace of them was to be seen. I reduced Parda, the town of his royalty to ashes; I occupied twenty-three great towns in the environs, and I spoiled them. The cities of Suandakhul and Zurzukka, of the country of Van, took the part of Mitatti; I occupied and pillaged them. Then I took Bagadatti of the Mount Mildis, and I had him flayed. I banished Dayaukku and his suite to Hamath, and I made them dwell there.

15 Then Ullusun heard in his high mountains of my glorious exploits: he departed in haste like a bird, and kissed my

[3] Or Minni.

feet; I pardoned his innumerable misdeeds, and I blotted out his iniquities. I granted pardon to him; I replaced him upon the throne of his royalty. I gave him the two fortresses and the 22 great towns that I had taken away from Urzaha and Mitatti. I endeavored to restore peace to his country. I made the image of my Majesty: I wrote on it the glory of the god Assur, my Master, I erected many fac-similes of it in Izirti, the town of his royalty.

16 I imposed a tribute of horses, oxen, and lambs upon Ianzu, King of the river country, in Hupuskia, the town of his power.

17 Assurlih, of Kar-Alla, Itti, of Allapur, had sinned against Assur and despised his power. I had Assurlih flayed. I banished the men of Kar-Alla, whoever they were, and Itti, with his suite, I placed them in Hamath.

18 I took the inhabitants of the towns of Sukkia, Bala, Ahitikna, Pappa,[4] Lallukni away from their homes; I made them dwell at Damascus in Syria.

19 I occupied the 6 towns of the country of Niksamma, I took with my own hand Nirisar, Governor of the town of Surgadia; I added these towns to the satrapy of Parsuas.[5]

20 Bel-sar-usur [6] was King of the town of Kisisim; I had him transported to Assyria with all that he possessed, his treasure, the contents of his palace; I put my Lieutenant in as Governor of the town, to which I gave the name of Kar-Marduk. I had an image made of my Majesty and erected it in the middle of the town. I occupied 6 towns in the neighborhood and I added them to his government.

21 I attacked and conquered Kibaba, Prefect of the town of Kharkhar, I took him and the inhabitants of his country captive, I rebuilt this city and made the inhabitants of the provinces, that my arm had conquered, live there. I placed my Lieutenant as Governor over them. I named the town Kar-Sarkin; I established the worship of the god Assur, my Master, there. I erected an image of my Royal self. I occupied 6 towns in the environs, and added them to his government.

22 I besieged and took the towns of Tel-Akhi-tub, Khindau, Bagai, and Anzaria; I transported the inhabitants of them

[4] It seems not to be Paphos. [5] Parthia(?). [6] The same name as Belshazzar.

to Assyria. I rebuilt them; I gave them the names of Kar-Nabu, Kar-Sin, Kar-Ben, Kar-Istar.

23 To maintain my position in Media, I have erected fortifications in the neighborhood of Kar-Sarkin. I occupied 34 towns in Media and annexed them to Assyria and I levied annual tributes of horses upon them.

24 I besieged and took the town of Eristana, and the surrounding towns in the country of Bait-Ili; I carried away the spoil.

25 The countries of Agag [7] and Ambanda,[8] in Media, opposite the Arabs of the East, had refused their tributes, I destroyed them, laid them waste, and burnt them by fire.

26 Dalta of Ellip was subject to me, and devoted to the worship of Assur; 5 of his towns revolted and no longer recognized his dominion. I came to his aid, I besieged and occupied these towns, I carried the men and their goods away into Assyria with numberless horses.

27 Urzana, of the town of Musasir, had attached himself to Urzaha the Armenian, and had refused me his allegiance. With the multitude of my army, I covered the city of Musasir as if it were with ravens, and he to save his life, fled alone into the mountains.

28 I entered as a Ruler into Musasir. I seized as spoil Urzana's wife, sons and daughters, his money, his treasures, all the stores of his palace whatever they were, with 20,100 men and all that they possessed, the gods Haldia and Bagabarta, his gods, and their holy vessels in great numbers.

29 Urzaha, King of Armenia, heard of the defeat of Musasir and the carrying away of the god Haldia [9] his god, he cut off his life by his own hands with a dagger of his girdle. I held a severe judgment over the whole of Armenia. I spread over the men, who inhabit this country, mourning and lamentation.

30 Tarhunazi, of the town of Melid, sought for revenge. He sinned against the laws of the great gods, and refused his submission. In the anger of my heart, I crushed like

[7] This Agag is very possibly the country of Haman the Agagite, if we must not read Agaz.

[8] Ambanda is perhaps the Median "Kampanda."

[9] We find in the inscriptions of Van, the god Haldi as god of the Armenians, which proves more forcibly than ever that the syllabary of the Armenian inscriptions is the same as the Assyrian syllabary.

briars Melid, which was the town of his kingdom, and the neighboring towns. I made him, his wife, sons and daughters, the slaves of his palace whoever they were, with 5,000 warriors, leave Tel-Garimmi; I treated them all as booty. I rebuilt Tel-Garimmi; I had it entirely occupied by some archers from the country of Khammanua, which my hand had conquered, and I added it to the boundaries of this country. I put it in the hands of my Lieutenant, and I restituted the surface of the dominion, as it had been in the time of Gunzinan, the preceding King.

31 Tarhular, of Gamgum, had a son Muttallu, who had murdered his father by the arms, and sat on the throne against my will, and to whom they had intrusted their country. In the anger of my heart, I hastily marched against the town of Markasi, with my chariots and horsemen, who followed on my steps. I treated Muttallu, his son and the families of the country of Bit-Pa'alla in its totality, as captives, and seized as booty the gold and silver and the numberless treasures of his palace. I reinstated the men of Gamgum and the neighboring tribes, and placed my Lieutenant as Governor over them; I treated them like the Assyrians.

32 Azuri, King of Ashdod,[10] determined within himself to render no more tributes; he sent hostile messages against Assyria to the neighboring kings. I meditated vengeance for this, and I withdrew from him the government over his country. I put his brother Akhimit on his throne. But the people of Syria, eager for revolt, got tired of Akhimit's rule, and installed Iaman, who, like the former, was not the legitimate master of the throne. In the anger of my heart, I did not assemble the bulk of my army nor divide my baggage, but I marched against Ashdod with my warriors, who did not leave the trace of my feet.

33 Iaman learnt from afar of the approach of my expedition; he fled beyond Egypt toward Libya (Meluhhi),[1] and no one ever saw any further trace of him. I besieged and took Ashdod and the town of Gimtu-Asdudim;[2] I carried

[10] See Isaiah xx. 1.

[1] Meluhhi is not Meroe, but Libya, and especially the Marmarica. The name seems to be the "Milyes" of Herodotus.

[2] "Asdudim" seems to be a Hebraic plural.

away captive Iaman's gods, his wife, his sons, his daughters, his money, and the contents of his palace, together with the inhabitants of his country. I built these towns anew and placed in them the men that my arm had conquered.

34 I placed my Lieutenant as Governor over them, and I treated them as Assyrians. They never again became guilty of impiety.

35 The King of Libya[3] lives in the middle of the desert, in an inaccessible place, at (a month's) journey. From the most remote times until the renewal of the lunar period[4] his fathers had sent no ambassadors to the kings, my ancestors, to ask for peace and friendship and to acknowledge the power of Merodach. But the immense terror inspired by my Majesty roused him, and fear changed his intentions. In fetters of iron he threw him (Iaman), directed his steps toward Assyria and kissed my feet.

36 Muttallu, of Commagene, a fraudulent and hostile man, did not honor the memory of the gods, he plotted a conspiracy, and meditated defection. He trusted upon Argisti,[5] King of Armenia, an helper who did not assist him, took upon himself the collection of the tributes and his part of the spoil, and refused me his submission. In the anger of my heart, I took the road to his country with the chariots of my power, and the horsemen who never left the traces of my feet. Muttallu saw the approach of my expedition, he withdrew his troops, and no one saw any further trace of him. I besieged and occupied his capital and 62 large towns all together. I carried away his wife, his sons, his daughters, his money, his treasure, all precious things from his palace, together with the inhabitants of his country as spoil, I left none of them. I inaugurated this town afresh; I placed in it men from the country of Bit-

[3] Meluhhi. This is the only passage where small gaps occur.

[4] This is one of the most important passages of the text; the period is the Chaldean eclipse period of 1,805 years, and ended in 712 B. C. Instead of this passage, the stele of Larnaca, now in Berlin, has, "from the remotest times, the beginning of Assyria, until now." The commencement of the period, 2517 B. C., coincided very nearly with the capture of Babylon by the Medes. This date commences the real history; previous to this time reigned the 86 princes during twelve lunar periods of 1,805, and twelve solar periods of 1,460 years, viz., 39,180 years. The very event may have happened eleven years afterward, 2506 B. C. The Deluge happened, according to the Chaldeans, in 41697 B. C.

[5] This royal name is still found in the Armenian texts of Van.

Iakin, that my arm had conquered. I instituted my Lieutenant as Governor, and subdued them under my rule. I previously took from them 150 chariots, 1,500 horsemen, 20,000 archers, 1,000 men armed with shields and lances, and I confided the country to my Satrap.

37 While Dalta, King of Ellip, lived, he was submissive and devoted to my rule, the infirmities of age however came and he walked on the path of death. Nibie and Ispabara, the sons of his wives, claimed both the vacant throne of his royalty, the country and the taxes, and they fought a battle. Nibie applied to Sutruk-Nakhunti [6] King of Elam to support his claims, giving to him pledges for his alliance, and the other came as a helper. Ispabara, on his side, implored me to maintain his cause, and to encourage him, at the same time bowing down, and humbling himself, and asking my alliance. I sent seven of my Lieutenants with their armies to support his claims, they put Nibie and the army of the four rivers,[7] which had helped him, to flight, at the town of Mareobisti. I reinstated Ispabara on the throne; I re-established peace in his country, and confided it to his care.

38 Merodach-Baladan, son of Iakin,[8] King of Chaldæa, the fallacious, the persistent in enmity, did not respect the memory of the gods, he trusted in the sea, and in the retreat of the marshes; he eluded the precepts of the great gods, and refused to send his tributes. He had supported as an ally Khumbanigas, King of Elam. He had excited all the nomadic tribes of the desert against me. He prepared himself for battle, and advanced. During twelve years,[9] against the will of the gods of Babylon, the town of Bel which judges the gods, he had excited the country of the Sumers and Accads, and had sent ambassadors to them. In honor of the god Assur, the father of the gods, and of the great and august Lord Merodach, I roused my courage, I prepared my ranks for battle. I decreed an expedition against the Chaldeans, an impious and riotous people. Merodach-Baladan heard of the approach of my

[6] The inscriptions of this prince are translated in the seventh volume.

[7] Elam. We are now certain of this identification.

[8] The same who occurs in the Ptolemaic canon (721-709).

[9] From 721 to 709 B.C.

expedition, dreading the terror of his own warriors, he fled before it, and flew in the night time like an owl, falling back from Babylon, to the town of Ikbibel. He assembled together the towns possessing oracles, and the gods living in these towns he brought to save them to Dur-Iakin, fortifying its walls. He summoned the tribes of Gambul, Pukud, Tamun, Ruhua, and Khindar, put them in this place, and prepared for battle. He calculated the extent of a plethrum [10] in front of the great wall. He constructed a ditch 200 spans [1] wide, and deep one fathom and a half.[2] The conduits of water, coming from the Euphrates, flowed out into this ditch; he had cut off the course of the river, and divided it into canals, he had surrounded the town, the place of his revolt, with a dam, he had filled it with water, and cut off the conduits. Merodach-Baladan, with his allies and his soldiers had the insignia of his royalty kept as in an island on the banks of the river; he arranged his plan of battle. I stretched my combatants all along the river dividing them into bands; they conquered the enemies. By the blood of the rebels the waters of these canals reddened like dyed wool. The nomadic tribes were terrified by this disaster which surprised him and fled; I completely separated his allies and the men of Marsan from him; I filled the ranks of the insurgents with mortal terror. He left in his tent the insignia of his royalty, the golden . . .[3] the golden throne, the golden parasol, the golden sceptre, the silver chariot, the golden ornaments, and other effects of considerable weight; he fled alone, and disappeared like the ruined battlements of his fortress, and I entered into his retreat. I besieged and occupied the town of Dur-Iakin, I took as spoil and made captive, him, his wife, his sons, his daughters, the gold and silver and all that he possessed, the contents of his palace, whatever it was, with considerable booty from the town. I made each family and every man who had withdrawn himself from my arms, accountable for this sin. I reduced Dur-Iakin the town of his power to ashes. I undermined and destroyed its ancient forts. I dug up the

[10] 32 m. 91 cm., 39 yds.
[1] 54 m. 85 cm., 65 yds.
[2] 4 m. 94 cm., 17½ ft.
[3] Unexplained.

foundation stone;[4] I made it like a thunder-stricken ruin. I allowed the people of Sippara, Nipur, Babylon, and Borsippa, who live in the middle of the towns to exercise their profession, to enjoy their belongings in peace, and I have watched upon them. I took away the possession of the fields which from remote times had been in the hand of the *Suti* Nomad, and restored them to their rightful owners. I placed the nomadic tribes of the desert again under my yoke, and I restored the forgotten land delimitations which had existed during the tranquillity of the land. I gave to each of the towns of Ur, Orchoé, Erikhi, Larsa, Kullab, and Kisik, the dwelling of the god Laguda, the god that resides in each, and I restored the gods who had been taken away, to their sanctuaries. I re-established the altered laws in full force.

39 I imposed tributes on the countries of Bet-Iakin, the high and low part, and on the towns of Samhun, Bab-Dur, Dur-Tilit, Bubi, Tell-Khumba, which are the resort of Elam. I transplanted into Elam the inhabitants of the Commagene, in Syria, that I had attacked with my own hand, obeying the commands of the great gods my Masters, and I placed them on the territory of Elam, in the town of Sakbat. Nabu-Pakid-Ilan was authorized to collect the taxes from the Elamites in order to govern them; I claimed as a pledge the town of Birtu. I placed all this country in the hands of my Lieutenant at Babylon and my Lieutenant in the country of Gambul.[5]

40 I returned alone to Babylon, to the sanctuaries of Bel, the judge of the gods, in the excitement of my heart and the splendor of my appearance; I took the hands of the great Lord, the august god Merodach, and I traversed the way to the chamber of the spoil.

41 I transported into it 154 talents 26 minas 10 drachms of gold *russù;*[6] 1804 talents 20 minas of silver;[7] ivory, a great deal of copper, iron in an innumerable quantity, some of the stone *ka*, alabaster, the minerals *pi digili*, flattened *pi sirru* for witness seals, blue and purple stuffs,

[4] "Timin," not "cylinder."
[5] Only two years after the commencement of the war.
[6] 12,54*l*. pd. troy 68.
[7] 152,227, pd. troy, 75. A royal silver drachm is nearly 3s., a royal mina £9; the state drachm and mina is the half of it. A silver talent is always very close to £270 sterling.

cloth of *berom* and cotton, ebony; cedar, and cypress wood, freshly cut from the fine forests on Mount Amanus, in honor of Bel, Zarpanit, Nebo, and Tasmit, and the gods who inhabit the sanctuaries of the Sumers and Accads; all that from my accession to the third year of my reign.[8]

42 Upir, King of Dilmun who dwells at the distance of 30 parasanges[9] in the midst of the sea of the rising sun and who is established as a fish, heard of the favor that the gods Assur, Nebo, and Merodach had accorded me; he sent therefore his expiatory gift.

43 And the seven Kings of the country of Iahnagi, of the country of Iatnan (who have established and extended their dwellings at a distance of seven days' navigation in the midst of the sea of the setting sun, and whose name from the most ancient ages until the renewal of the lunar period,[10] none of the Kings my fathers in Assyria and Chaldea[1] had heard), had been told of my lofty achievements in Chaldea and Syria, and my glory, which had spread from afar to the midst of the sea. They subdued their pride and humbled themselves; they presented themselves before me at Babylon, bearing metals, gold, silver, vases, ebony wood, and the manufactures of their country; they kissed my feet.

44 While I endeavored to exterminate Bet-Iakin and reduce Aram, and render my rule more efficacious in the country of Iatbur, which is beyond Elam, my Lieutenant, the Governor of the country of Kue, attacked Mita, the Moschian, and 3,000 of his towns; he demolished these towns; destroyed them, burnt them with fire, and led away many captives. And this Mita the Moschian, who had never submitted to the Kings my predecessors and had never changed his will, sent his envoy to me to the very borders of the sea of the rising sun, bearing professions of allegiance and tributes.

45 In these days, these nations and these countries that my hand has conquered, and that the gods Assur, Nebo, and Merodach have made bow to my feet, followed the ways

[8] Sargon speaks of his third "year" and not of his third campaign, in order to mark what he had already accomplished before the year 717.

[9] One hundred and ten English miles.

[10] This is the second passage where Sargon alludes to this period ending under his reign.

[1] "Karduniyas."

of piety. With their help I built at the feet of the *musri*, following the divine will and the wish of my heart, a town that I called *Dur-Sarkin* [2] to replace Nineveh.[3] Nisroch,[4] Sin, Samas, Nebo, Bin, Ninip, and their great spouses, who procreate eternally in the lofty temple of the upper and the nether world (Aralli) blessed the splendid wonders, the superb streets in the town of Dur-Sarkin. I reformed the institutions which were not agreeable to their ideas. The priests, the *nisi ramki*, the *surmahhi supar* disputed at their learned discussions about the pre-eminence of their divinities, and the efficacy of their sacrifices.

46 I built in the town some palaces covered with the skin of the sea-calf,[5] and of sandal wood, ebony, the wood of mastic tree, cedar, cypress, wild pistachio nut tree, a palace of incomparable splendor, as the seat of my royalty. I placed their *dunu* upon tablets of gold, silver, alabaster, *tilpe* stones, *parut* stones, copper, lead, iron, tin, and *khibisti* made of earth. I wrote thereupon the glory of the gods. Above I built a platform of cedar beams. I bordered the doors of pine and mastic wood with bronze garnitures, and I calculated their distance. I made a spiral staircase similar to the one in the great temple of Syria, that is called in the Phœnician language, *Bethilanni*. Between the doors I placed 8 double lions whose weight is 1 *ner* 6 *soss*, 50 talents [6] of first-rate copper, made in honor of Mylitta . . .[7] and their four *kubur* in materials from Mount Amanus; I placed them on *nirgalli*.[8] Over them I sculptured artistically a crown of beast of the fields, a bird in stone of the mountains. Toward the four celestial regions, I turned their front. The lintels and the uprights I made in large gypsum stone that I had taken away with

[2] Or "Dur-Sarkayan." The King passes rapidly over some other peculiarities which he inserts in other texts, namely, the measures of the town, and the ceremonies of its edification. The circuit is given as containing 3 1-3 ners (miles) 1 stadium 3 canes 2 spans, or 24,740 spans, and Botta's measurings afford 6,790 metres (7,427 yds.). This statement gives for the span, with a slight correction in the fourth decimal, 27,425 cm. (10.797 ins., and for the cubit 5,485 cm. 21.594 ins.).

[3] At this time the palace of Nineveh was still in ruins. It was rebuilt by Sennacherib.

[4] This is my former transcription of the divine name which is now pronounced Hea. But I think sincerely that the latter is not better than the former one.

[5] This assimilation is not quite certain.

[6] One thousand ten talents 602 cwt. English.

[7] Obscure.

[8] A very difficult passage; the name of the god Nergal does not interfere with the object.

my own hand, I placed them above. I walled them in and I drew upon me the admiration of the people of the countries.

47 From the beginning to the end, I walked worshipping the god Assur, and following the custom of wise men, I built palaces, I amassed treasures.

48 In the month of blessing, on the happy day, I invoked, in the midst of them, Assur, the father of the gods, the greatest sovereign of the gods and the *Istarāt*,[9] who inhabit Assyria. I presented vessels of glass, things in chased silver, ivory, valuable jewels and immense presents, in great quantities, and I rejoiced their heart. I exhibited sculptured idols, double and winged, some . . .[10] winged, some . . .[10] winged, serpents, fishes, and birds, from unknown regions and abysses, the . . .[10] in high mountains, summits of the lands that I have conquered with my own hand, for the glory of my royalty. As a worshipper of the gods and the god Assur, I sacrificed in their presence, with the sacrifice of white lambs, holy holocausts of expiation, in order to withdraw the gifts that had not been agreeable to the gods.

49 He has granted me in his august power, a happy existence, long life, and I obtained a constantly lucky reign. I have entrusted myself to his favor.

50 The great Lord Bel-El, the Master of the lands, inhabits the lofty tracts; the gods and *Istarāt* inhabit Assyria; their legions remain there in *pargiti*, and *martakni*.

51 With the Chiefs of provinces, the Satraps, wise men, Astronomers, Magnates, the Lieutenants and Governors of Assyria, I have ruled in my palace, and administered justice.

52 I have bid them take gold, silver, gold and silver vessels, precious stones, copper, iron, considerable products of mountains the mines of which are rich, cloth of *berom* and cotton, blue and purple cloth, amber, skins of sea-calves, pearls, sandal-wood, ebony, horses from higher Egypt,[1] asses, mules, camels, oxen. With all these numerous tributes I have rejoiced the heart of the gods.

[9] The Hebrew "Astaroth," which signifies "goddesses." Compare Judges x. 6.

[10] Obscure.

[1] It is not clear what animals are meant.

53 May Assur, the father of the gods, bless these palaces, by giving to his images a spontaneous splendor. May he watch over the issue even to the remote future. May the sculptured bull, the protector and god who imparts perfection, dwell in day and in night-time in his presence, and never stir from this threshold!

54 With the help of Assur, may the King who has built these palaces, attain an old age, and may his offspring multiply greatly! May these battlements last to the most remote future! May he who dwells there come forth surrounded with the greatest splendor; may he rejoice in his corporal health, in the satisfaction of his heart accomplish his wishes, attain his end, and may he render his magnificence seven times more imposing!

Armenian Literature

COMPRISING

POETRY, DRAMA, FOLK-LORE, AND CLASSIC TRADITIONS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH FOR THE FIRST TIME

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY

ROBERT ARNOT, M.A.

REVISED EDITION

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

THE literature of ancient Armenia that is still extant is meagre in quantity and to a large extent ecclesiastical in tone. To realize its oriental color one must resort entirely to that portion which deals with the home life of the people, with their fasts and festivals, their emotions, manners, and traditions. The ecclesiastical character of much of the early Armenian literature is accounted for by the fact that Christianity was preached there in the first century after Christ, by the apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew, and that the Armenian Church is the oldest national Christian Church in the world.

It is no doubt owing to the conversion of the entire Armenian nation under the passionate preaching of Gregory the Illuminator that most of the literary products of primitive Armenia—the mythological legends and chants of heroic deeds sung by bards—are lost. The Church would have none of them. Gregory not only destroyed the pagan temples, but he sought to stamp out the pagan literature—the poetry and recorded traditions that celebrated the deeds of gods and goddesses and of national heroes. He would have succeeded, too, had not the romantic spirit of the race clung fondly to their ballads and folk-lore. Ecclesiastical historiographers in referring to those times say quaintly enough, meaning to censure the people, that in spite of their great religious advantages the Armenians persisted in singing some of their heathen ballads as late as the twelfth century. Curiously enough, we owe the fragments we possess of early Armenian poetry to these same ecclesiastical critics. These fragments suggest a popular poesy, stirring and full of powerful imagery, employed mostly in celebrating royal marriages, religious feasts, and containing dirges for the dead, and ballads of customs—

not a wide field, but one invaluable to the philologist and to ethnological students.

The Christian chroniclers and critics, however, while preserving but little of the verse of early Armenia, have handed down to us many legends and traditions, though they relate them, unfortunately, with much carelessness and with a contempt for detail that is often exasperating to one seeking for instructive parallelisms between the heroic legends of different nations. Evidently the only object of the ecclesiastical chroniclers in preserving these legends was to invest their descriptions of the times with a local color. Even Moses of Chorene, who by royal command collected many of these legends, and in his sympathetic treatment of them evinces poetic genius and keen literary appreciation, fails to realize the importance of his task. After speaking of the old Armenian kings with enthusiasm, and even condoning their paganism for the sake of their virility, he leaves his collection in the utmost disorder and positively without a note or comment. In the face of such difficulties, therefore, it has been hard to present specimens of early Armenian folk-lore and legends that shall give the reader a rightful idea of the race and the time.

As Armenia was the highroad between Asia and Europe, these old stories and folk-plays show the influence of migrating and invading people. The mythology of the Chaldeans and Persians mingles oddly with traditions purely Armenian. This is well shown in the story of David of Sassun, given in this volume. David was the local hero of the place where Moses of Chorene was born and probably spent his declining years, after years of literary labor and study in Athens and Alexandria. The name of the district was Mush, and close by the monastery in which Moses was buried lies the village of Sassun.

David's history is rich in personal incident, and recalls to the reader the tales related of the Persian Izdubar, the Chaldeo-Babylonian Nimrod, and the Greek Heracles. He is as much the hero of the tale as is Joseph Andrews in Fielding's classic of that name. His marvellous strength is used as handily for a jest as for some prodigious victory over man or monster. He is drawn for us as a bold, reckless fellow,

with a rollicking sense of humor, which, in truth, sits but awkwardly upon the intense devotion to the Cross and its demands with which Moses or some later redactor has seen fit to burden this purely pagan hero. David is very human in spite of his blood-stained club and combative instincts, and his kindliness and bonhomie awake in us a passing disappointment at his untimely demise.

If we except some ecclesiastical writings, these fragments preserved by Moses of Chorene and others comprehend all that is left to us of the literature of Armenia antedating the Persian invasion. After the Persian flood of fire and sword had rolled over this Asiatic Poland, the stricken Christian Church revived. A monk named Mesrob set to work to revive the spirit of literature. His difficulties were great. It was not alone the resuscitating of a dead literary desire, but it entailed also the providing of a vehicle of expression, namely an alphabet, so deeply had the Persian domination imprinted itself upon the land. As might be expected, the primary results of the revival were didactic, speculative, or religious in character. Mysticism at that time flourished in the monasteries, and the national spirit—the customs, habits, joys, and emotions of the people—had not yet found re-expression in script. The Church became the dominant power in literature, and if it is true on the one hand that the Armenian people lost intellectual independence, it is also true on the other that they gained that religious zeal and strength which enabled them as an entity —a united race—to survive the fatal day of Avarair, where, under the shadow of hoary Ararat, the Armenian Marathon was fought and lost, and Vartan, their national hero, died. All sorts of traditions cluster still around the battlefield of Avarair. A species of red flower grows there that is nowhere else to be found, and it is commonly believed that this red blossom sprang originally from the blood of the slain Armenian warriors. On the plain of Avarair is also found a small antelope with a pouch upon its breast secreting musk —a peculiarity gained, they say, from feeding on grass soaked with the blood of Armenia's sons. And at Avarair, too, it is said that the lament of the nightingales is ever, "Vartan, Vartan." The story of these times is preserved in fragments in the religious chronicles of Lazarus of Pharb and of Eliseus.

When, during the Persian domination, Armenia became entirely shut off from the avenues of Greek culture, and was left unaided in her struggle for national existence, the light of literature again sank to a feeble gleam. There was, indeed, a faint revival in the tenth century, and again a second and a stronger renaissance in the twelfth under the impulse given by Nerses, and by his namesake, the Patriarch. But this revival, like the former, was not general in character. It was mostly a revival of religious mysticism in literature, not of the national spirit, though to this epoch belong the choicest hymnological productions of the Armenian Church.

There are no chronicles extant that can be called purely Armenian. The oldest chronicles that we have of Armenia —and there are many—wander off into the histories of other people—of the Byzantines, for instance, and even of the Crusaders. The passages that deal with Armenia are devoted almost entirely to narrating the sufferings of the Armenians under the successive invasions of pagans and Mahometans, and the efforts made to keep the early Christian faith—forming almost a national book of martyrs, and setting forth a tragic romance of perpetual struggle. These records cannot be called Armenian literature in a real sense, for in many cases they were not written by Armenians, but they picture in vivid fashion the trials suffered by Armenians at the hands of invading nations, and the sacrifices made to preserve a national existence. They picture, in pages bristling with horrible detail, the sacrifices and sufferings of a desperate people, and in them we see Armenia as the prophet saw Judea, "naked, lying by the wayside, trodden under foot by all nations." These chronicles have an interest all their own, but they lack literary beauty, and not being, in themselves, Armenian literature, have not been included in the selections made as being purely representative of the race and land.

The examples of Armenian proverbs and folk-lore included in this volume show, as is usual, the ethnological relationship that is so easily traced between the fables of Æsop, of Bidpai, of Vartan, and of Loqman. It may be said with truth that in the folk-lore and fables of all nations can be traced kinship of imagination, with a variety of application that differs with the customs and climate of the people. But the

Armenian is especially rich in a variety of elements. We meet enchantments, faculties, superstitions, and abstract ideas personified, which are supposed to attach miraculous meanings to the most ordinary events. Dreams, riddles, and the like—all are there. The one strange personification is the Dew. The Dew is a monster, half demon, half human; sometimes harmless, sometimes malevolent; mortal, indeed, but reaching a good or, shall we say, an evil old age. The Dew figures in nearly all Armenian fairy-tales.

The Armenian proverbs exhibit the persistent capacity of the Armenians during a time of *Sturm und Drang* to embody, in pithy, wise, and sometimes cynical form, the wisdom drawn from their own experience and from that of the ages. It is possible that the cynical vein discernible in some of these proverbs is a result of the intense and continued national trials. Take, for instance, this proverb, "If a brother were a good thing, God would have provided himself with one." Can anything be more cynical?

The poems are of later origin. Since the twelfth century, when literature burst the bonds imposed upon it by ecclesiastical domination, the poetic spirit of the Armenians has found expression. It is rich in oriental passion and imagery, brilliant in expression, and intensely musical. But through all the poems we are reminded of the melancholy strain that pervaded the exiles of Jerusalem when "by the waters of Babylon" they "sat down and wept." The apostrophe to Araxes reminds us of the trials of Armenia, of her exiled sons, of her wasted land, and of the perpetual fast she ever keeps in mourning for her children.

The comedy of "The Ruined Family" and the pathetic story of "The Vacant Yard" are also of the post-monastic era. In the comedy we gain an insight into the jealousy and the pride of life that pervaded then as now the middle walks of life. Its Ibsenesque quality is very striking. The persistent and human struggle of the mother to gain a high position in life for her daughter through marriage, and the agonizing of the father to get together a suitable dower for his daughter, together with the worldly-wise comments and advice of the old aunt, are so true to modern life that one realizes anew the sameness of human nature in all climes and ages.

"The Vacant Yard" gives us a charming picture of Armenian life. The people are depicted with an impartial pen, subject to the minor crosses and humors of fate, having their ups and downs just as we do to-day, but the intense local color that pervades the story holds one to the closing line.

As a people the Armenians cannot boast of as vast a literature as the Persians, their one-time conquerors, but that which remains of purely Armenian prose, folk-lore, and poetry tells us of a poetic race, gifted with imaginative fire, sternness of will, and persistency of adherence to old ideas, a race that in proportion to their limited production in letters can challenge comparison with any people.

Robert Arnot

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PROVERBS AND FOLK-LORE

[*Translated by F. B. Collins, B.S.*]

PROVERBS AND FOLK-LORE

I KNOW many songs, but I cannot sing.

When a man sees that the water does not follow him, he follows the water.

When a tree falls there is plenty of kindling wood.

He who falls into the water need have no fear of rain.

A good swimmer finds death in the water.

Strong vinegar bursts the cask.

Dogs quarrel among themselves, but against the wolf they are united.

God understands the dumb.

Only he who can read is a man.

The chick shows itself in the egg, the child in the cradle.

What a man acquires in his youth serves as a crutch in his old age.

One wit is good; two wits are better.

Begin with small things, that you may achieve great.

A devil with experience is better than an angel without.

What the great say, the humble hear.

He who steals an egg will steal a horse also.

Turn the spit, so that neither meat nor roasting-iron shall burn.

One can spoil the good name of a thousand.

What manner of things thou speakest of, such shalt thou also hear.

The grandfather ate unripe grapes, and the grandson's teeth were set on edge.

One bad deed begets another.

Go home when the table is set, and to church when it is almost over.

A devil at home, a parson abroad.

God created men and women: who, then, created monks?

Poor and proud.

In dreams the hungry see bread and the thirsty water.

Ere the fat become lean, the lean are already dead.

Wish for a cow for your neighbor, that God may give you two.

What is play to the cat is death to the mouse.

Unless the child cries, the mother will not suckle it.

A fish in the water is worth nothing.

Gold is small but of great worth.

At home the dog is very brave.

Observe the mother ere you take the daughter.

If you lose half and then leave off, something is gained.

The good mourn for what was taken away, the wolf for what was left behind.

Only a bearded man can laugh at a beardless face.

He descends from a horse and seats himself on an ass.

No other day can equal the one that is past.

When a man grows rich, he thinks his walls are awry.

Make friends with a dog, but keep a stick in your hand.

One should not feel hurt at the kick of an ass.

The blind have no higher wish than to have two eyes.

The thief wants only a dark night.

A thief robbed another thief, and God marvelled at it in heaven.

He who has money has no sense; and he who has sense, no money.

He who begs is shameless, but still more shameless is he who lends not to him.

Better lose one's eyes than one's calling.

What the wind brings it will take away again.

A bad dog neither eats himself nor gives to others.

Running is also an art.

Only in the bath can one tell black from white.

Water is sure to find its way.

What does the blind care if candles are dear?

Speak little and you will hear much.

No one is sure that his light will burn till morning.

He who speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup.

The more you stone a dog the more he barks.

One blossom does not make a spring.

One hand cannot clap alone.

Strike the iron while it is hot.

Take up a stick, and the thieving dog understands.

Corruption illumines dark paths.

When they laid down the law to the wolf, he said, "Be quiet, or the sheep will run away."

One hears Ali is dead; but one knows not which one.

The scornful soon grow old.

Who shall work? I and thou. Who shall eat? I and thou.

Stay in the place where there is bread.

If bread tastes good, it is all one to me whether a Jew or a Turk bakes it.

One loves the rose, another the lilac.

Before Susan had done prinking, church was over.

The simpleton went to the wedding and said, "Indeed, it is much better here than it is at home."

He sleeps for himself and dreams for others.

The flower falls under the bush.

Not everything round is an apple.

What does an ass know about almonds?

A king must be worthy of a crown.

When you are going in consider first how you are coming out.

What thou canst do to-day leave not until to-morrow.

The rose of winter-time is fire.

The end of strife is repentance.

From the same flower the serpent draws poison and the bees honey.

My heart is no table-cover to be spread over everything.

As long as the wagon is not upset the way is not mended.

The water that drowns me is for me an ocean.

The Armenian has his understanding in his head, the Georgian in his eyes.

The ass knows seven ways of swimming, but when he sees the water he forgets them all.

The wound of a dagger heals, but that of the tongue, never.

A good ox is known in the yoke, a good woman at the cradle of her child.

Love ever so well, there is also hate; hate ever so much, there is always love.

A shrewd enemy is better than a stupid friend.

To rise early is not everything; happy are they who have the help of God.

A dress that is not worn wears itself out.

I came from the ocean and was drowned in a spoonful of water.

Because the cat could get no meat, he said, "To-day is Friday."

The house that a woman builds God will not destroy; but a woman is likely to destroy the house that God has built.

The dowry a woman brings into the house is a bell. Whenever you come near, the clapper strikes in your face.

By asking, one finds the way to Jerusalem.

Which of the five fingers can you cut off without hurting yourself?

The father's kingdom is the son's mite.

Far from the eye, far from the heart.

If a brother was really good for anything, God would have one.

When God gives, He gives with both hands.

A daughter is a treasure which belongs to another.

The world is a pair of stairs: some go up and others go down.

The poor understand the troubles of the poor.

The childless have one trouble, but those who have children have a thousand.

God turns away his face from a shameless man.

The eyes would not disagree even if the nose were not between them.

Until you see trouble you will never know joy.

You never know a man until you have eaten a barrel of salt with him.

Every man's own trouble is as large as a camel.

The goat prefers one goat to a whole herd of sheep.

The fox has destroyed the world, and the wolf has lost his calling.

The fool throws himself into the stream, and forty wise men cannot pull him out.

A near neighbor is better than a distant kinsman.

When I have honey, the flies come even from Bagdad.

A guest comes from God.

The guest is the ass of the inn-keeper.

When everything is cheap the customer has no conscience.

THE SHEEP-BROTHER

Once there was a widow and she had a daughter. The widow married a widower who had by his first wife two children, a boy and a girl. The wife was always coaxing her husband: "Take the children, do, and lead them up into the mountains." Her husband could not refuse her, and, lo! one day he put some bread in his basket, took the children, and set off for the mountain.

They went on and on and came to a strange place. Then the father said to the children, "Rest here a little while," and the children sat down to rest. The father turned his face away and wept bitterly, very bitterly. Then he turned again to the children and said, "Eat something," and they ate. Then the boy said, "Father, dear, I want a drink." The father took his staff, stuck it into the ground, threw his coat over it, and said, "Come here, my son, sit in the shadow of my coat, and I will get you some water." The brother and sister stayed and the father went away and forsook his children. Whether they waited a long time or a short time before they saw that their father was not coming back is not known. They wandered here and there looking for him, but saw no human being anywhere.

At last they came back to the same spot, and, beginning to weep, they said:

"Alas! Alas! See, here is father's staff, and here is his coat, and he comes not, and he comes not."

Whether the brother and sister sat there a long time or a short time is not known. They rose after a while, and one took the staff and the other the coat, and they went away without knowing whither. They went on and on and on, until they saw tracks of horses' hoofs filled with rain-water.

"I am going to drink, sister," said the brother.

"Do not drink, little brother, or you will become a colt," said the sister.

They passed on till they saw tracks of oxen's hoofs.

"O sister dear, how thirsty I am!"

"Do not drink, little brother, or you will be a calf," the sister said to him.

They went on till they saw the tracks of buffalo hoofs.

"O sister dear, how thirsty I am!"

"Drink not, little brother, or you will be a buffalo calf."

They passed on and saw the tracks of bears' paws.

"Oh, I am so thirsty, sister dear."

"Drink not, little brother, or you will become a little bear."

They went on and saw the tracks of swine's trotters.

"O sister dear, I am going to drink."

"Drink not, little brother, or you will become a little pig."

They went on and on till they saw the tracks of the pads of wolves.

"O sister dear, how thirsty I am!"

"Do not drink, little brother, or you will become a little wolf."

They walked on and on till they saw the tracks of sheep's trotters.

"O sister dear, I am almost dying with thirst."

"O little brother, you grieve me so! You will, indeed, be a sheep if you drink."

He could stand it no longer. He drank and turned into a sheep. He began to bleat and ran after his sister. Long they wandered, and at last came home.

Then the stepmother began to scheme against them. She edged up to her husband and said: "Kill your sheep. I want to eat him."

The sister got her sheep-brother away in the nick of time and drove him back into the mountains. Every day she drove him to the meadows and she spun linen. Once her distaff fell from her hand and rolled into a cavern. The sheep-brother stayed behind grazing while she went to get the distaff.

She stepped into the cavern and saw lying in a corner a Dew, one thousand years old. She suddenly spied the girl and said: "Neither the feathered birds nor the crawling serpent can make their way in here; how then hast thou, maiden, dared to enter?"

The girl spoke up in her fright. "For love of you I came here, dear grandmother."

The old Dew mother bade the girl come near and asked her this and that. The maiden pleased her very much. "I will go and bring you a fish," she said, "you are certainly

hungry." But the fishes were snakes and dragons. The girl was sorely frightened and began to cry with terror. The old Dew said, "Maiden, why do you weep?" She answered, "I have just thought of my mother, and for her sake I weep." Then she told the old mother everything that had happened to her. "If that is so," said the Dew, "sit down here and I will lay my head on your knee and go to sleep."

She made up the fire, stuck the poker into the stove, and said:

"When the devil flies by do not waken me. If the rainbow-colored one passes near, take the glowing poker from the stove and lay it on my foot."

The maiden's heart crept into her heels from fright. What was she to do? She sat down, the Dew laid her head on her knees and slept. Soon she saw a horrible black monster flying by. The maiden was silent. After a while there came flying by a rainbow-colored creature. She seized the glowing poker and threw it on the old Dew's foot. The old mother awoke and said, "Phew, how the fleas bite." She rose and lifted up the maiden. The girl's hair and clothing were turned to gold from the splendor of the rainbow colors. She kissed the old Dew's hand and begged that she might go. She went away, and taking her sheep-brother with her started for home. The stepmother was not there, and the maiden secretly dug a hole, buried her golden dress, and sat down and put on an old one.

The stepmother came home and saw that the maiden had golden hair.

"What have you done to your hair to make it like gold?" she asked. The maiden told her all, how and when. The next day the stepmother sent her own daughter to the same mountain. The stepmother's daughter purposely let her distaff fall and it rolled into the hole. She went in to get it, but the old Dew mother turned her into a scarecrow and sent her home.

About that time there was a wedding in the royal castle; the King was giving one of his sons in marriage, and the people came from all directions to look on and enjoy themselves.

The stepmother threw on a kerchief and smartened up the head of her daughter and took her to see the wedding. The

girl with the golden hair did not stay at home, but, putting on her golden dress so that she became from head to foot a gleaming houri, she went after them.

But on the way home, she ran so fast to get there before her stepmother, that she dropped one of her golden shoes in the fountain. When they led the horses of the King's second son to drink, the horses caught sight of the golden shoe in the water and drew back and would not drink. The King caused the wise men to be called, and asked them to make known the reason why the horses would not drink, and they found only the golden shoe. The King sent out his herald to tell the people that he would marry his son to whomsoever this shoe fitted.

He sent people throughout the whole city to try on the shoe, and they came to the house where the sheep-brother was. The stepmother pushed the maiden with the golden locks into the stove, and hid her, and showed only her own daughter.

A cock came up to the threshold and crowed three times, "Cock-a-doodle doo! The fairest of the fair is in the stove." The King's people brushed the stepmother aside and led the maiden with golden hair from the stove, tried on the shoe, which fitted as though moulded to the foot.

"Now stand up," said they, "and you shall be a royal bride."

The maiden put on her golden dress, drove her sheep-brother before her, and went to the castle. She was married to the King's son, and seven days and seven nights they feasted.

Again the stepmother took her daughter and went to the castle to visit her stepdaughter, who in spite of all treated her as her mother and invited her into the castle garden. From the garden they went to the seashore and sat down to rest. The stepmother said, "Let us bathe in the sea." While they were bathing she pushed the wife of the King's son far out into the water, and a great fish came swimming by and swallowed her.

Meanwhile the stepmother put the golden dress on her own daughter and led her to the royal castle and placed her in the seat where the young wife always sat, covering her face and her head so that no one would know her.

The young wife sat in the fish and heard the voice of the

bell-ringer. She called to him and pleaded: "Bell-ringer, O bell-ringer, thou hast called the people to church; cross thyself seven times, and I entreat thee, in the name of heaven, go to the prince and say that they must not slaughter my sheep-brother."

Once, twice the bell-ringer heard this voice and told the King's son about it.

The King's son took the bell-ringer with him and went at night to the seashore. The same voice spoke the same words. He knew that it was his dear wife that spoke, and drew his sword and ripped open the fish and helped his loved one out.

They went home, and the prince had the stepmother brought to him, and said to her: "Mother-in-law, tell me what kind of a present you would like: a horse fed with barley or a knife with a black handle?"

The stepmother answered: "Let the knife with a black handle pierce the breast of thine enemy; but give me the horse fed with barley."

The King's son commanded them to tie the stepmother and her daughter to the tail of a horse, and to hunt them over mountain and rock till nothing was left of them but their ears and a tuft of hair.

After that the King's son lived happily with his wife and her sheep-brother. The others were punished and she rejoiced.

And three apples fell down from heaven.

THE YOUTH WHO WOULD NOT TELL HIS DREAM

There lived once upon a time a man and wife who had a son. The son arose from his sleep one morning and said to his mother: "Mother dear, I had a dream, but what it was I will not tell you."

The mother said, "Why will you not tell me?"

"I will not, and that settles it," answered the youth, and his mother seized him and cudgelled him well.

Then he went to his father and said to him: "Father dear, I had a dream, but what it was I would not tell mother, nor will I tell you," and his father also gave him a good flogging. He began to sulk and ran away from home. He walked and

walked the whole day long and, meeting a traveller, said after greeting him: "I had a dream, but what it was I would tell neither father nor mother and I will not tell you." Then he went on his way till finally he came to the Emir's house and said to the Emir: "Emir, I had a dream, but what it was I would tell neither father nor mother, nor yet the traveller, and I will not tell you."

The Emir had him seized and thrown into the garret, where he began to cut through the floor with a knife he managed to get from some one of the Emir's people. He cut and cut until he made an opening over the chamber of the Emir's daughter, who had just filled a plate with food and gone away. The youth jumped down, emptied the plate, ate what he wanted, and crept back into the garret. The second, third, and fourth days he did this also, and the Emir's daughter could not think who had taken away her meal. The next day she hid herself under the table to watch and find out. Seeing the youth jump down and begin to eat from her plate, she rushed out and said to him, "Who are you?"

"I had a dream, but what it was I would tell neither father nor mother, nor the traveller, nor yet the Emir. The Emir shut me up in the garret. Now everything depends on you; do with me what you will."

The youth looked at the maiden, and they loved each other and saw each other every day.

The King of the West came to the King of the East to court the daughter of the King of the East for his son. He sent an iron bar with both ends shaped alike and asked: "Which is the top and which is the bottom? If you can guess that, good! If not, I will carry your daughter away with me."

The King asked everybody, but nobody could tell. The King's daughter told her lover about it and he said: "Go tell your father the Emir to throw the bar into a brook. The heavy end will sink. Make a hole in that end and send the bar back to the King of the West." And it happened that he was right, and the messengers returned to their King.

The King of the West sent three horses of the same size and color and asked: "Which is the one-year-old, which is the two-year-old, and which the mare? If you can guess that, good. If not, then I will carry off your daughter."

The King of the East collected all the clever people, but no one could guess. He was helpless and knew not what to do. Then his daughter went to her lover and said, "They are going to take me away," and she told him when and how.

The youth said: "Go and say to your father, 'Dip a bundle of hay in water, strew it with salt, and put it near the horses' stall. In the morning the mare will come first, the two-year-old second, the one-year-old last."

They did this and sent the King of the West his answer.

He waited a little and sent a steel spear and a steel shield, and said: "If you pierce the shield with the spear, I will give my daughter to your son. If not, send your daughter to my son."

Many people tried, and among them the King himself, but they could find no way of piercing the shield. The King's daughter told him of her beloved prisoner, and the King sent for him. The youth thrust the spear into the ground, and, striking the shield against it, pierced it through.

As the King had no son, he sent the youth in place of a son to the King of the West to demand his daughter, according to agreement.

He went on and on—how long it is not known—and saw someone with his ear to the ground listening.

"Who are you?" the youth asked.

"I am he who hears everything that is said in the whole world."

"This is a brave fellow," said the youth. "He knows everything that is said in the world."

"I am no brave fellow. He who has pierced a steel shield with a steel spear is a brave fellow," was the answer.

"I am he," said the youth. "Let us be brothers."

They journeyed on together and saw a man with a millstone on each foot, and one leg stepped toward Chisan and the other toward Stambul.

"That seems to me a brave fellow! One leg steps toward Chisan and the other toward Stambul."

"I am no brave fellow. He who has pierced a steel shield with a steel spear is a brave fellow," said the man with the millstones.

"I am he. Let us be brothers."

They were three and they journeyed on together.

They went on and on and saw a mill with seven millstones grinding corn. And one man ate all and was not satisfied, but grumbled and said, " O little father, I die of hunger."

" That is a brave fellow," said the youth. " Seven millstones grind for him and yet he has not enough, but cries, ' I die of hunger.' "

" I am no brave fellow. He who pierced a steel shield with a steel spear is a brave fellow," said the hungry man.

" I am he. Let us be brothers," said the youth and the four journeyed on together. They went on and on and saw a man who had loaded the whole world on his back and even wished to lift it up.

" That is a brave fellow. He has loaded himself with the whole world and wishes to lift it up," said the youth.

" I am no brave fellow. He who has pierced a steel shield with a steel spear is a brave fellow," said the burdened man.

" I am he. Let us be brothers."

The five journeyed on together. They went on and on and saw a man lying in a brook and he sipped up all its waters and yet cried, " O little father, I am parched with thirst."

" That is a brave fellow. He drinks up the whole brook and still says he is thirsty," said the youth.

" I am no brave fellow. He who has pierced a steel shield with a steel spear is a brave fellow," said the thirsty man.

" I am he. Let us be brothers."

The six journeyed on together. They went on and on and saw a shepherd who was playing the pipes, and mountains and valleys, fields and forests, men and animals, danced to the music.

" That seems to me to be a brave fellow. He makes mountains and valleys dance," said the youth.

" I am no brave fellow. He who has pierced a steel shield with a steel spear is a brave fellow," said the musical man.

" I am he. Let us be brothers," said the youth.

The seven journeyed on together.

" Brother who hast pierced a steel shield with a steel spear, whither is God leading us? "

" We are going to get the daughter of the King of the West," said the youth.

"Only you can marry her," said they all.

They went on till they came to the King's castle, but when they asked for the daughter the King would not let her go, but called his people together and said: "They have come after the bride. They are not very hungry, perhaps they will eat only a bite or two. Let one-and-twenty ovens be filled with bread and make one-and-twenty kettles of soup. If they eat all this I will give them my daughter; otherwise, I will not."

The seven brothers were in a distant room. He who listened with his ear to the ground heard what the King commanded, and said:

"Brother who hast pierced a steel shield with a steel spear, do you understand what the King said?"

"Rascal! how can I know what he says when I am not in the same room with him? What did he say?"

"He has commanded them to bake bread in one-and-twenty ovens and to make one-and-twenty kettles of soup. If we eat it all, we can take his daughter; otherwise, not."

The brother who devoured all the meal that seven millstones ground said: "Fear not, I will eat everything that comes to hand, and then cry, 'Little father, I die of hunger.'"

When the King saw the hungry man eat he screamed: "May he perish! I shall certainly meet defeat at his hands."

Again he called his people to him and said, "Kindle a great fire, strew it with ashes and cover it with blankets. When they come in in the evening they will be consumed, all seven of them."

The brother with the sharp ears said: "Brother who hast pierced a steel shield with a steel spear, do you understand what the King said?"

"No; how can I know what he said?"

"He said, 'Kindle a fire, strew it with ashes, and cover it with blankets, and when they come in in the evening they will be consumed, all seven of them.'"

Then said the brother who drank up the brook: "I will drink all I can and go in before you. I will spit it all out and turn the whole house into a sea."

In the evening they begged the King to allow them to rest in the room set apart for them. The water-drinker filled the whole room with water, and they went into another.

The King lost his wits and knew not what to do. He called his people together, and they said in one voice, "Let what will happen, we will not let our princess go!"

The man with the sharp ears heard them, and said, "Brother who hast pierced a steel shield with a steel spear, do you understand what the King said?"

"How should I know what he said?"

"He said, 'Let what will happen, I will not let my daughter go.'"

The brother who had loaded himself with the whole world said: "Wait, I will take his castle and all his land on my back and carry it away."

He took the castle on his back and started off. The shepherd played on his pipes, and mountains and valleys danced to the music. He who had fastened millstones to his feet led the march, and they all went joyously forward, making a great noise.

The King began to weep, and begged them to leave him his castle. "Take my daughter with you. You have earned her."

They put the castle back in its place, the shepherd stopped playing, and mountain and valley stood still. They took the King's daughter and departed, and each hero returned to his dwelling-place, and he who had pierced the steel shield with the steel spear took the maiden and came again to the King of the East. And the King of the East gave him his own daughter, whom the youth had long loved, for his wife. So he had two wives—one was the daughter of the King of the East, the other the daughter of the King of the West.

At night, when they lay down to sleep, he said: "Now, I have one sun on one side and another sun on the other side, and a bright star plays on my breast."

In the morning he sent for his parents and called also the King to him, and said, "Now, I will tell my dream." "What was it, then?" they all said. He answered: "I saw in my dream one sun on one side of me and another sun on the other, and a bright star played on my breast."

"Had you such a dream?" they asked.

"I swear I had such a dream."

And three apples fell from heaven: one for the story-teller, one for him who made him tell it, and one for the hearer.

THE VACANT YARD

[*Translated by F. B. Collins, B.S.*]

THE VACANT YARD

SEVERAL days ago I wished to visit an acquaintance, but it chanced he was not at home. I came therefore through the gate again out into the street, and stood looking to right and left and considering where I could go. In front of me lay a vacant yard, whch was, I thought, not wholly like other vacant yards. On it was neither house nor barn nor stable: true, none of these was there, but it was very evident that this yard could not have been deserted long by its tenants. The house must, also, in my opinion, have been torn down, for of traces of fire, as, for example, charred beams, damaged stoves, and rubbish heaps, there was no sign.

In a word, it could be plainly perceived that the house which once stood there had been pulled down, and its beams and timbers carried away. In the middle of the premises, near the line hedge, stood several high trees, acacias, fig, and plum-trees; scattered among them were gooseberry bushes, rose-trees, and blackthorns, while near the street, just in the place where the window of the house was probably set, stood a high, green fig-tree.

I have seen many vacant lots, yet never before have I given a passing thought as to whom any one of them belonged, or who might have lived there, or indeed where its future possessor might be. But in a peculiar way the sight of this yard called up questions of this sort; and as I looked at it many different thoughts came into my mind. Perhaps, I thought to myself, a childless fellow, who spoiled old age with sighs and complaints, and as his life waned the walls mouldered. Finally, the house was without a master; the doors and windows stood open, and when the dark winter nights came on, the neighbors fell upon it and stripped off its boards, one after another. Yes, various thoughts came into my head. How hard it is to build a house, and how easy to tear it down!

While I stood there lost in thought, an old woman, leaning on a staff, passed me. I did not immediately recognize her, but at a second glance I saw it was Hripsime. Nurse Hripsime was a woman of five-and-seventy, yet, from her steady gait, her lively speech, and her fiery eyes, she appeared to be scarcely fifty. She was vigorous and hearty, expressed her opinions like a man, and was abrupt in her speech. Had she not worn women's garments one could easily have taken her for a man. Indeed, in conversation she held her own with ten men.

Once, I wot not for what reason, she was summoned to court. She went thither, placed herself before the judge, and spoke so bravely that everyone gaped and stared at her as at a prodigy. Another time thieves tried to get into her house at night, knowing that she was alone like an owl in the house. The thieves began to pry open the door with a crowbar, and when Nurse Hripsime heard it she sprang nimbly out of bed, seized her stick from its corner, and began to shout: "Ho, there! Simon, Gabriel, Matthew, Stephan, Aswadur, get up quickly. Get your axes and sticks. Thieves are here; collar the rascals; bind them, skin them, strike them dead!" The thieves probably did not know with whom they had to deal, and, when at the outcry of the old woman they conceived that a half-dozen stout-handed fellows might be in the house, they took themselves off. Just such a cunning, fearless woman was Aunt Hripsime.

"Good-morning, nurse," said I.

"God greet thee," she replied.

"Where have you been?"

"I have been with the sick," she rejoined.

Oh, yes! I had wholly forgotten to say that Nurse Hripsime, though she could neither read nor write, was a skilful physician. She laid the sick person on the grass, administered a sherbet, cured hemorrhoids and epilepsy; and especially with sick women was she successful. Yes, to her skill I myself can bear witness. About four years ago my child was taken ill in the dog-days, and for three years my wife had had a fever, so that she was very feeble. The daughter of Arutin, the gold-worker, and the wife of Saak, the tile-maker, said to me: "There is an excellent physician called

Hripsime. Send for her, and you will not regret it." To speak candidly, I have never found much brains in our doctor. He turns round on his heels and scribbles out a great many prescriptions, but his skill is not worth a toadstool.

I sent for Hripsime, and, sure enough, not three days had passed before my wife's fever had ceased and my children's pain was allayed. For three years, thank God, no sickness has visited my house. Whether it can be laid to her skill and the lightness of her hand or to the medicine I know not. I know well, however, that Nurse Hripsime is my family physician. And what do I pay her? Five rubles a year, no more and no less. When she comes to us it is a holiday for my children, so sweetly does she speak to them and so well does she know how to win their hearts. Indeed, if I were a sultan, she should be my vezir.

"How does the city stand in regard to sickness?" I asked her.

"Of that one would rather not speak," answered Hripsime. "Ten more such years and our whole city will become a hospital. Heaven knows what kind of diseases they are! Moreover, they are of a very peculiar kind, and often the people die very suddenly. The bells fly in pieces almost from so much tolling, the grave-diggers' shovels are blunt, and from the great demand for coffins the price of wood is risen. What will become of us, I know not."

"Is not, then, the cause of these diseases known to you?"

"Oh, that is clear enough," answered Hripsime. "It is a punishment for our sins. What good deeds have we done that we should expect God's mercy? Thieves, counterfeiters, all these you find among us. They snatch the last shirt from the poor man's back, purloin trust moneys, church money: in a word, there is no shameless deed we will not undertake for profit. We need not wonder if God punishes us for it. Yes, God acts justly, praised be his holy name! Indeed, it would be marvellous if God let us go unpunished."

Hripsime was not a little excited, and that was just what I wished. When she once began she could no longer hold in: her words gushed forth as from a spring, and the more she spoke the smoother her speech.

"Do you know?" I began again, "that I have been

standing a long while before this deserted yard, and cannot recall whose house stood here, why they have pulled it down, and what has become of its inhabitants? You are an aged woman, and have peeped into every corner of our city: you must have something to tell about it. If you have nothing important on hand, be kind enough to tell me what you know of the former residents of the vanished house."

Nurse Hripsime turned her gaze to the vacant yard, and, shaking her head, said:

"My dear son, the history of that house is as long as one of our fairy-tales. One must tell for seven days and seven nights in order to reach the end.

"This yard was not always so desolate as you see it now," she went on. "Once there stood here a house, not very large, but pretty and attractive, and made of wood. The wooden houses of former days pleased me much better than the present stone houses, which look like cheese mats outside and are prisons within. An old proverb says, 'In stone or brick houses life goes on sadly.'

"Here, on this spot, next to the fig-tree," she continued, "stood formerly a house with a five-windowed front, green blinds, and a red roof. Farther back there by the acacias stood the stable, and between the house and the stable, the kitchen and the hen-house. Here to the right of the gate a spring." With these words Nurse Hripsime took a step forward, looked about, and said: "What is this? the spring gone, too! I recollect as if to-day that there was a spring of sweet water on the very spot where I am standing. What can have happened to it! I know that everything can be lost—but a spring, how can that be lost?" Hripsime stooped and began to scratch about with her stick. "Look here," she said suddenly, "bad boys have filled up the beautiful spring with earth and stones. Plague take it! Well, if one's head is cut off, he weeps not for his beard. For the spring I care not, but for poor Sarkis and his family I am very sorry."

"Are you certain that the house of Sarkis, the grocer, stood here? I had wholly forgotten it. Now tell me, I pray, what has become of him? Does he still live, or is he dead? Where is his family? I remember now that he had a pretty daughter and also a son."

Nurse Hripsime gave no heed to my questions, but stood silently, poking about with her stick near the choked-up spring.

The picture of Grocer Sarkis, as we called him, took form vividly in my memory, and with it awoke many experiences of my childhood. I remembered that when I was a child a dear old lady often visited us, who was continually telling us about Grocer Sarkis, and used to hold up his children as models. In summer, when the early fruit was ripe, she used to visit his house, gather fruit in his garden, and would always come to us with full pockets, bringing us egg-plums, saffron apples, fig-pears, and many other fruits. From that time we knew Sarkis, and when my mother wanted any little thing for the house I got it for her at his store. I loved him well, this Sarkis; he was a quiet, mild man, around whose mouth a smile hovered. "What do you want, my child?" he always asked when I entered his store.

"My mother sends you greeting," I would answer. "She wants this or that."

"Well, well, my child, you shall have it," he usually answered, and always gave me a stick of sugar candy, with the words, "That is for you; it is good for the cough." It never happened that I went out of the store without receiving something from him. In winter-time he treated me to sugar candy, and in summer-time he always had in his store great baskets full of apricots, plums, pears, and apples, or whatever was in season in his garden. His garden at that time—some thirty or thirty-five years ago—was very famous. One time my mother sent me to Sarkis's store to procure, as I remember, saffron for the pillau. Sarkis gave me what I desired, and then noticing, probably, how longingly I looked toward the fruit-baskets, he said:

"Now, you shall go and have a good time in my garden. Do you know where my house is?"

"Yes, I know. Not far from the Church of Our Lady."

"Right, my son, you have found it. It has green blinds, and a fig-tree stands in front of it. Now take this basket and carry it to Auntie, and say that I sent word that she was to let you go into the garden with my son Toros. There you two may eat what you will."

He handed me a neat-looking basket. I peeped into it and saw a sheep's liver. I was as disgusted with this as though it were a dead dog, for at that time liver-eaters were abhorred not less than thieves and counterfeiters; they with their whole family were held in derision, and people generally refused to associate with them. In a moment I forgot entirely what a good man Sarkis was; I forgot his fruit-garden and his pretty daughter, of whom the good old lady had told me so many beautiful things. The liver had spoiled everything in a trice. Sarkis noticed this, and asked me smiling:

"What is the matter?"

"Have you a dog in your yard?" I asked, without heeding his words.

"No," he said.

"For whom, then, is the liver?"

"For none other than ourselves. We will eat it."

I looked at Sarkis to see if he were jesting with me, but no sign of jesting was to be seen in his face.

"You will really eat the liver yourselves?" I asked.

"What astonishes you, my boy? Is not liver to be eaten, then?"

"Dogs eat liver," I said, deeply wounded, and turned away, for Sarkis appeared to me at that moment like a ghoul.

Just then there came into the store a pretty, pleasing boy. "Mamma sent me to get what you have bought at the Bazaar, and the hearth-fire has been lit a long time." I concluded that this was Sarkis's son, Toros. I perceived immediately from his face that he was a good boy, and I was very much taken with him.

"Here, little son, take that," Sarkis said, and handed him the basket which I had set down.

Toros peeped in, and when he spied the liver he said, "We will have a pie for dinner." Then he put on his cap and turned to go.

"Toros," called his father to him, "take Melkon with you to our house and play with him as a brother."

I was exceedingly pleased with the invitation, and went out with Toros. When we arrived at Sarkis's house and entered the garden it seemed as though I were in an entirely new world. The yard was very pretty, no disorder was to be seen

anywhere. Here and there pretty chickens, geese, and turkeys ran about with their chicks. On the roof sat doves of the best kinds. The yard was shaded in places by pretty green trees, the house had a pretty balcony, and under the eaves stood green-painted tubs for catching rain-water. In the windows different flowers were growing, and from the balcony hung cages of goldfinches, nightingales, and canary birds; in a word, everything I saw was pretty, homelike, and pleasant.

In the kitchen cooking was going on, for thick smoke rose from the chimney. At the kitchen-door stood Sarkis's wife, a healthy, red-cheeked, and vigorous woman, apparently about thirty years old. From the fire that burned on the hearth her cheeks were still more reddened, so that it seemed, as they say, the redness sprang right out of her. On a little stool on the balcony sat a little girl, who wore, according to the prevailing fashion, a red satin fez on her head. This was Toros's sister. I have seen many beautiful girls in my time, but never a prettier one. Her name was Takusch.

Getting the mother's consent, we entered the garden, where we helped ourselves freely to the good fruit and enjoyed the fragrance of many flowers. At noon, Sarkis came home from the store, and invited me to dinner. My gaze was continually directed toward the beautiful Takusch. Oh, well-remembered years! What a pity it is that they pass by so quickly! Two or three months later I journeyed to the Black Sea, where I was apprenticed to a merchant, and since that time I have not been in my native city—for some twenty-four years—and all that I have told was awakened in my memory in a trice by my meeting with Hripsime.

The old woman was still standing on the site of the choked-up spring, scratching around on the ground with her stick.

"Nurse Hripsime, where is Sarkis and his family now?" I asked.

"Did you know him, then?" she asked, astonished.

"Yes, a little," I replied.

"Your parents were acquainted with him?"

"No. I was only once in his house, and then as a boy."

"Oh, then! That was his happiest time. What pleasant times we had in his garden! Formerly it was not as it is now

—not a trace of their pleasant garden remains. The house has disappeared. Look again: yonder was the kitchen, there the hen-house, there the barn, and here the spring."

As she spoke she pointed out with her stick each place, but of the buildings she named not a trace was to be seen.

"Ah, my son," she went on, "he who destroyed the happiness of these good, pious people, who tore down their house and scattered the whole family to the winds, may that man be judged by God! He fell like a wolf upon their goods and chattels. I wish no evil to him, but if there is a God in heaven may he find no peace in his house, may his children bring no joy to him, and may no happiness find its way within his four walls. As he ruined those four poor wretches and was guilty of their early death, so may he roam over the wide world without rest nor find in sleep any comfort! Yes, may his trouble and sorrow increase with the abundance of his wealth!

"I knew Sarkis when he was still a boy. When you knew him he must have been about forty years old. He was always just as you saw him: reserved, discreet, pious, beneficent to the poor, and hospitable. It never occurred that he spoke harshly to his wife or raised his hand against his children. He was ever satisfied with what he had; never complained that he had too little, or coveted the possessions of others. Yes, a pious man was Sarkis, and his wife had the same virtues. Early in childhood she lost her parents, and relatives of her mother adopted her, but treated her badly. Yes, bitter is the lot of the orphan, for even if they have means they are no better off than the poor! They said that when her father died he left her a store with goods worth about 3,000 rubles, and beside that 2,000 ducats in cash; but he was hardly dead when the relations came and secured the stock and gold as guardians of the orphan. When she was fourteen years old, one after another wooed her, but when the go-betweens found out that there was nothing left of her property they went away and let the girl alone.

"Happily for her, Sarkis appeared, and said: 'I want a wife; I seek no riches.' Of course, the relations gave her to him at once, and with her all sorts of trumpery, some half-ruined furniture, and a few gold pieces. 'That is all her father left,' they said, and demanded from him a receipt for the

whole legacy from her father. That was the way they shook her off!

"At that time Sarkis himself had nothing, and was just as poor as his wife. He was clerk in a store, and received not more than 150 rubles in notes yearly, which were worth in current money scarcely one-third their face value. Yes, they were both poor, but God's mercy is great and no one can fathom his purposes! In the same year the merchant whom he served suddenly died after making over to Sarkis the whole store and all that was in it, on condition that a certain sum should be paid every year to the widow.

"Sarkis took the business, and after three years he was sole owner of it. He increased it continually, and on the plot of ground he had inherited from his father he built a pretty house and moved into it. In the same year God gave him a daughter, whom he named Takusch, and four years later his son Toros came into the world.

"So these two orphans established a household and became somebodies; people who had laughed at them now sought their society, and began to vie with each other in praising Sarkis. But Sarkis remained the same God-fearing Sarkis. He spoke evil of no one, and even of his wife's relatives, who had robbed him, he said nothing. Indeed, when they had gone through that inheritance and were in want he even helped them out.

"As I have said, Sarkis refused no one his assistance, but his wife had also a good heart. The good things she did cannot be told. How often she baked cracknel, cakes, rolls, and sweet biscuit, and sent great plates full of them to those who could not have such things, for she said, 'May those who pass by and smell the fragrance of my cakes never desire them in vain.'

"About this time my husband died—may God bless him! —and I was living alone. Sarkis's wife came to me and said, 'Why will you live so lonely in your house? Rent it and come to us.' Of course, I did not hesitate long. I laid my things away in a large chest and moved over to their house, and soon we lived together like two sisters. Takusch was at that time four years old, and Toros was still a baby in arms. I lived ten years at their house, and heard not a single

harsh word from them. Not once did they say to me, 'You eat our bread, you drink our water, you wear our clothing.' They never indulged in such talk: on the contrary, they placed me in the seat of honor. Yes, so they honored me. And, good heavens! what was I to them! Neither mother nor sister nor aunt, in no way related to them. I was a stranger taken from the streets.

"Yes, such God-fearing people were Sarkis and his wife. The poor wretches believed that all mankind were as pure in heart as they were. I had even at that time a presentiment that they would not end well, and often remonstrated with them, begging them to be on their guard with people. But it was useless for me to talk, for they sang the old songs again.

"Like a sweet dream my years with the good people passed. Surely pure mother's milk had nourished them! I knew neither pain nor grief, nor did I think of what I should eat to-morrow, nor of how I could clothe myself. As bounteous as the hand of God was their house to me. Twelve months in every year I sat peacefully at my spinning-wheel and carried on my own business.

"Once during dog-days—Takusch was at that time fifteen years old and beginning her sixteenth year—toward evening, according to an old custom, we spread a carpet in the garden and placed a little table there for tea. Near us steamed and hissed the clean shining tea-urn, and around us roses and pinks shed their sweet odors. It was a beautiful evening, and it became more beautiful when the full moon rose in the heavens like a golden platter. I remember that evening as clearly as though it were yesterday. Takusch poured out the tea, and Auntie Mairam, Sarkis's wife, took a cup; but as she lifted it to her lips it fell out of her hand and the tea was spilled over her dress.

"My spirits fell when I saw this, for my heart told me that it meant something bad was coming. 'Keep away, evil; come, good,' I whispered, and crossed myself in silence. I glanced at Takusch and saw that the poor child had changed color. Then her innocent soul also felt that something evil was near! Sarkis and Mairam, however, remained in merry mood and thought of nothing of that sort. But if you believe not a thousand times that something is to come, it comes just the

same! Mairam took her napkin and wiped off her dress and Takusch poured her a fresh cup. 'There will come a guest with a sweet tongue,' said Sarkis, smiling. 'Mairam, go and put another dress on. You will certainly be ashamed if anyone comes.'

"'Who can come to-day, so late?' said Mairam, smiling; 'and, beside, the dress will dry quickly.'

"Scarcely had she spoken when the garden door opened with a rush and a gentleman entered the enclosure. He had hardly stepped into the garden when he began to blab with his goat's voice like a windmill.

"'Good-evening. How are you? You are drinking tea? That is very fine for you. What magnificent air you have here! Good-evening, Mr. Sarkis. Good-evening, Mrs. Mairam. Good-evening, Hripsime. What are you doing? I like to drink tea in the open air. What a beautiful garden you have. Dare I taste these cherries? Well—they are not bad; no, indeed, they are splendid cherries. If you will give me a napkin full of these cherries I will carry them home to my wife. And what magnificent apricots! Mr. Sarkis, do you know what! Sell me your house. No, I will say something better to you. Come to my store—you know where it is—yonder in the new two-storied house. Yes, yes, come over there and we will sit down pleasantly by the desk and gossip about Moscow happenings.'

"We were as if turned to stone. There are in the world many kinds of madmen, chatterboxes, and braggarts, but such a creature as this I saw for the first time in my life, and do you know who it was? Hemorrhoid Jack.

"Have you heard of him? Have you seen this hostage of God?" Hripsime asked.

"No, I do not know him," I said.

"What! and you live in our city? Is there anyone who does not know the scoundrel? Go to the brokers, and they will tell you many he has thrown out of house and home by fraud and hunted out of the city. Have you ever seen how a bird-catcher lures the birds into his net—how he whistles to them? That's the way this John gets the people into his traps. To-day he will act as if altogether stupid. To-morrow he is suddenly shrewd, and understands the business well. Then

he is simple again and a pure lamb. Now he is avaricious, now generous. And so he goes on. Yes, he slips around among the people like a fox with his tail wagging, and when he picks out his victim, he fastens his teeth in his neck and the poor beggar is lost. He gets him in his debt and never lets him get his breath between interest payments, or he robs him almost of his last shirt and lets him run. But see how I run away from my story!

"'Good-evening,' said Sarkis, as soon as he perceived Hemorrhoid Jack, and offered him his hand. 'What wind has blown you here? Mairam, a cup of tea for our honored Mr. John.'

"'Mr. Sarkis, do you know why I have come to you?' began Jack. 'The whole world is full of your praise; everywhere they are talking about you, and I thought to myself, "I must go there and see what kind of a man this Sarkis is." And so here I am. Excuse my boldness. I cannot help it: I resemble in no way your stay-at-home.

"'I am somewhat after the European fashion, you know. Who pleases me, I visit him quite simply. Present myself and make his acquaintance. Then I invite him to my house, go again to his and bring my family with me. Yes, such a fellow am I, let them laugh at me who will.'

"'Oh,' I thought, 'poor Sarkis is already fallen into the net, and his family with him.'

"Meanwhile, Mairam had poured the tea, placed the cup on a tray, and Takusch had put it before Jack.

"'Where did you buy the tea?' he began, taking the cup. 'When you want tea, buy it of me, I pray. You know, I am sure, where my store is. I can give you every desirable brand, and at low price. The tea that cost two rubles I will give to you for one ruble ninety-five kopecks. Yes, I will sell it to you at a loss. Oh, what bad tea you drink!' At the same time he began to sip and in a moment emptied the cup. 'Be so good as to give me another cup,' he said. 'In the fresh air one gets an appetite. If I am to enjoy tea-drinking, let me hitch up my carriage and drive out to the Monastery Gardens. There, out-of-doors, I drink two or three glasses and settle for them. Yes, such European customs please me.'

"'May it benefit you!' said Sarkis.

"'Now, now, Mr. Sarkis, are you coming to my house to-morrow?' asked Hemorrhoid Jack.

"'I will see,' answered Sarkis.

"'What is there to see? If you want to come, come then. We will sit behind the counter, drink our glass of tea, and chat. Now and then, we will talk about European affairs, bookkeeping, news, and other things.'

"'All right, I shall surely come. I shall not forget.'

"'Good. And now it is time for me to be gone, for I must make two more visits to-day,' remarked Hemorrhoid Jack.

"'Do they pay visits at this hour?' responded Sarkis. 'It must be nearly ten o'clock. Takusch, get a light.'

"Takusch went into the room, and soon returned with a light. Sarkis took out his watch, and coming near the light said: 'Look, it is already a quarter to ten.'

"John looked, and at once cried out: 'Oh, Mr. Sarkis, what a magnificent watch you have! Where did you get it? It appears to me to be a costly one. Let me see it.'

"'This watch I received as a gift from our late Czar. You know that several years ago our late Czar visited Taganrog. On this occasion the people of Taganrog wished to give him a magnificent horse, but they could not find an appropriate saddle. It happened that I had one that would do, and when they heard of it, they came to me and told me for what they needed the saddle. Who would not be ready to make such a sacrifice for the Czar? Indeed, who would not only sacrifice a costly saddle (and this one was not worth much), but even his life, gladly, if need be? Therefore, I immediately hired a wagon, and taking this extraordinary saddle with me and then on to Taganrog to the governor's.

"'"Your Highness seeks a saddle?" I asked.

"'"Yes, indeed," he answered.

"'"Here it is," said I.

"'"Thank you," he said, and pressed my hand. Then he led me into his own room. By George! it looked like one in a king's castle. He had me sit down, served me with tea, invited me to dine at his table: in a word, he treated me well. At my departure, he took out of a drawer a ring set with genuine brilliants, gave it to me, and said, "Take this from me as a gift, and what I receive from the Czar I will give to you

also." And he kept his word. The Czar really came, and they gave him the horse with my saddle. His Majesty thanked me for it and gave me this watch. Look, now, what a beautiful one it is!'

"'Yes, truly, it is a pretty thing. Show me it again. I wish to see what kind of a watch it is,' said Hemorrhoid Jack, examining the watch. 'And have you the ring by you? Can I see it? Oh, let me see what kind of a thing it is. I like to see such things, particularly if they come from persons of high rank.'

"'Is the ring not in the chest of drawers?' said Sarkis, looking around toward his wife.

"'Yes, I keep it there,' answered Mairam, faintly, for she might well foresee something evil. 'Who is it routs about in the chest of drawers in the night?'

"'Good Auntie Mairam,' began Jack, in a wheedling tone, 'I beg of you, bring the ring, that I may see it. Be so kind! When I see such a rare thing my heart leaps in my breast with delight. It is true joy for me to hold such things in my hand and look at them. Bring me the ring, I beg of you.'

"I looked at him at that moment, and he seemed to me like a veritable gypsy. Had I not been obliged to consider those present, I should certainly have spit in his face, so great was my aversion to this scoundrel. Yes, what the proverb says is true: 'If a rich man becomes poor, he is scented for years with his wealth; if a poor man grows rich he stinks of poverty for forty years!' That was the way with this Hemorrhoid Jack. Oh, if it had been in my power I would have seized the scoundrel by the collar and thrown him out of the gate. But Sarkis was not of my temperament; he had a gentle heart and was meek as a lamb. I went up to him, pushed his elbow, and whispered:

"'What are you doing, you good-natured fool? Why did you let him take the watch in his hand? And are you going to show the ring, too? You will see, he has bad intentions. I'll bet my head he will bring misfortune on yours. Do you not see his greedy eyes? He will ruin you altogether, you and house, and ground,' I said.

"I had my trouble for my pains. Although a man of ripe years, Sarkis was nevertheless like a mere boy, believing all

people as honest as himself. Heaven knows! perhaps such a fate was destined for him, and it was impossible for him to get out of the way of misfortune.

"Mairam brought the ring, and as soon as the scoundrel saw it he grabbed it from her hand and put it on his finger.

"'What a pretty thing it is!' he said, smirking. 'How it glistens! What a precious ring! What wonderfully beautiful brilliants! What ought I to give you for such a ring? Tell me. It pleases me exceedingly. Yes, without joking, sell it to me. No, we will arrange it otherwise: I will give you all kinds of goods out of my store at a very low price, yes, very cheap. May the apoplexy strike me if I make anything out of you! I will sell you everything at cost price, and if you wish, will give you ten kopecks rebate on the ruble.'

"'No, my dear sir,' said Mairam, embarrassed. 'Can one sell a souvenir of the Czar, and one of such great value? We have no occasion to do it. We are no Jews, to sell off everything, to turn into money whatever comes into our hands. Are we such poor beggars that we cannot have something good and valuable in our chest? No, Mr. John, what you say seems to me to be very singular. You are rich, yet you say that you have never in your life seen a gold watch nor a ring set with brilliants. It seems to me a fine new custom that one must immediately have what one sees. No, dear sir, cast not your eyes upon our property; be content with what you have.'

"'Mrs. Mairam,' said the scoundrel, smirking, 'why are you so angry? May one not joke with you?'

"'A fine joke!' I said, putting in my oar. 'You looked at the trees, and you will at once tear them down. You fell on the fruit like a wolf. You saw the garden, and at once wanted to buy. Now you want the ring, and will exchange for it your wares. What sort of tomfoolery are you talking to us? You are either crazy yourself or will make others so. The apple falls not far from the stem—one sees that in you.'

"'Aunt Hripsime, why are you so cross? Dare one not jest?'

"'Enough, enough; I understand your joke very well,' I cried indignantly.

"Yes, we women scolded him right well, but Sarkis said no earthly word. He sat there dumb and speechless as the

stick in my hand. The Lord God gave him a tongue to speak with, but, dear heaven, he sat there like a clod and never uttered a syllable. I was like to burst with wrath.

" Then that unscrupulous fellow repeated his speech. ' Don't you understand a joke? Have you, then, no sense of fun? ' He would have struck us over the ear, and that the fellow called a joke! And how the creature looked! His face was like a drum-skin. It was as though someone had wiped off the holy oil from this grimacing mask with a butcher's sponge. Yes, here you see how people become rich; how they get hold of other people's property. Conscience hunts the scoundrel to the deuce: he lets his skin grow thick; feigns outwardly to be dull; if anyone spits in his face he regards it only as a May-shower; if anyone goes for him for his rascality, he takes it as a joke. And so the rascals become rich! One must be born to those things, that's the way I see it.

" If you knew all that we said to this scoundrel's face! We all but seized him by the collar and threw him out the gate. We belabored him well, but the fellow stood as if dumb, remained silent, and laughed in our faces as if we had been speaking to each other and not to him. He neither took the watch out of his pocket nor the ring from his finger. Finally, I thought to myself, ' I will wait a little and see what will happen.'

" And do you know what this bad fellow said to our Sarkis after a short silence? ' Your watch and ring please me well, old fellow. Let me take them for a month or two. I will send them to Moscow and have some like them made for myself. As soon as I get them back I will give them back to you unhurt.'

" Our stupid Sarkis dared not say no, and he had his way.

" ' Take them,' said Sarkis, ' but take care that they do not go astray, for ——'

" ' But what are you thinking about? ' answered the scoundrel. ' Am I then ——. Where do you buy your calico? ' the scoundrel began after a pause. ' How much do you pay an ell? Where do you buy your linen cloth? How high does it come by the ell? Where do you buy your silk and satin? '

" Heaven knows what all he prated about, and Sarkis answered him and told everything just as it really was.

"'We buy our manufactured goods of Yellow Pogos,' and told the prices of everything without reserve.

"'Have you lost your wits, man?' cried Hemorrhoid Jack. 'Can any man in his full senses buy anything of Yellow Pogos? Don't you know that he is a swindler? Why don't you buy your goods of me? I will give them to you cheaper by half.'

"To this Sarkis answered, 'When I need something again I will buy it of you.'

"I knew well enough that Sarkis needed nothing at the time, and that he said this only to get rid of the fellow. But Jack did not or would not understand, and began again.

"'No, do not put it that way,' he said. 'Come to-morrow and pick out what pleases you. Do not think for a minute that I wish to make money out of you. Let the goods lie in your closet, for, between ourselves, goods were very cheap in Moscow this year, and I cleverly threw out my line and bought everything at half price, This year is a lucky one for my customers. If one of them will let his goods lie a little while he will certainly double his money on them. Yes, buy, I tell you, but not by the ell. Buy by the piece and you will not regret it, I assure you. I will send you in the morning five or six different kinds of goods.'

"'But why such haste?' said Mairam. 'My chest of drawers is full of stuff for clothes, and what I am wearing is still quite new. If we need anything we will come to you.'

"'What are you talking about, Auntie Mairam?' answered Hemorrhoid Jack. 'Do you not believe me? I tell you, you can get double for the goods, and if you cannot use everything yourself, give it to your neighbors. You will do good business. On my word of honor, I swear to you, you will make double on it. Would I lie for the sake of such a trifle? Whom do you think you have here? But that is a small matter: I have still something better to propose. You must take a shipment of tea from me. In the winter the price will rise, and you can make enormous profits out of it. To-morrow I will send you one chest—for the present. Well? Now, really, I will send it to you."

"'My dear John,' exclaimed Sarkis, 'you must know how risky it is to begin a new business. I have never handled tea,

and the thing appears to me somewhat daring. I know no customers for tea, and understand nothing about the goods. If it remains lying by me and spoils ——'

"'What empty straw are you threshing now?' cried Hemorrhoid Jack. 'As soon as the people know that you have tea to sell they will of their own accord come running into your store. Do you think that you will have to look up customers? In a week or two not a trace of your tea will remain. I speak from practical experience. This year little tea has been brought from Siberia, and what they have brought has almost all fallen into my hands. Do not think that I seek a buyer in you! God forbid! When I learned what a good man you were, I thought to myself, "I must give him a chance to make something. Yes, I want him to make a few kopecks." Do you think I am in need of purchasers? Now, Sarkis, to-morrow I will send you the goods. What?'

"'By heaven, I know not how I ought to answer you. Do you know, I am afraid,' said Sarkis.

"The poor fellow could say nothing farther, for he was such an honest, good-natured fellow that it was hard for him to refuse anybody anything. The word 'no' did not exist for him.

"'You are talking nonsense,' began Hemorrhoid Jack anew. 'Give up your grocery and set up a wholesale business. Manage it according to the European plan, and you shall see how thankful to me you will be in time. Do you believe that I am your enemy? Would I advise you badly? Now, the matter is settled. In the morning I will send you several chests of tea and put them in your store. You will find out that Hemorrhoid Jack wishes you no ill. Yes, I will say something even better. You know what machorka is?—a cheap tobacco that the poor folk smoke. What do you think of this stuff? Do you think that there is a class of goods more profitable than this? People make thousands from it, and build themselves fine houses. And what expenses have they with it? Put the tobacco in an empty stable or shed and it may lie there. A chest of it put on sale in your store and I tell you, if you do not make ruble for ruble out of it, then spit in my face.

"'Last spring most of this stuff was in the hands of a Cos-

sack. The stupid fellow didn't know what he ought to expect for it, and he needed money—this gander! I brought him home with me; had brandy, bread, and ham set out; and, after a little talk back and forth, I bought 400 chests at half price. Half I paid in cash, the rest in eighteen months. Now, wasn't that a good trade? If I don't make my 3,000 rubles out of it, I shall be a fool. If you like, I will send you some of these goods. Put it in your shop or in your shed and let it lie there; it eats and drinks nothing. Now, I tell you, if you do not make 100 per cent. out of it, spit in my face. Shall I send you a few chests of it?'

"'By heaven, I cannot go into it,' answered Sarkis. 'Do you know, I am afraid to undertake a new trade? If the stuff does not go off or spoils on my hands or the price falls, what shall I do? You know that our capital consists of only a few kopecks. We spend as we earn. If I run after the rubles and lose the kopecks thereby, who will give me something to eat?' concluded the poor wretch, as if he scented some evil.

"But could he free himself from that Satan of a Hemorrhoid Jack? Like a leech he had fastened himself on his neck and demanded that he should buy the goods.

"'Now, Sarkis,' he began again, 'the thing is settled. I am to send you in the morning manufactured goods, tea, and tobacco. Well?'

"'I will see; I must turn it over in my mind,' stammered Sarkis. He wanted to be rid of him, but he knew not how to begin.

"'What does that "I will see!" mean? Nothing,' the other continued. 'You may see a thousand times and you will not find again such good goods and such a favorable opportunity. I speak from experience. You must not let this chance slip by or you will throw gold out of the window with your own hands. I am talking about great gains, great profits; do you think it is a joke?'

"'We shall see,' said poor Sarkis. 'We have many days before us. Yes, we will surely do something.'

"'What you do now is not worth much,' cried Hemorrhoid Jack. 'I see that if I leave the thing to your decision, in five years you will not have reached one. Isn't that true? In the morning I will send you one load of goods and the rest later.'

"With these words he seized his cap, quickly made his adieus, and went away.

"It was nearly one o'clock; Mairam and Takusch were sitting there asleep and I also was very sleepy, but I fought against my sleepiness to watch that devil of a Hemorrhoid Jack. Mankind can be a priest to mankind—also a Satan!

"When he was in the street, Sarkis said to me: 'What a wonderful conversation we have had this evening. Of all this man has said, I understand nothing. His purposes are not exactly bad, but I don't know how it happens—my heart presages something of evil.'

"I was just going to answer him when suddenly I sneezed; but only once.

"'See now,' I said to Sarkis; 'I was right in saying he was going to trick you. Now it has proved itself.'

"'If one sneezes only once by day that is a bad sign, but at night it means something good,' he interrupted me.

"'Oh,' I said, 'do not, I pray, give me lessons; don't teach me what a sneeze is the sign of. Whether it is in the daytime or at night it is a bad sign, and if one just made up his mind to do anything, he should let it drop.'

"Sarkis would not give in that I was right, but began to chatter about a sneeze at night being a good thing. I said no and he said yes, and so it went on until I finally gave it up."

"'Oh,' I said, 'have your own way, but when misfortune comes to you do not blame me for it.'

"'I have really begun nothing,' he observed. 'That was only a talk. We have only discussed something. I have really no desire to try my hand with the tea and tobacco.'

"That he said to me, but heaven only knows! perhaps in his thoughts he was already counting the thousands he hoped to earn. Money has such power that my blessed grandmother always said that the devil had invented it. He had racked his brains to find a way to lead mankind into wickedness and did not succeed until he invented money. Then he was master of our souls. How many men money has deprived of reason! Sarkis was not of so firm a mind that he would be able to stand out against such rosy hopes.

"The next day, early in the morning, the shop-boy came

running into the house in a great hurry, and said that nine cart-loads of goods were standing at the gate. The man who was in charge of them was asking for Sarkis.

"'What kind of an invasion is this!' cried Sarkis. 'I must go and see who it is. Perhaps the loads are not for me at all. God knows for whom they are!'

"He went out, and we after him. Although I had not seen the loads of goods, I knew the whole story in a moment.

"Before we had reached the gate a man met us and said:

"'My master sends you greeting and begs you to take these nine wagon-loads of goods and sign for them.'

"'Who is your master?' we asked, all together.

"'Hemorrhoid Jack. Don't you know him? He was at your house last evening.'

"I was ready to burst with anger.

"'You fellow,' I said, 'who told your master to send these goods here? Have we ordered anything? Turn at once and get out of the room.'

"'Is that so!' said the man. 'After a thing is settled you can't take back your word. Where shall I put the goods now?'

"'Where you brought them from, take them back there!'

"'The coach-house is closed.'

"'That does not concern us; that is your master's affair.'

"'If he were here I would tell him, but he is not here.'

"'Where is he then?' I asked.

"'He has gone to Taganrog.'

"'When did he start?'

"'About two hours ago. He will not be back for two months, for he has very important business in the courts.'

"It could not be doubted now that this villain of a John had already begun his tricks; but that innocent Sarkis did not see through his devilish purposes. Had I been in his place I would have run immediately to the City Hall and told every detail of the business, and the thing would have come out all right. But Sarkis was not the man for that.

"'Well, if that is the case drive into the yard and unload. The goods cannot stand in the street. When Jack comes back from Taganrog I will arrange things with him in some way.'

"The wagons came into the yard with a clatter and the

driver unloaded the goods and piled them up in the coach-house. I stood as if turned to stone and silently watched this move in their game. 'What will come of it?' I thought to myself.

"Ah, but I would rather have died than see what did come of it!

"When the goods were unloaded the clerk demanded a receipt, which Sarkis gave him without hesitation, whereupon the clerk went away satisfied.

"Later we heard that Jack had not gone to Taganrog at all, and had only ordered the clerk to say so.

"That same day when we were sitting at dinner, Sarkis turned to me and said: 'See, Hripsime, your sneeze has cheated you. Did you not say that Jack was going to play a trick on me? You see something very different has happened. This forenoon four or five persons came into my shop who wished to buy tea and tobacco. I told them the matter was not yet settled; that we had not agreed on the price; as soon as the agreement was made I would begin business. Do you see? I have not advertised that I was going to handle the goods, yet everybody knows it and one customer after another comes into my store. How will it be when the goods are put on sale?—they will fight for them. It will give me a great deal to do; I must only go to John and settle on the terms. Yes, little mother, such a wholesale trade is not to be despised; the wholesaler can often make more money in a moment than the retailer makes in two years. Yes, my love, in business that is really so!'

"'God grant that it may be so!' I said, and nothing more was said about Jack.

"Several months passed by and November came. One evening we were sitting together chatting comfortably when the door opened softly and an old woman entered. I knew immediately that she was a matchmaker. In three days Takusch was betrothed to a plain, middle-rate man. The wedding was to take place the next winter on her father's name-day. As a dowry her parents promised 3,000 rubles—1,500 in cash, and the rest in jewels.

"Tagusch was at that time fifteen years old. Although I had lived in her parents' house I had never looked right at-

tentively at her face, scarcely knew, in fact, whether she was beautiful or ugly; but when on her betrothal day she put on a silk dress and adorned herself as is customary at such a festive time; when she had put on her head a satin fez with gold tassels and a flower set with brilliants, I fairly gaped with admiration. I am almost eighty years old, but in all my life I have never seen a more beautiful girl.

"I am no dwarf, but she was a few inches taller than I. She was slender as a sweet-pine tree. Her hands were delicate and soft, her fingers were like wax. Hair and eyebrows were black, and her face like snow. Her cheeks were tinged rose-red, and her glance! that I cannot forget even to this day. It was brighter than a genuine Holland diamond. Her eyelashes were so long that they cast shadows on her cheeks. No, such a charming creature I have never seen in dreams, let alone reality. She was—God forgive my sins—the pure image of the Mother of God in our church; yes, she was even more beautiful. When I looked at her I could not turn my eyes away again. I gazed at her and could not look enough. On the betrothal day I sat in the corner of the room with my eyes nailed on Takusch.

"'How sorry I am,' thought I, 'that you with that angel face are to be the wife of a commonplace man, to be the mother of a family and go into a dirty, smoky kitchen. Shall your tender hands become hard as leather with washing, ironing, kneading, and who knows what housework beside? Shall your angel cheeks fade from the heat of the oven and your eyes lose their diamond-shine from sewing?' Yes, so thought I, and my heart bled within me for this girl who ought to wear a queen's crown and live in a palace. Surely, if this rose maiden had lived in olden times she would certainly have married a king or a king's son. And the poor thing stood there like a lamb, for she did not understand what life was. She thought marriage would be nothing more than a change in her dwelling-place. Oh, but I was sorry that evening that she was going to marry only an ordinary, but still eligible, young man, and yet it would have been a great good fortune for her if this had come to pass. Had we thought at that time that great misfortunes were in store for the poor child! And that cursed Hemorrhoid Jack was the cause of them all!

"That betrothal day was the last happy day of the poor wretches. I never afterward saw smiles on their faces, for from that day their circumstances grew worse and worse and their business became very bad. They lost house and ground, moved about for several months from one rented house to another, until finally they disappeared from the city.

"The day after the betrothal Hemorrhoid Jack sent word to Sarkis by his clerk that Sarkis must pay 2,700 rubles for the tobacco and tea and 184 rubles for the manufactured goods. I have forgotten to tell you that among the latter were old-fashioned dress-goods, taxed cloth, linen, satin, and some silk. The clerk also said that if Sarkis did not pay the 184 rubles the ring and watch would be retained.

"Poor Sarkis was completely dazed.

"'Have I bought the goods?' he asked.

"'Certainly you have bought them,' answered the unscrupulous clerk. 'Otherwise you would not have sold a chest of tea and a bale of tobacco. Beside, the coat your boy is wearing was made from our cloth.'

"This was true. On the third day after receiving the goods, Sarkis had sold a bale of tobacco and a chest of tea, and had cut off several yards of cloth. It was very singular that in the course of three months Sarkis had not once caught sight of Hemorrhoid Jack to call him to account for the delivery of the goods. He had been several times to his house, where they said, 'He is at the store.' At the store they said Jack was at home. It was very evident that he wished to defraud Sarkis. After much talk back and forth the matter came into the courts, and since Sarkis had sold part of the goods and had given a receipt for them, he had to pay the sum demanded.

"For several months past business had been going very badly with the poor fellow and he could not raise the required sum, so he had to give up his property. First they drove the poor man out of his house and emptied his store and his storehouse. Then they sold the tobacco and the tea, for which no one would give more than fifty rubles, for both were half rotten. The store and all that was in it were then auctioned off for a few hundred rubles, and finally the house was offered for sale. No one would buy it, for among our people the

praiseworthy custom rules that they never buy a house put up at auction till they convince themselves that the owner sells it of his own free-will. The household furniture was also sold, and Sarkis became almost a beggar, and was obliged, half naked, to leave his house, with his wife and children.

"I proposed that they should occupy my house, but he would not have it. 'From to-day the black earth is my dwelling-place,' he said, and rented a small house at the edge of the town near where the fields begin.

"When the neighbors found out the treachery of Hemorrhoid Jack, they were terribly angry, and one of them threw a note into his yard in which was written: that if he took possession of poor Sarkis's house they would tear or burn it down. That was just what John wished, and he immediately sent carpenters to tear down the house and stable and then he sold the wood.

"At this time I became very sick and lay two months in bed. When I got up again I thought to myself, 'I must go and visit the poor wretches!' I went to their little house, but found the door locked and the windows boarded up. I asked a boy, 'My child, do you know where the people of this house are?' 'Two weeks ago they got into a wagon and drove away,' answered the lad. 'Where are they gone?' I asked. 'That I don't know,' he said.

"I would not have believed it, but an old woman came up to me on the street, of her own accord, and said:

"'They all got into a wagon and have moved away into a Russian village.'

"What the village was called she could not tell me, and so every trace of them was lost.

"Many years later a gentleman came from Stavropol to our city, who gave me some news of the poor wretches. They had settled in a Cossack village—he told me the name, but I have forgotten—where at first they suffered great want; and just as things were going a little better with them, Mairam and Sarkis died of the cholera and Takusch and Toros were left alone. Soon after, a Russian officer saw Takusch and was greatly pleased with her. After a few months she married him. Toros carried on his father's business for a time, then gave it up and joined the army. So much I found out from the gentleman from Stavropol.

" Some time later I met again one who knew Takusch. He told me that she was now a widow. Her husband had been a drunkard, spent his whole nights in inns, often struck his poor wife, and treated her very badly. Finally they brought him home dead. Toros's neck had been broken at a horse-race and he was dead. He said also that Takusch had almost forgotten the Armenian language and had changed her faith.

" That is the history of the Vacant Yard."

ARMENIAN POEMS

—

[*Metrical Version, by Robert Arnot, M.A.*]

ARMENIAN POEMS

A PLAINT

WERE I a springtime breeze,
A breeze in the time when the song-birds pair,
I'd tenderly smooth and caress your hair,
And hide from your eyes in the budding trees.

Were I a June-time rose,
I'd glow in the ardor of summer's behest,
And die in my passion upon your breast,
In the passion that only a lover knows.

Were I a lilting bird,
I'd fly with my song and my joy and my pain,
And beat at your lattice like summer-rain,
Till I knew that your inmost heart was stirred.

Were I a wingèd dream,
I'd steal in the night to your slumbering side,
And the joys of hope in your bosom I'd hide,
And pass on my way like a murmuring stream.

Tell me the truth, the truth,
Have I merited woe at your tapering hands,
Have you wilfully burst love's twining strands,
And cast to the winds affection and ruth?

'Twas a fleeting vision of joy,
While you loved me you plumed your silvery wings,
And in fear of the pain that a man's love brings
You fled to a bliss that has no alloy.

MUGURDITCH BESHETTASHLAIN.

SPRING IN EXILE

Wind of the morn, of the morn of the year,
Violet-laden breath of spring,
To the flowers and the lasses whispering
Things that a man's ear cannot hear,
In thy friendly grasp I would lay my hand,
But thou comest not from my native land.

Birds of the morn, of the morn of the year,
Chanting your lays in the bosky dell,
Higher and fuller your round notes swell,
Till the Fauns and the Dryads peer forth to hear
The trilling lays of your feathery band:
Ye came not, alas, from my native land.

Brook of the morn, of the morn of the year,
Burbling joyfully on your way,
Maiden and rose and woodland fay
Use as a mirror your waters clear:
But I mourn as upon your banks I stand,
That you come not, alas, from my native land.

Breezes and birds and brooks of the Spring,
Chanting your lays in the morn of the year,
Though Armenia, my country, be wasted and sere,
And mourns for her maidens who never shall sing,
Yet a storm, did it come from that desolate land,
Would awaken a joy that ye cannot command.

RAPHAEL PATKANIAN.

FLY, LAYS OF MINE!

Fly, lays of mine, but not to any clime
Where happiness and light and love prevail,
But seek the spots where woe and ill and crime
Leave as they pass a noisome serpent-trail

Fly, lays of mine, but not to the ether blue,
Where golden sparks illume the heavenly sphere,

But seek the depths where nothing that is true
Relieves the eye or glads a listening ear.

Fly, lays of mine, but not to fruitful plains
Where spring the harvests by God's benison,
But seek the deserts where for needed rains
Both prayers and curses rise in unison.

Fly, lays of mine, but not to riotous halls,
Where dancing sylphs supply voluptuous songs,
But seek the huts where pestilence appals,
And death completes the round of human wrongs.

Fly, lays of mine, but not to happy wives,
Whose days are one unending flow of bliss,
But seek the maidens whose unfruitful lives
Have known as yet no lover's passionate kiss.

Fly, lays of mine, and like the nightingales,
Whose liquid liltings charm away the night,
Reveal in song the sweets of summer's gales,
Of lover's pleadings and of love's delight.

And tell my lady, when your quests are o'er,
That I, away from her, my heart's desire,
Yearn for the blissful hour when I shall pour
Down at her feet a love surcharged with fire.

MUGURDITCH BESHETTASHLAIN.

THE WOE OF ARAXES

Meditating by Araxes,
Pacing slowly to and fro,
Sought I traces of the grandeur
Hidden by her turgid flow.

"Turgid are thy waters, Mother,
As they beat upon the shore.
Do they offer lamentations
For Armenia evermore?

"Gay should be thy mood, O Mother,
As the sturgeons leap in glee:
Ocean's merging still is distant,
Shouldest thou be sad, like me?

"Are thy spume-drifts tears, O Mother,
Tears for those that are no more?
Dost thou haste to pass by, weeping,
This thine own belovèd shore?"

Then uprose on high Araxes,
Flung in air her spumy wave,
And from out her depths maternal
Sonorous her answer gave:

"Why disturb me now, presumptuous,
All my slumbering woe to wake?
Why invade the eternal silence
For a foolish question's sake?

"Know'st thou not that I am widowed;
Sons and daughters, consort, dead?
Wouldst thou have me go rejoicing,
As a bride to nuptial bed?

"Wouldst thou have me decked in splendor,
To rejoice a stranger's sight,
While the aliens that haunt me
Bring me loathing, not delight?

"Traitress never I; Armenia
Claims me ever as her own;
Since her mighty doom hath fallen
Never stranger have I known.

"Yet the glories of my nuptials
Heavy lie upon my soul;
Once again I see the splendor
And I hear the music roll.

"Hear again the cries of children
Ringing joyfully on my banks,

And the noise of marts and toilers,
And the tread of serried ranks.

"But where, now, are all my people?
Far in exile, homeless, lorn,
While in widow's weeds and hopeless,
Weeping, sit I here and mourn.

"Hear now! while my sons are absent
Age-long fast I still shall keep;
Till my children gain deliverance,
Here I watch and pray and weep."

Silent, then, the mighty Mother
Let her swelling tides go free,
And in mournful meditation
Slowly wandered to the sea.

RAPHAEL PATKANIAN.

THE ARMENIAN MAIDEN

In the hush of the spring night dreaming
The crescent moon have you seen,
As it shimmers on apricots gleaming,
Through velvety masses of green.

Have you seen, in a June-tide nooning,
A languorous full-blown rose
In the arms of the lilies swooning
And yielding her sweets to her foes?

Yet the moon in its course and the roses
By Armenia's maiden pale,
When she coyly and slowly discloses
The glories beneath her veil.

And a lute from her mother receiving,
With a blush that a miser would move,
She treads a soft measure, believing
That music is sister to love.

Like a sapling her form in its swaying,
Full of slender and lissomy grace
As she bends to the time of her playing,
Or glides with a fairy-light pace.

The lads for her beauty are burning,
The elders hold forth on old age,
But the maiden flies merrily spurning
Youth, lover, and matron and sage.

RAPHAEL PATKANIAN.

ONE OF A THOUSAND

Sweet lady, whence the sadness in your face?
What heart's desire is still unsatisfied?
Your face and form are fair and full of grace,
And silk and velvet lend you all their pride.
A nod, a glance, and straight your maidens fly
To execute your hest with loving zeal.
By night and day you have your minstrelsy,
Your feet soft carpets kiss and half conceal;
While fragrant blooms adorn your scented bower,
Fruits fresh and rare lie in abundance near.
The costly narghilé exerts its power
To soothe vain longing and dispel all fear:
Envy not angels; you have paradise.
No lowly consort you. A favored wife,
Whose mighty husband can her wants suffice;
Why mar with grieving such a fortunate life?

So to Haripsime, the Armenian maid,
On whom the cruel fortune of her lot had laid
Rejection of her faith, spake with a sigh
The wrinkled, ugly, haggard slave near by.

Haripsime replied not to the words,
But, silent, turned her face away. With scorn
And sorrow mingled were the swelling chords
Of passionate lament, and then forlorn,
Hopeless, she raised her tearful orbs to heaven.

Silent her lips, her grief too deep for sound;
Her fixed gaze sought the heavy banks of cloud
Surcharged with lightning bolts that played around
The gloomy spires and minarets; then bowed
Her head upon her hands; the unwilling eyes
Shed tears as heavy as the thunder-shower
That trails the bolt to where destruction lies.

There was a time when she, a happy girl,
Had home and parents and a numerous kin;
But on an Eastertide, amid a whirl
Of pillage, murder, and the savage din
Of plundering Kavasses, the Pacha saw
Her budding beauty, and his will was law.

Her vengeful sire fell 'neath a sabre's stroke;
Her mother, broken-hearted, gave to God
The life in which no joys could now evoke
The wonted happiness. The harem of the Turk
Enfolds Haripsime's fresh maidenhood,
And there where danger and corruption lurk,
Where Shitan's nameless and befouling brood
Surround each Georgian and Armenian pearl,
She weeps and weeps, shunning the shallow joys
Of trinkets, robes, of music, or the whirl
Of joyous dance, of singing girls and boys,
And murmurs always in a sobbing prayer,
"Shall never help be sent? Is this despair?"

RAPHAEL PATKANIAN.

LONGING

Tell me, brother, where is rest
From the flame that racks my breast
With its pain?
Fires unceasing sear my heart;
Ah, too long, too deep, the smart
To heal again.

When I'd pluck the roses sweet
Sharpest thorns my fingers greet;
Courage flies.
Since my love has humbled me,
Tyrant-like has troubled me,
'Spite my cries.
Health and joy have taken flight,
Prayer nor chant nor priestly rite
Do I prize.

Girl, my girl, my peerless one,
Radiant as Armenia's sun,
Beautiful Sanan!
Earth has none as fair as thou,
Nor can ages gone bestow
One like my Sanan.

Sixteen summers old is she,
Grace of slender pines has she,
Like the stars her eyes.
Lips, thrice blessèd whom they kiss,
Brows as dark as hell's abyss,
And with sighs,
Her heart to win, her love alone,
What mighty prince from his high throne
Would not descend?
So I crave nor crown nor gold,
Longed-for One, I her would hold
Till time shall end.

RAPHAEL PATKANIAN.

DAVID OF SASSUN

National Epos of Armenia

—

Translated by F. B. Collins, B.S.

DAVID OF SASSUN

STRONG and mighty was the Caliph of Bagdad;[1] he gathered together a host and marched against our Holy John the Baptist.[2] Hard he oppressed our people, and led many into captivity. Among the captives was a beautiful maiden, and the caliph made her his wife. In time she bore two sons, Sanassar and Abamelik. The father of these children was a heathen, but their mother was a worshipper of the cross,[3] for the caliph had taken her from our people.

This same caliph again gathered together a host and fell upon our people. This time—I bow before thy holy miracle O sainted John—this time our people pressed him sorely, and in his affliction he cried unto his idols: "May the gods save me from these people; bring me to my city safe and well, and both my sons will I sacrifice unto them."

In Bagdad the mother lay sleeping, and she had a dream. She dreamed she had in each hand a lamp, and when their flames seemed ready to go out they flashed up brightly again. When morning came she told this dream to her sons, and said: "Last night holy St. John appeared to me in my dreams and said that your father was in great trouble and had vowed to sacrifice you. When he again comes home he will stab you: look to your safety."

Both sons cried unto their gods, took food with them for their journey, put gold into their purses, and set out on their

[1] From the sense and according to the time in which the action takes place, Nineveh must be understood here; and instead of an Arabian caliph, the Assyrian king Sennacherib. There is an anachronism here, as the reader will see, for a king living 800 years before Christ is called an Arabian caliph, though the caliphs first took up their residence in Bagdad in the year 755.

[2] The reference here is to the famous monastery of St. John the Baptist, which was built by Gregory the Illuminator during the fourth century, on the mountain of Kark, near the Euphrates, on a spot where heathen altars had previously stood. On certain days pious Armenians made annual pilgrimages to the place. Among them many poets and champions, who, with long fasts and many prayers, begged from the saint the gifts of song, strength, and courage. John the Baptist was regarded by the Armenians generally as the protector of the arts.

[3] So the Armenians called Christians.

travels. Coming to a narrow valley they halted there. They saw a river, and in the distance a brook clove the river to midstream, then mingled with its waters and flowed onward with it.

And Sanassar said to Abamelik: "He who finds the source of this brook and builds him a dwelling there, his race shall also wax mighty."

The brothers rose with one will and followed the brook upstream. They found its spring and saw its waters flowing as from a small pipe, and they ran down with the brook and increased till they mixed with waters of the great river. Here the brothers halted and laid the foundations of their dwelling.

And Sanassar hunted while Abamelik worked on the house. Ten, yea, twenty days they worked on their dwelling. It happened that once Abamelik came upon Sanassar asleep, worn out with fatigue, his venison thrown away unroasted. Abamelik was much troubled at this, and said, "Rise, brother, and we will depart from this place. How long shall we stay here and eat meat without salt? If it were God's will that we should have happiness, in our father's wooden palace we should have found it." And they mounted their horses and rode to the Lord of Arsrom.[4] Both came thither, presented themselves to him, and bowed before him.

Now both brothers were mighty men. They found favor with the Emir of Arsrom, and he asked them of their birth and of their tribe, and said, "What manner of men are you?"

Sanassar answered and said, "We are the sons of the Caliph of Bagdad."

"Hoho!" said the Emir, while terror seized him. "We feared you dead, and here we meet you living. We cannot take you in. Go whither ye will."

And Sanassar said to Abamelik, "Since we have run away from our father, why should we bear his name? From this day, when anyone asks us concerning ourselves, let us say we have neither father nor mother nor home nor country: then will people lodge us."

[4] The original name of this city is Theodosiopol. It was founded by the Greek commander Anato in the year 412 A.D. and named in honor of Emperor Theodosius II. Later it was captured by the Sultan of Ikonika, who named it Arsi-Rom, "Land of the Greeks." The Armenians call it Karin, after the old Armenian province in which it lies.

Thence they rode to the Emir of Kars, who gave the lads the same answer. They turned and rode to the King of Kraput-Koch. The King of Kraput-Koch scrutinized the lads, and they found favor in his sight; and Abamelik presented himself to the King and bowed low before him. This pleased the King greatly, and he said: "My children, whither came ye? What have you? and what do you lack?" [5]

"We have neither father nor mother nor anyone beside," answered the brothers.

And it came to pass that Sanassar became the King's *tschubuktschi* [6] and Abamelik his *haiwatschi*,[7] and they lived at the King's house a long time.

But Sanassar said one day to Abamelik: "We fatigued ourselves greatly with labor, yet was our house not finished. To-morrow make the King no coffee, nor will I hand him his pipe. Let us not appear before him to-morrow."

When the King awoke, neither of them was near. He called the lads to him and said: "I asked you once if you had anyone belonging to you, either father or mother; and you said you had no one. Why, then, are you so sad?"

And the brothers said: "Live long, O King! In truth, we have neither father nor mother. Even if we hide it from you we cannot hide it from God. We worked a little on a dwelling, but left the work unfinished and came away." And they told the King everything as it was.

The heart of the King was grieved, and he said: "My children, if such is the case, to-morrow I will give you some court servants. Go and finish your house."

Then the King arose and gave them forty servants, skilful workers, and each had a mule and a bridle.

Early in the morning they arose and loaded the beasts with their tools, and the two brothers led them to the dwelling. They travelled on and at last reached the spring and the threshold of their house.

Now Sanassar said to Abamelik: "Brother, shall we build the house first or the huts for the servants? These poor wretches cannot camp out in the sun."

[5] Southwest from the Sea of Wan lies a high mountain called Kraput-Koch ("Blue Ridge," from its blue color). Probably there was a dukedom or kingdom of Kraput-Koch which served as a city of refuge for the wandering Assyrian princes. Perhaps the legend has preserved in the person of the King of Kraput-Koch the memory of the Armenian prince Skajordi.

[6] Pipe-bearer.

[7] The servant who prepares the coffee.

And they began first to make the huts. So strong was Abamelik that he built ten huts every day, while the others brought in wood for their building. In four days they finished forty huts, and then they set about building the house and finished it. They set up stone pillars in rows—so powerful were they—and laid a stone base under them, and the house was made ready.

Abamelik rode to the King of Kraput-Koch and said: "We are thy children. We have built our castle: it is finished, and we come to you and entreat you, 'Come and give our dwelling a name.' It pleased the King of Kraput-Koch that Abamelik had done this, and he said: "I rejoice that you have not forgotten me."

So the King gave Abamelik his daughter in marriage and made him his close friend. After the wedding the King and the young pair came together at the palace—and Uncle Toross [8] was with them—and they mounted their horses and departed. Abamelik rode before them to point out the way. When they were approaching the castle the King suddenly turned his horse as if to ride back again, and said: "You have given your castle a name and have purposely brought me here to try me."

Abamelik said: "May your life be long, O master! Believe me, we have given the castle no name. We have but built it and made it ready."

"Very well. It may be that you have given it no name, but as you have set up rows of stone pillars let us call it Sausun or Sassun." [9]

Here they remained several days. Uncle Toross was also married and stayed at Sassun, but the King returned home.

And Abamelik was strong and became a mighty man. From the environs of the Black Mountain and the Peak of Zetzinak, from Upper Musch as far as Sechanssar and the Plains of Tschapachtschur,[10] he reigned, and built a wall around his dominions. He made four gates. Often he shut

[8] Probably the King's brother.

[9] "Sassun" signifies "pillar upon pillar." This explains the origin of the name of Sassun, a district of the old Armenian province Achznik, south of the city of Musch. The residents of this district up to the present day owe their independence to their inaccessible dwelling-place.

[10] The names cited here exist to the present day. The places lie in the old districts of the Turuberan and Achznik in the present district Musch.

his doors, mounted his horse, and captured whatever came in his way, both demons and beasts of prey. Once he penetrated into Mösr and ravaged it, and he went in to the wife of the Lord of Mösr and lay with her. She bore a son, and the King of Mösr knew that the boy was Abamelik's and named him Mösramelik. But afterward Abamelik slew the King and took his wife and became King of Mösr.[1]

Now Sanassar dwelt at Sassun, but the gods of his fathers gave him no repose, so he travelled to Bagdad to the home of his father and mother. His father, sitting at his window, saw his son Sanassar come riding up, and recognized him, and the caliph said: "My life to thee, great god! Thou hast brought back thy victim. Certainly in thy might thou wilt restore the second soon."

The mother—she was a Christian—began to weep and shed tears over her children. The father took a sharp sword and went out to meet his son, saying: "Come, my son, let us worship the great god in his temple. I must sacrifice to him."

The son said, "Dear father, your god is great and very wonderful. Truly in the night he permits us no rest. Certainly he will bring the second victim to you by force."

And they went into the temple of the god, and the son said: "Father dear, you know that we left your house when we were yet children, and we knew not the might of your god."

"Yes, yes, my son, but kneel before him and pray."

The son said: "What a wonderful god your god is! When you bowed before your god, there was a darkness before my eyes and I did not see how you did it. Bow once more before him, that I may learn to worship him."

When the father did the second time the son cried: "Bread and wine, the Lord liveth!" and seized his club and hurled the caliph full seven yards distant to the ground. And with his club he shattered all the images where they stood, put the silver in the skirts of his robe and carried it to his mother, saying: "Take this, mother, and wear it for ornament!"

His mother fell full length and bowed herself and said: "I thank thee, Creator of heaven and earth. It is well that thou hast rescued me from the hands of this cruel man."

[1] The Armenians now call Egypt Mösr. This probably refers to Mossul.

They found Sanassar a wife and placed him on the throne in his father's place, and he remained at Bagdad.[2]

Now Abamelik, who reigned in Mösr, left his son Mösramelik to rule in his stead and went to Sassun. Many years passed and children were born to him. To one he gave the name Tschentschchapokrik. The eldest son he named Zörawegi, the second Zenow-Owan; while the third son was called Chor-Hussan,[3] and the youngest David.

Of these, Tschentschchapokrik and Zöranwegi proved to be ne'er-do-weels. Zenow-Owan had such a voice that he dried seven buffalo hides in the sun and wound them round his body so that it should not rend him. But the cleverest of all was David, and to his strength words cannot do justice.

Abamelik's life was long, but old age came upon him. Once he sat sunk in thought and said to himself: "Enemies are all about me. Who will care for my children after my death? Mösramelik alone can do this, for none beside him can cope with my enemies."

He set out to visit Mösramelik,[4] but he was very aged. "Mösramelik, my son," he said, "you are truly of my blood. If I die before you, I intrust my children to you. Take care of them. If you die first, confide yours to me and I will watch over them."

He returned and lived in his castle. His time came and he died. Then Mösramelik came and took the children to his house, for he had not forgotten his father's command. Sassun mourned the death of Abamelik for seven years. Then the peasants feasted and drank again with Uncle Toross, for they said: "Uncle Toross, our lads have grown old and our pretty girls are old women. If thou thinkest that by our seven years of weeping Abamelik will live again we would weep seven years longer." Uncle Toross gave the peasants their way, and said: "Marry your lads and maidens. Weeping leads nowhere."

And they sat down and feasted and drank wine. Uncle

[2] Here the story of Sanassar breaks off and he is not mentioned again in the tale.

[3] All these names are poetic and refer to certain characteristics of their bearers. "Zenow-Owan" means "melodiously-speaking John"; "Chor-Hussan" means "good singer"; "Tchentschchapokrik" means "sparrow"; and "Zöranwegi," "cowardly Wegi."

[4] To Mossul.

Toross took a cup in his hand and paused: he was thinking about something, and he neither drank nor set the cup down. His son cries from the street: "Father, dear, there are the mad men of Sassun. Take care, they will be jeering at you. Let us go away."

Uncle Toross turned to his son and said: "Oh, you dog of a son! Shall I sit here and feast? Did not Mösramelik come and take our children away? Abamelik's children in trouble, and I sitting at a banquet? Oh, what a shame it is! Bread and wine, God be praised! Truly, I will drink no wine till I have fetched the little ones." And Uncle Toross went out of Sassun and came to Mösr. He greeted Mösramelik, and they sat down together. Said Uncle Toross: "Now, we are come for God's judgment. It is true that you made an agreement with Abamelik, but if a man sells a captive he should first wait on the lord." [5]

They arose and went to the court,[6] and Uncle Toross was given the children.

But Mösramelik stood in fear of these children, and he said to Uncle Toross, "Let these children first pass under my sword, and then take them with you."

Uncle Toross told the lads of this, and Zöranwegi said, "Let us pass under his sword and escape hence"; and the other two said the same. But David said otherwise: "If he wishes us dead he will not kill us to-day, for the people will say he has murdered the children. Under his sword I will not go. He does this so that I shall not lift my sword against him when I am a man." Uncle Toross got the boys together, that they might pass under the sword of Mösramelik, for he was very anxious. David was rebellious; he stood still and went not under it. Uncle Toross seized his collar and pushed him, but David would not go. He ran past it at one side and kicked with his great toe upon a flint until the sparks flew. And Mösramelik was frightened and said: "This child is still so young and yet is terrible. What will happen when he is a man! If any evil comes to me it will be through him."

Uncle Toross took the children and came to Sassun. Zöran-

[5] This means that if a captive is to be sold his kinsmen have a right before all others to redeem him.

[6] Schariat, the name of the Turkish court of justice, stands in the original.

wegi he established in the castle in his father's place, but David, who was the youngest, was sent out to herd the calves.

What a boy David was! If he struck out at the calves with his oaken stick, he would throw them all down, and forty others beside. Once he drove the calves to the top of the mountain. He found a herdsman there who was abusing his calves, and said: "You fellow! What are you up to? Wait now, if I catch you, you will get something from my oaken stick that will make you cry Ow! ow!"

The fellow answered David: "I am ready to give my life for your head if I am not a shepherd from your father's village. These calves, here, belong to the peasants."

David said, "If that is so, watch my calves also. I know not what time I should drive them home. When the time comes tell me, that I may drive them in."

Then David drove in the calves on time that day, and Uncle Toross was pleased and said: "Always be punctual, my son; go out and come back every day at the right time."

"Uncle Toross, it was not my wisdom that did this. I have hired a comrade who will watch over my calves and see that I am ready with them."

Once his comrade tarried, and David was greatly vexed. It appeared that a religious festival was held in the village, and on this account the young man was detained. Finally he arrived, and David said to him, "To-day you get nothing from me."

The young man said: "David, I am willing to die for you. From fear of your anger, I waited not for the end of the service of God in the church, and not one spoonful of the holy soup[7] has passed my lips. I drove out the calves and am here. Now you know why I tarried."

David said: "Wait here; I will bring you your dinner."

He set out with his oaken stick over his shoulder. He came to the village, and found that all the people had brought corn to the priests, who blessed it. David stuck his oaken stick

[7] Although the Armenians became Christians in the fourth century, they still retain many heathen customs which have lost all their original significance. They still sacrifice sheep and cows which have on the previous evening been given some salt consecrated by the priests. The meat is cooked in immense kettles and carried around to the houses. The shepherd speaks of soup of this kind.

through the handle of the four-handled kettle, and, full as it was, lifted it to his shoulder and walked away. The priests and the peasants wondered at it, and one cried, "Truly, he has carried off a kettle!"

A priest cried out, "For God's sake, be silent! It is one of those mad men of Sassun. Take care or he will come back and break our ribs for us. May he take the thing and fall down with it!"

And David took the kettle of grits to his comrade, whom he found weeping on the mountain.

"Ha, ha," said David, "I know why you weep. I have brought the grits, but have forgotten butter and salt. That is why you weep. Eat the grits now, and have salt and butter this evening."

But the youth said, "David, I am ready to die for you. What need have I of salt and butter; forty thieving Dews have come and driven away our calves."

David said, "Stay here and watch these calves, and I will bring back all the others"; and he went after the calves. He followed their tracks to the entrance of a cave and paused. He cried out with so loud a voice that the Dews were frightened, and were as full of fear as is the devil when Christ's voice is heard in hell.

And when the leader of the Dews heard the voice he said: "That is surely David, Abamelik's son. Go receive him with honor, else he will strike us dead."

They went out, one by one, and David struck each as he passed with his oaken cudgel, so that their heads fell off and only dead bodies remained in the place. He cut off the ears of all the forty and buried them under a stone at the mouth of the cave.

He laid down his club and entered the cave. There he saw a heap of gold and a heap of silver—indeed, all the treasures of the world. Since his father's death they had robbed and concealed their plunder in this cavern. He opened a door, and saw a steed standing fastened to a ring. David was sunk in thought, and said to himself: "Uncle dear, this property belongs to you, but this beast to me. If you give it to me—good. If not, you travel after those other fellows." Then he

answered for Uncle Toross: "My child, the treasure and the beast should belong to you. What shall I do with them?"

He looked around and saw upon a pyre a copper kettle with four handles, and in it were his forty calves. He stuck his oaken stick through the handles and raised the kettle, poured off the water, pushed the calves' feet back into the kettle, lifted it to his shoulder, and went back to his comrade.

The two drove the rest of the herd into the village, and David called the owners to him and said: "If you deceive my brother a hair's breadth in the reckoning it will go badly with you. Sell this kettle. May it repay you for your calves."

He separated his own calves from the peasants', and went home. It was then midday. He said to Uncle Toross: "Take quickly twenty asses and we will go out and bring back treasure that shall suffice you and your children till the seventh generation."

And they took the asses and set forth. When they reached the cavern, Uncle Toross saw the bodies of the Dews stretched near the entrance, and they were swelled up like hills. In great fright Uncle Toross loosed his ass from the others and fell back.

David said: "You destroyer! I fled not before them living, but you fear them dead! If you believe me not, turn back and raise this stone. I concealed all their ears there."

Uncle Toross came back and took the asses, and they went into the cave. They made a pack of all the treasure and carried it away with them. David said: "All this treasure belongs to you, but the steed is mine. If you will not give it to me, you shall follow after them."

He answered: "My child, the horse and the treasure too are yours. What should I do with it?"

Uncle Toross let David mount the steed. He gave him the spurs and he bucked to right and left. This was no ordinary steed—the difficulties of managing him cannot be described.

They returned to Sassun with the treasure. David procured a beautiful falcon and rode off to hunt. The calves he had long ago given over.

Once, as he hunted, he rode across the soil of a poor man, whose family numbered seven heads, and the man had seven beds of millet. Four beds he laid waste, and three remained.

Someone ran with the news to the old graybeard and said: "You are ruined. Go at once to your field, for before night he will destroy the other three beds."

The graybeard rose early and went out and saw his field was laid waste. He glanced about and saw David coming with a falcon on his hand. The graybeard cursed David and said: "Dost thou not fear God? Dost thou test thy strength on my grain-field? I have seven mouths to fill, and seven millet beds. Four thou hast destroyed, and three remain! If you are brave, go and get back your inheritance that extends from the summit of Mount Zözmak as far as Sechanssar. Mösramelik has taken it from you and draws wealth from it. Go and get it back. Why try your strength on me?"

But David answered: "Old man, curse me not. Here is a handful of gold—use it." And as he said it he killed his falcon.

David returned home and said: "Uncle Toross, go and bring me my father's staff and bow. I am going to make war, for others consume my inheritance and none of you have said anything about it to me."

Uncle Toross arose and demanded of Zöranwegi in David's name the staff and bow of Abamelik, but Zöranwegi refused it. David sent a second time, saying: "If you give it to me, good. If not, I will see to it that your head flies off and only your body remains."

Zöranwegi was frightened, and surrendered the bow and baton, and Uncle Toross brought them to David. And David fell asleep and dreamed. The next day he took forty calves and went to holy Maratuk,[8] where he slaughtered the forty calves and bathed in their blood. Then he fell on his face and prayed and wept until God sent from heaven a sacred sign and a token. Even now the holy sign is to be found in Hawar at the house of Sork. David kissed the holy sign and put it under the right shoulder, and the token under the left.

Mösramelik knew that David, Abamelik's son, was come into manhood, and he gathered together a host to march against him. And he appointed a *holbaschi*,[9] who prepared

[8] Maratuk is a monastery built on a mountain of the same name.

[9] This Turkish title shows that the legend has been altered at a late date.

his army and attacked David at Maratuk. He met on the march seven women, and said to them, "Sing and dance until I return," and they answered: "Why shall we dance and sing? We know not what we should say."

And Holbaschi sang for them:

"May the little women busy themselves grinding corn;
May the stout women help with the camel-loading;
For Holbaschi carries grim war to Sassun.
Strong yoke-oxen and red milch-cows he'll bring back
In the springtime; butter and Tochorton
Will be plentiful in the Land of Mösr."

Holbaschi saw the women begin dancing and singing, and started his host again and went to Maratuk and entered its gates. The daughter of the priest of Maratuk had often glanced slyly at David, and he was not indifferent to her. The priest's daughter went to David and said: "David, I am ready to die for you! Arise and see how many warriors are congregated in the courtyard."

When she had spoken she went out and closed all the gates from without. David stretched himself and cried: "Bread and wine, the Lord liveth!" and began to knock off the heads of the men of war. He beheaded them so that the bodies flew over the walls and the heads remained lying in the court. And he laid hold of Holbaschi, and tore out his teeth and drove them into his brow like nails. And he bent his lance till it curved like a dog's collar and put it around his neck. "Now," he said, "take yourself off and tell all to Mösramelik. If people still remain in his country let him herd them together before I come."

Holbaschi met the women a second time, and they were singing and dancing. And one of them sang:

"Holbaschi, dear Holbaschi, went hence like a cruel wolf.
Why come you back to us like a hunting dog?
Your lance lies on your neck like a dog's collar,
Thy mouth gapes like an open window,
And slime flows out like curdled milk from a skin;[10]
And whole caravans of flies buzz round it."

[10] In Armenia, as is usual in the East, they make butter out of curdled milk; and for this reason the vessel is always covered with scum.

And Holbaschi sang:

"Oh, you shameless, worthless hussies,
I thought that Sassun was a free field.
Think not that only rocks and clefts opposed me.
There new-born children are fierce devils,
Their arrows like beams of the oil-mill;
And like windows they tear out the mouths of their enemies.
All the brave lads who went with me
Are fallen in Charaman.[1]
In the spring its waters will bring you booty,
Then your butter and cheese can be made."

Now David armed himself and marched against Mösramelik. He found a great host assembled and encamped near Sechanssar.[2]

David said: "I promise thee not to give battle till I have eaten rice pillau in the green and red tent," and he urged his horse forward and appeared suddenly from the west in front of the tent. Great fright possessed the army when they perceived this rider, and Melik said, "What manner of man art thou?"

"I am the son of a western king, and I have come to help you."

Melik pitched a tent for him, and they ate together seven days. On the eighth day David mounted his horse, rode twice before Mösramelik's tent, and said: "Now, come out, I want to fight you. How long, Mösramelik, are you going to encroach upon my inheritance?" And David cried: "Bread and wine, God lives!" and fighting began on all sides.

Uncle Toross heard of the combat. He tore up a poplar by its roots, threw it across his shoulder, and set out. He halted at the upper end of the valley in which the fight was going on. If anyone crept away David shouted: "Dear Uncle Toross, chase him back into the valley and I will be ready for him!"

At last the army began to murmur: "Let them struggle hand to hand. He who overpowers the other has conquered."

Then said one of them. "Sit down, that I may slay you with my club," and the other said: "No, you sit down." At

[1] A valley near Musch.

[2] Literally, a table-like mountain.

last they agreed that David, being the youngest, should sit. So he put his shield over his head, laid under it the holy cross, and sat down. Mösramelik made an onset from three leagues, burst upon him, and assailed him with a club, saying, "Earth thou art, be earth again!"

David said: "I believe in the high and holy cross of Maratuk. It is to me as if I were still eating rice pillau under the red and green tent."

Mösramelik sprung upon him three times, struck him with his club, and said: "Earth thou art, be earth again!" and David replied only, "I believe in the high and holy cross of Maratuk."

Then came Mösramelik's turn to sit down, and he was stubborn and would not. But the army reproached him and put his shield over his head, and he sat down. Then came Mösramelik's mother, and began to ask mercy, saying: "David, I am ready to die for you! Is he not thy brother? Slay him not; have pity on him!"

"O shameless woman! When he struck me, thou saidst not, 'Is he not thy brother!' But, may your wish be granted! One blow I will give up for God's sake, the second for your sake, but the third belongs to me, and when I strike either he dies or lives!"

David rode back and forward again, and seizing his club hurled Mösramelik seven yards deep into the earth. Then he ravaged Mösr and ascended the throne.

The Emir[3] of Kachiswan had a daughter, and her name was Chandud-Chanum.[4] Chandud-Chanum heard of David's valor, and gave gifts to a bard and said to him: "Go, sing to David of my beauty, that he may come hither and we may love each other."

The bard went to Sassun, for he thought David was there. He came to Sassun and entered Zöranwegi's castle, thinking David lived in it, and sat down and began to sing to Zöranwegi. Zöranwegi cried: "Go. Club him and hunt him forth. He thinks to bring David hither by cunning!"

They set upon the singer, dragged him to the valley, and

[3] "Emir," in the eyes of the orientals, is almost the same as "king."

[4] "Chandud" is a woman's name. "Chanum" means "lady."

threw him into the road. In the evening the shepherds returned on their oxen to the village. An ox became wild, and the herdsman fell off, and seeking the cause he found the bard, who wept and lamented and asked the herdsman:

"Which of the brothers lives in that castle?"

The shepherd answered: "Here lives Zöranwegi; yonder, in Mösr, David."

And the bard gave a piece of gold to the shepherds, and they gathered up the pieces of his broken tambur[5] and pointed out his way to him. He went and sang of Chandud-Chanum's beauty before David. David rewarded him richly, and said, "Go before, I will come," and the singer went and told all to Chandud-Chanum.[6]

David departed straightway and went by way of Sassun and the Heights of Zözmak. He found a plough[7] standing in his way. He freed the oxen, seized the plough-chain, mounted his horse, and dragged the plough down. And it fell from the summit of the Black Mountain plump into the aqueduct of the village of Marnik.

He drew on and perceived that a buffalo had got loose and run along the road and left its dung there. David looked at the dung and said: "If evil befalls me he is guilty of it who left the dung there; if not, it is also his work that it befalls me not."

From a side-path appeared a buffalo, and David had never seen the like before. He lifted his club to slay him when from the opposite side a shepherd came and began to scold the buffalo. David thought the shepherd was scolding him and said, "Fellow, what have I done to you that you rail at me?"

The shepherd answered: "Who are you? Ah, you are a Sassun brawler who has seen nothing of the world! I spoke to my buffalo."

"Don't be angry, youngster! It is a shame, indeed, that in my country I have never seen the like. Are there many such creatures in these parts?"

The shepherd said, "Come, and I will show you."

[5] An instrument like a guitar.

[6] The song in which the bard praises the beauty of Chandud-Chanum is wanting. A certain carelessness is seen generally in the rest of the narrative.

[7] The Armenians use, in ploughing, a kind of plough which is drawn by from five to ten pairs of buffaloes or oxen.

And they went to the field of Ausut, where the peasants hitched their buffaloes and drove them. David found the buffaloes with tongues lolling from the heat as they drew the plough. David felt pity for them; he unhitched them and drove them to the pond.

The ploughman began to curse him, and he said: "Ploughman, curse me not; only give me the chain into my hand."

He seized the chain and began to draw; the ploughman guided the plough and David ploughed nine furrows. Then the shepherd said to David: "That is not thy strength. Leave thy horse and then draw. We shall see whether it is thine or thy horse's strength."

David left his horse and ploughed nine furrows alone.

The shepherd then said to David: "It is already noon. Come now and eat, then thou canst go on thy way!"

David answered: "No, I will ride on. Thy children want to eat, and if I come nothing will remain for them."

However, they sat down and when the dinner was set out David crumbled all the bread and the vessels all at once, and the shepherd said: "Here, hide yourselves or he will devour us also."

David said: "Surely, brother, he who drags the plough must eat bread. How could it be otherwise?"

And he went his way to the city where Chandud-Chanum dwelt.

David came to the gates of the castle where Chandud-Chanum lived—to the place where all her suitors came to woo. He saw a youth standing near the door with a club in his hand. David said: "Ha, my lad, what do they call you?"

"My name is Gorgis."

"Gorgis!" said David. "When I marry Chandud-Chanum you shall be godfather! Now, Godfather Gorgis, who is in the house?"

"Matchmakers from the giants—Schibikan of Chorassan and Hamsa of Lori."

David said, "Take my horse and fasten him." And he took his horse and tied him.

Then David asked: "What kind of a club have you? Show it me."

David took the club and threw it into the air with such force that it is whirring till this very day. Then he said, "Godfather Gorgis, let us go in and eat and drink."

They went in, and David sat down, for he was tired and hungry, and every matchmaker, one after the other, handed David a cup of wine. David lost patience and seized the wine-pitcher and emptied it in one draught, saying, "Now say only what is well for you!"

The wine made David drunk, and when he let his head fall the matchmakers drew their swords to strike him, but when he raised his head they concealed their swords. They began this again when Godfather Gorgis called out: "Think not that you are in Georgia! No, this is a dangerous country." And when David heard him he said, "Now stand bravely at the door!"

The matchmakers sprang up and as they ran each gave Gorgis a box on the ear and escaped. David then turned to Gorgis and said: "Where can I see Chandud-Chanum?"

"In the garden of the King," Gorgis answered. "To-day is Friday and she will be there. Before her walk twenty slaves, and twenty walk behind her. We will go to-day and see her there."

So Gorgis and David went thither and concealed themselves behind the garden wall and waited. The slaves passed by one after another, and, when Chandud-Chanum came, David put his arm around her neck and kissed her three times. Chandud-Chanum said not a word. He kissed her again. Chandud-Chanum seized him by the collar and threw him against the wall so that the blood gushed from his nose.

David was angry and was going to mount his horse. "Godfather Gorgis," he said, "lead out my horse. I will destroy the city and depart."

Gorgis began to plead: "I pray you, put it off till morning. It is dark now. At daybreak arise and destroy the city and depart."

David lay in bed and could not sleep from anger. "Would it were dawn that I might rise and destroy the city and get away from here," he thought to himself.

Chandud-Chanum was still walking in the garden. A lame slave came to her and said: "Thy walk will end sadly. Take care, David is going to destroy the city and depart."

She took the cloth in which her evening meal had been brought, and wrapped her head in it. She turned and went straightway into the castle where David was and knocked at his door.

David said: "What insolent people live here! They will not wait till morning, but say, 'Arise, destroy the city and be off!'"

Gorgis arose and looked out of the window and said, "These are women, not men," and they opened the door.

Chandud-Chanum came to David and said: "You kissed me first for the fatigue of your journey, a second time for yourself, and a third time for God's sake. Why did you kiss me a fourth time? You are the son of your father and I am the daughter of mine. It has been said: Take to yourself a wife that you may have a son who is like his uncle. Do you think you have brought me the heads of the giants Hamsa of Lori and Schibikan of Chorassan, that you kiss me a fourth time?"

David's heart softened and he said: "If that is so I will go out at daybreak and bring you their heads." Then he added: "Very well, I go; if they are stronger than I they will kill me. For God's sake come and seek my body. On the right hand I have a birth-mark—a cross—by that you shall know me. Bring my body back and bury it."

So David set out. The giants perceived a rider coming, for the dust from his horse's hoofs rose to heaven: "This rider comes to fight with us. Perhaps he is of the race of Sergo."[8]

They called to him, saying: "Ho, fellow! who are you, and whence come you? Do you know Chandud-Chanum? Will you take this ring to her?"

David said: "Certainly I know her, but I have come to take your heads to the Princess Chandud. I know nothing about your rings!"

The eyebrows of Schibikan of Chorassan hung down over his breast and he fastened them across his back. Hamsa of Lori had an underlip so long that it reached the ground and swept it.

[8] Sergo-Sarkus (Sergius) so the Kurds called the Christians, regarding them as descendants of St. Sergius, who is very popular among the Armenians of Wan and Musch.

David and the giants began to hack and hew each other and they fought with clubs and bows until night. David cried: "I believe in the high and holy cross of Maratuk," and took his sword and cut both their heads off. He bound their hair together and hung them across his horse like saddle bags and their tongues furrowed the ground like a plough.

David rode away with their heads and had already traversed half the way when he saw approaching him, riding between heaven and earth, a rider, who called out to him! "Do you think you have conquered the giants Schibikan and Hamsa?" The rider sprang behind David and struck at him with a club. He crawled under the saddle and the club struck the stirrup and tore it loose, and it fell to the ground. David sprang out from under the saddle and cried: "Bread and wine, as the Lord liveth!" and swung his club over his enemy. The enemy dodged the blow, but his hair fell away from his face. David looked and recognized Chandud-Chanum; she had disguised herself and had come to meet him.

"O shameless woman!" David said. "You would disgrace me a second time."

They rode together into Chandud-Chanum's city. They arrived and dismounted and called Chandud-Chanum's father. David said to him: "Will you give me your daughter for a wife?"

Her father said: "I will not give her to you. If you will marry her and live here, I will give her to you. If you must take her away, I will not give her. How can I do otherwise? I have enemies all around me; they will destroy my city."

And David said: "I will marry her and stay here. I will not take her away."

So they were married and celebrated the wedding, feasting seven days and seven nights.

The time passed by unheeded, and when nine months, nine days and nine hours had passed, God sent them a son.

And David said to Chandud-Chanum: "If this child is mine, he must have a mark—he will show great strength." They put the child in swaddling-clothes, but instead of bands they bound him with plough-chains. He began to cry and stir in his cradle and the chain snapped into pieces.

They sent word to David: "The youngster is a stout fel-

low. He has broken the chains. But one of his hands seems hurt. He clenches his fist, and no one can open it."

David came and sat down, looked at the hand and opened it. In the hand he found a little lump of clotted blood. "The whole world is to him as a drop of blood, and he will hold it in his hand. If he lives he will do wonderful deeds."

Then they christened the boy and gave him the name of Mcher.

Time passed and the boy grew fast, and David left him in Kachiswan with his grandparents, and took Chandud-Chanum with him to Sassun. The men of Chlat [9] heard David's coming and they assembled an army, built a rampart, formed their wagons into a fortress, and began to give battle. When Chandud-Chanum sent her lance against the wall she shattered it and the wagons flew seven leagues away. Then David went forward and drove the fighters away, saying to them: "Ye men of Chlat! what shameless people ye be! Ye wage war on women! Let me but take my wife to Sassun and I will come back, and we will fight it out.

But the men of Chlat believed him not. "Swear to us by the holy cross you carry; then we will believe you," said they.

David touched the token with his hand as he thought, but the cross was there and he knew it not, and the power of the cross was that no one could swear by it.

He took Chandud-Chanum to Sassun. Here he first knew that he had sworn on the cross, for he found the cross lying at his left shoulder where the token had been.

"Now it will go badly with me," said David. "Whether I go or whether I stay, it will go badly with me. And I must go."

He advanced, therefore, to give battle, and the men of Chlat pressed him sorely. His horse was caught in the reedy marsh of Tschechur.[10] With difficulty he crawled out of the bog and reached the waters of the Lochur.[1]

Once Abamelik had lingered at the house of Ibraham Aga, and forcibly entered the sleeping-room of his wife. Her name

[9] The city of Chlat (Turkish "Achlat") lies northwest of the Sea of Wan. In olden times it was famous for its splendor, its high walls, and its citadel. The inhabitants had been injured by David's father and wished to avenge themselves.

[10] A marsh at the outlet of the Kara-Su, a tributary of the Euphrates.

[1] A small river which empties into the Sea of Wan not far from Chlat.

was Schemschen-Chanum. She had borne a daughter to Abamelik, who was now an ardent Mahometan. This daughter took up her bow and arrows and concealed herself on the sloping river-bank. When David bathed in the waters of Locher she shot him, assassin-like, with an arrow in the back. David arose and made a great outcry and his voice sounded even up to Sassun. Zönow-Owan, Chorassan, Uncle Toross, Tschöntschchapokrik, and Zöranwegi came together, for they heard the voice of David. And Zönow-Owan called to him from Sassun, "We are coming."

And they went forth to help David, who heard in the water the voice of his kinsmen. They came to the river and found David, who said: "Zönow-Owan, she seemed frightened at our calling. Go and find her."

And they sought and found the blue-eyed maiden. David seized her by one foot, trod on the other, tore her in pieces, and threw her into the village at the foot of the mountain. From this deed he named the village Tschiwtis-Tschapkis.[2] The village lies at the mouth of the Tschechur and is called Tschapkis to this day.

The brothers took David with them and moved on to Sassun. And after four days David died, and his brothers mourned for him. They went to Chandud-Chanum to console her and wish her long life; but Chandud-Chanum said, "Ah, me, after David's death I am but the subject of your scorn."

And Tschöntschchapokrik said: "Chandud-Chanum, weep not, weep not. David is dead, but my head is still whole."

Chandud-Chanum climbed the tower and threw herself down. Her head struck a stone and made a hole in it, and into this hole the men of Sassun pour millet and grind as the people of Mösr do; and every traveller from Mösr stops there before the castle to see the stone.

The brothers came to see the body of Chandud-Chanum, and they pressed on her breasts and milk flowed therefrom. They said: "Surely she has a child! If there is a child it must be in Kachiswan."[3] And they set out for Kachiswan and said to the governor: "A child of our brother and sister-in-law lives here. Where is it?"

[2] Literally, "I will tear in pieces and scatter."

[3] The small city of Kagisman, not far from Kara.

"It is not here."

"We have a sign. In the breast of our sister-in-law was milk."

Then the governor said: "She had a daughter, but it is dead."

"We have a test for that also—for our dead. The grave of one dead one year is one step long, of one dead two years, two steps long, and so on."

They went to the church-yard and found not a single grave which stood their test.

Zönow-Owan said: "Bind leather bands about me. I will cry out."

The truth was, they had dug a cellar for Mcher underground, and hid him there and watched over him.

The brothers bound Zönow-Owan about the body and he cried out. Mcher knew his voice and would have gone to him, but his grandmother said to him: "That is not the voice of thy kinsman. It is the noise of children and the beating of drums."

When Mcher heard the voice for the third time he beat down the door and went out. One door destroyed the other. By a blow of his fist he sent the first door against the second, the second against the third, and so all seven doors were shattered.

Mcher saw his uncles from afar, but his father was not there. He asked, and his uncle told him the men of Chlat had slain his father. He fell upon his face and wept, and as he lay there his uncles wished to lift him, but exert themselves as they would they could not move him.

The tears of Mcher furrowed the earth and flowed like a river. After three days he arose, mounted his father's horse, and rode to Chlat. He circled the town and destroyed it—as it is even to this day. Then he ascended the mountain Memrut [4] and saw the smoke of the ruins grow ever denser. Only one old woman remained alive. He seized her, and, bending two trees down, bound her feet to the trees and let them loose. And thus he killed her. Since then no smoke ascends from Chlat.

[4] A high mountain not far from Chlat northwest of the Sea of Wan. Many interesting legends about it exist. Haik, the ancestor of the Armenian Nimrod, is said to be buried here.

Mcher permitted his uncles to return to their own dwelling-places and himself rode toward Tosp.

Men say he is still there, and they show his house, and even now water flows from the rocks for his horse.

On Ascension-night the door of Mcher's rock opens. But it is decreed that he shall not go out: the floor holds him not, his feet sink into the earth.

Once on Ascension-night a shepherd saw Mcher's door open, and the shepherd entered. Mcher asked him: "By what occupation do you live?"

"By brains," said the shepherd.

Then Mcher said: "We shall see what kind of brains you have! Take the nose-bag of my horse and hang it around his neck."

The shepherd tried with all his might, but could not lift the bag. He led the horse to the bag, opened it, and put the straps around the horse's neck. The horse raised his head and lifted the bag. The shepherd led him back to his place and said, "That is the sort of brains by which we live in the world."

Then the shepherd said, "Mcher, when will you leave this place?"

Mcher answered: "When plum-trees bear wheat and wild-rose bushes barley, it is appointed I shall leave this place."

And three apples fell down from heaven—one for the story-teller, one for the hearer, and the other for the whole world.

THE RUINED FAMILY

BY

GABRIEL SUNDUKIANZ

[*Translated by F. B. Collins, B.S.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Ossep Gulabianz, a merchant.
Salome, his wife.
Nato, his daughter.
Chacho, Ossep's aunt.
Gewo, a merchant, Ossep's friend.
Alexander Marmarow, a young official.
Barssegh Leproink, a merchant.
Khali, his wife.
Mosi, Leproink's relative.
Micho, shop-boy at Leproink's.
Dartscho, clerk at Leproink's.
Martha, Salome's friend.

Guests, an executor, his secretary, creditors, witnesses, and several servants.

The scene is Tiflis. The first and third acts take place in Ossep's house, the second in Barssegh's.

THE RUINED FAMILY

ACT I

Well-furnished room with open door in centre and anteroom behind. To the left in foreground a window looking out upon a garden. To the right a sofa, in front of which is a table. To the left a tachta[1] *with a ketscha*[2] *and several mutakas.*[3] *A side door.*

Scene I

Salome. Chacho.

SALOME [*from back of stage*]. You're welcome. Come, come, I beg of you. Dear aunt, how can I thank you for taking the trouble to come here!

CHACHO [*covered by a tschadra,*[4] *enters from the right of the ante-chamber*]. Good-morning! [*Taking off the tschadra.*] Why did you send for me in such haste?

[*Gives one end of the tschadra to Salome.*

SALOME [*taking hold of one end of the tschadra*]. Dear aunt, I am in such a desperate mood that if someone were to pierce my heart not a drop of blood would flow.

[*While she is speaking they fold the tschadra.*

CHACHO. So it seems that it cannot be managed?

SALOME. How could it be managed, dear aunt? They insist upon having 8,000 rubles. Ossep will not give so much. You know what a miser he is!

CHACHO. Yes, he is really odd.

SALOME. But, dear aunt, God would surely not allow an affair like this to come to nothing for the sake of 2,000 rubles. What, am I to let a man of such social position and such brilliancy escape me?

[1] Broad, low sofa. [2] Carpet. [3] Long, round pillows. [4] A long veil, covering the head and upper part of the body.

CHACHO. Great heaven, how can anyone be so obstinate!

SALOME. That is just why I begged you to come to us. Speak to Ossep about it, and perhaps your words will soften him.

CHACHO. I will talk with him; yes, indeed, I will talk to him. We cannot neglect a matter of such importance, my child. [*Lays the tschadra under the tachta covering the ketscha and sits down on it.*] Great heaven, how sore the pavement has made my feet!

SALOME [*seating herself on a chair*]. May God reward you, dear aunt! May the Holy Mother be a protectress for your children as you are now for my Nato.

CHACHO. Is not Nato my child also? Is she a stranger to me? I am altogether charmed with her beautiful form. But where is the child? Is she not at home?

SALOME. Yes, certainly; she is dressing. You understand, dear aunt, how you are to talk to him? Perhaps you will succeed with him. They expect the final answer to-day; this morning the young man's sister was here, and she may be here again any minute.

CHACHO. Don't be afraid, dear child. Calm yourself. Where is Ossep? What does he think about it?

SALOME. He is busy, but he will be here directly. He says, and insists upon it, that he will allow our daughter to marry no one but a business man.

CHACHO. He is right, my child; a good business man is worth much. Yes; is not one who has money in his pockets the best?

SALOME. Oh, how you talk! What business man is to be compared with Alexander Marmarow! Is there any business man worthy to untie his shoe-strings? His politeness alone is worth more than ten business men. Lately he honored us with a visit, and I was so fascinated with his manners! and beside he is still young; is handsome; is educated; has a good position and a good salary and will advance every day—everybody says so. Perhaps some day he will be governor.

CHACHO. That is all very well, dear Salome; but if the thing cannot be done, what then? One must submit, to some extent, to the head of the family. A good business man never suffers from hunger, and lives without wanting

anything. I don't know what has gotten into your heads. Officials! always officials!

SALOME. You speak well, dear aunt, but Nato would not marry a business man at any price. I would thank God if she would. Would I be so stupid as not to be glad of it? The deuce take these times! This comes of too much study: the girls now mind neither father nor mother!

CHACHO. Yes; how the world has changed! The streams and the hills are the same, but the people are different! But, by the way, Salome, do you know what I have heard? They say that Leproink is trying for him also; is that true?

SALOME. Yes, yes, dear aunt, a lot of go-betweens go to his house. But God will surely not let a man like that become his son-in-law while my daughter is left to become the wife of a shopkeeper.

CHACHO. Who would have believed that this Barssegh would have worked himself up like that! Yet God be praised! Perhaps it is the times that bring it about. Yesterday or the day before he was a shop-boy at Basaschoma,[5] and now! I can picture him as he was then! He wore a *tschocha*[6] of green camelot with a narrow purple belt. The wadding stuck out at his elbows and his boots were mended in four places. Great piles of goods were loaded on the poor devil's shoulders. Many a time, with the yardstick in one hand, he came to our houses with whole pieces of calico and got a few pennies from us for his trouble. And now he is a man of some importance! Many's the time we gave him a cuff and sent him back and forth with his goods. And, Salome, do you know that he lied? God save us from such lies! But what could he do? One would die of hunger, to be sure, if one always told the truth.

SALOME. Yes, yes, dear aunt, it is the same Barssegh—whom they all call "Wassil Matwejitsch" now.

CHACHO. What! have they turned Mathus, his father, into Matjewitsch? Who is good enough for them now? Many a time has the cobbler, Mathus, mended my shoes.

[5] A bazaar in Tiflis. [6] A long overcoat.

His workshop was in the Norasch quarter. O good heavens, the world is upside down!

Scene II

NATO [*entering at right*]. Mamma! O aunt, are you here, too?

[*Hugs her and kisses her.*

CHACHO. O my only treasure! [*Kisses her.*] How fresh and pretty you are! Where are you going? Are you going out when I have just come?

NATO. What are you saying, dear aunt? I will come back again immediately. I am only going to make a few purchases at the bazaar. [*Turning to Salome*] Dear mamma——

[*They begin to speak together in a low tone.*

CHACHO [*aside*]. Yes, yes, her father is right! [*Aloud.*] I will go and see what the children are doing [*trying to rise*]. Come here, you pretty rogue, and give me your hand. I feel exhausted.

[*Nato helps her.*

SALOME [*offering her hand*]. Let me help you, too.

CHACHO. May God give you health and a life as long as mine! [*To Nato:*] O my heart's angel—if only I have my wish and see you wear the bridal wreath!

SALOME. God grant it, dear aunt!

CHACHO. He will, he will, my child! [*Going toward the entrance.*] Good heaven! how old I have grown!

[*Goes out at the left.*

Scene III

NATO. Don't keep me waiting, mamma.

SALOME. And won't a little less satisfy you? Why do you want so much all of a sudden?

NATO. But, dear mamma, please; I want it so much!

SALOME [*putting her hand in her pocket*]. I can never get away from you.

[*Takes out her purse and looks for something in it.*

NATO [*holding out her hand*]. You have it there, mamma.

SALOME. Have a little patience. [*Takes out some money and gives it to her.*] Take it! take it! though I know your father will scold about it.

NATO. But what can I do, when I need it so badly?

SALOME. Need it—nonsense! There is no end of your needs. [*Pulling at Nato's hat.*] How have you put your hat on again? And the flowers are all pulled apart. [*Arranges it.*

NATO. Bah! what difference does that make?

SALOME. You're crazy! [*Removes her veil.*] How have you put on your veil? I must ever and eternally fix something on you!

NATO. You will make me too beautiful, mamma.

SALOME. Whether I make you beautiful or not, it will make no difference. You will be only the wife of a merchant.

NATO. Yes, yes, I have been expecting that!

SALOME. And you really think that your father will ask you?

NATO. And whom should he ask?

SALOME. Think what you will; he will not let his decision be altered by you. He says, "I will give her only to a business man."

NATO. Yes, yes, surely.

SALOME. By heaven!

NATO. Mamma, is what you say true?

SALOME. As true as the sun shines above you. He spoke of it again to-day.

NATO. It is decided, then?

SALOME. What am I to do if there is no other way out? You know we have not any too much money.

NATO. And you are going to make a shopkeeper's wife of me, so that everyone will laugh at me [*ready to cry*]; so that I shall be an object of scorn for all. And why have you had me so well educated? Have I learned Russian and French and piano-playing for a man of that sort? What does a shopkeeper want of a piano? Pickle-jars and butter-tubs are useful to him, but not my French! I am curious as to how he would speak to me: *Moi aller, vous joli tu voir.*

SALOME. Enough! enough! you wild girl!

NATO [*crying*]. It is out of the question, mamma. No, not for the world could I marry a business man! I will not have one! I would rather jump into the water than marry one! [*Crying, she gives the money back.*] Take it back! What do I need it for now? Why should I go out and make purchases? For whom, then?

[*Takes off her mantle, flings her parasol aside, sits down on the sofa and begins to cry.*

SALOME. O great heaven! is this not torture? I get it on both sides. [*Turning to Nato:*] Be still, you stupid girl!

NATO. For this I have learned so much; for this you have brought me up so grandly and given yourself so much trouble and care! [*Weeping.*] Is he, also, to take me walking on the boulevard? Is he to accompany me to the club and to the theatre? [*Sobbing.*

SALOME. Be quiet! Enough! Give yourself no unnecessary heartache.

NATO [*jumps up and embraces Salome*]. Dear, dear mamma! dearest mamma, save me!

SALOME. Oh, rather would your mother be dead than to see this day!

NATO. Dear mamma, save me! save me, or I shall go into consumption! God is my witness!

SALOME [*weeping*]. The deuce take everything!

[*Wipes away her tears.*

NATO. Mamma, if you please, I would rather not marry at all. I will serve you here at home like a housemaid. Only make them stop this affair!

SALOME. That has already happened, my child.

NATO. Dear mamma, please do it.

SALOME. But I tell you, truly.

NATO. Is it really true?

SALOME. As true as the sun shines.

NATO [*kissing Salome*]. O my dear, dear mamma!

SALOME. At last I am rid of you. Your eyes are real tear-fountains. It would not have taken much more to make me cry, too.

NATO [*laughing*]. Ha! ha! ha!

SALOME. You can laugh now.

NATO. Ha! ha! ha! you gave me such a fright!

SALOME. You are terribly flighty. [*Presses the money into her hand.*] Here, take it; and do not be too long.

[*Smoothes Nato's hair.*

NATO [*pulling herself away from her mother*]. Very well, mamma. [*Taking her parasol and mantle.*

SALOME. Wipe your eyes, I pray, or they will laugh at you!

NATO. They are quite dry; and what does anybody care about my eyes? [*Going.*

SALOME. Come back soon; don't allow yourself to be delayed.

NATO. I will come back right away, dear mamma.

[*Goes toward the right into the ante-room.*

Scene IV

SALOME [*alone*]. No, there is no other way out. Cost what it will, I shall accomplish what I want. Yes, I must, if I am ruined by it. Mother of God, plead for my Nato!

OSSEP [*enters, right*]. Where has Nato gone?

SALOME. Just across the way, to the store. She needed some music.

OSSEP. These are fine times for me! And a girl like this is to become a good citizen's wife! [*Sits down on the sofa.*

SALOME [*coming near*]. That is what I say, too, dear Ossep. [*Lays hand on his shoulder.*] Are you not sorry? Is it not too bad about her?

OSSEP. I am still more to be pitied; but who pities me?

SALOME. Shall we really give her to a business man for a wife?

OSSEP. And what else? Is a merchant such a bad fellow? To judge by your words, I also am good for nothing; I who, day and night, worry myself to get you bread.

SALOME [*embracing him*]. How can you say such a thing, dear Ossep? Listen to me; are you not sorry for Nato? It would be quite different if she had been educated as I was.

OSSEP [*smiling*]. Hm! Then she would be the right sort.

SALOME [*draws back her hand*]. You are very polite, really! You laugh at poor me! Well, talk as you like, but finish this affair with Nato.

OSSEP. I have already finished it. What will you have of me?

SALOME. How, then? You will not give as much as they demand.

OSSEP. How can I give it when I have not so much?

SALOME [*embracing him*]. Dear Ossep, please do it.

OSSEP. But I cannot do it.

SALOME [*still pleading*]. If you love me only a little bit, you will do me this favor.

OSSEP. O woman! Can you not understand at all what yes and no mean? I tell you short and plain that I cannot afford to do it. My back is too weak to lift such a burden. A man can stretch out his feet in bed only as far as the covers reach. Isn't that true? Am I stingy? And would I be stingy toward my own child?

SALOME. But in this case no one asks whether we have it or not. Would it not be stupid to have such a lover for your daughter and not sacrifice everything for him? Others, indeed, have no great wealth, and yet give and are not called crazy.

OSSEP. Perhaps they have stolen money, since it is so easy for them to give it up. However, what is the use of so much talk? Take the cotton out of your ears and listen, for, I tell you, I have no money; and I repeat, I have no money. To-day or to-morrow I expect the conclusion of important business. If it is not completed, I am lost, body and soul. And you stand before me and torture me by asking me to do what is impossible!

SALOME. But why do you seem so angry? One cannot even open one's mouth before you.

[*Seats herself sulking on the tachta.*

OSSEP. Yes, I am angry. You women would exasperate an angel, let alone a man!

SALOME [*reproachfully*]. Just heaven! with my heart bleeding, I speak to you of our daughter and you are angry! You, then, are her father? Let us suppose I was dead: would it not be your sacred duty to provide for her future?

OSSEP. Am I not providing for her, you wicked woman? Have I not presented three or four young persons to you

as sons-in-law? For that matter, they would still be very glad to take her. They are young, clever, and industrious, and, moreover, persons of our condition in life. But who can be reasonable and speak to you? You have got it into your head that Nato's husband shall be an official, and there you stick. It is not your daughter's future that makes your heart bleed, but your own ambition.

SALOME. What more can I say to you? Are they, then, your equals? Who are they, properly speaking? Who are their parents?

OSSEP [*springing up*]. And who are you, then? Whose daughter, whose wife are you? Perhaps you are descended from King Heraclius; or perhaps you are the wife of a prince!

SALOME. How the man talks! Were your parents of better rank than mine? What? Say!

Scene V

Chacho.

CHACHO [*enters, left*]. What's all this noise about?

OSSEP. O aunt, you are here?

CHACHO. Yes, it is I, as I love and live. How are you, my son?

OSSEP. Pretty well, thank God. And how are you, aunt?

CHACHO. My dear son, I am very feeble. But what is going on here? They must have heard your voices in the street.

SALOME. Do you not know that married people often have little quarrels?

CHACHO. That I know a hundred times better than you. And only a blockhead takes a dispute between man and wife seriously. That is true; but that you two have already had time to get used to each other is also true.

OSSEP. Sit down, dear aunt. Tell me, rather, whether a wagon can be moved when one ox pulls to the right and the other to the left.

CHACHO. It will not stir from its place any more than I will

now. [*Sits down with legs planted firmly.*] What can move me away from here?

OSSEP. Now, is it not true? One must help the other, for one alone cannot accomplish much, be he ever so strong and ready to work.

SALOME. Oh, yes! and you are the one ready to work and I am the lazy one, I suppose.

OSSEP. For heaven's sake, do not fly into a passion like that!

CHACHO [*to Salome*]. That was nothing more than a figure of speech. Who is accusing you of laziness?

OSSEP [*sitting down*]. Tell me, can we count ourselves among those persons who can give their daughter 10,000 rubles for a dowry? Are we able to do that?

SALOME. Eight thousand is surely not 10,000.

OSSEP. Both are too much for me.

SALOME. Oh, it is all the same to me; it is not for myself; it is for your daughter.

[*Sits down, ready to cry, upon the sofa.*

OSSEP. It is a beautiful thing, the way you look out for your daughter; but everything has its time and place. We have, remember, two other daughters to provide for.

CHACHO. Dear Ossep, why are you so obstinate?

OSSEP. I am not obstinate; but you two are. Yes, you are obstinate, and will pay no attention at all to what I say.

CHACHO. Since when have you become such a niggard? You should have economized when you gave the sasandars[1] something like ten rubles for a fee.

OSSEP. Those times have passed and won't come back again, dear aunt. At that time I was able to do it; but not now. Trade is dull and my business is going badly.

CHACHO. Possibly with your enemies, dear son; but there is nothing the matter with your business.

OSSEP [*aside*]. There you have it! They insist that I let them inspect my books. [*Aloud.*] Do you know, what, aunt? What I say I first consider, for I do not like to speak to no purpose. If that young man pleases you and my daughter, and you will have him at all hazards, I have nothing against it. So therefore go to him; and if you can settle the affair with 6,000 rubles, do it. I will gladly

[1] Musicians.

make the best of it; but mind, this is my last word, and if you hang me up by the feet, I will not add a single shilling.

CHACHO. What has come over you, Ossep? If you are willing to give 6,000 rubles, you will surely not let the whole thing go to pieces for the sake of 500 or 1,000 more?

OSSEP. Do you know what, aunt? Even if a voice from heaven were to demand it of me, that is my last word. Even if you flayed me alive, I would not give another shilling.

CHACHO. Do not excite yourself, dear son. Let us first see. Perhaps it can be settled with 6,000 rubles.

OSSEP. Yes, to that even I say yes.

SALOME. If a man can give 6,000, he can surely give 1,000 or 2,000 more. Why do you fret yourself unnecessarily?

OSSEP [*aroused*]. God deliver me from the hands of these women! They say that one woman can get the best of two men; and here I am alone and fallen into the hands of two of you. Where, then, have you discovered this confounded fellow of a son-in-law? That comes of his visits. What has he to do with us? We are entirely different kind of people. [*To Salome:*] He is neither your brother nor your cousin; why, then, does he come running into our house? I believe he has been here as many as three times. I decline once and for all his visits. May his foot never cross my threshold!

CHACHO. Do not get excited, my son. Do not be vexed.

OSSEP. Now, aunt, you come so seldom to our house, and just to-day you happen in: how does that come?

CHACHO. If you are so vexed about my visit, go down in the cellar and cool yourself off a little.

OSSEP. I am a man; do you understand me? If I tell you that I can give no more, you should believe me.

CHACHO. We believe it, truly; we believe it, but we must say to you, nevertheless, that the dowry that a man gives his daughter means a great deal. It does not mean buying a house, when it is laudable to be economical. No; where the dowry is concerned, a man must think neither of his pocket nor of his money-box. You were acquainted with Jegor? Did he not sell his last house and after-

ward lived like a beggar to give his daughter a proper dowry? When he died, was there not money for his burial? That you know yourself very well. Are you any poorer than he, that you grumble like a bear about 2,000 rubles?

OSSEP. O great Heavens! they will bring me to despair yet. Isn't this a punishment of Providence, to bring up a daughter, spend a lot of money on her education, and when you have done everything, then hang a bag of gold around her neck, so that she may find someone who is kind enough to take her home with him? A pretty custom!

SALOME. Against the manners and customs of the world you can do nothing, however.

OSSEP. The devil take your manners and customs! If you hold so fast to old ways, then stick to all of them. Is it an old custom to wear, instead of Georgian shoes, little boots—and with men's heels, too? And that a girl should be ashamed to go with her own people and should walk around on the arm of a strange young man: is that also one of the good old customs? Where can we find anything of the good old manners and customs of our fathers, in the living or eating or housekeeping, or in the clothing, or in balls and society? What! was it so in old times? Do you still talk about old manners and customs? If once we begin to live after the new fashion, let us follow it in all things. Why do we still need to have bedclothes for twenty-four beds for guests? Why do we use the old cupboard and cake-oven and sofa-cover? Why does one not visit a mother with a young baby and stay whole months with them? Why does one invite 100 persons to a wedding and give funeral feasts and let eighty women mourners come and howl like so many dervishes? And what is that yonder [*points to the furniture*]? That one is old-fashioned and the others new-fashioned. If we can have one kind, why do we use the other? [*Silent awhile.*

SALOME. Well, well! don't be angry! So you will give 6,000 rubles—you have promised it. What is lacking I will procure.

OSSEP. You will procure it? Where, then, will you get it? Not some of your own dowry, I hope.

SALOME. I had no dowry. Why do you tease me with that? No, everything I have I will sell or pawn. The pearls, my gold ornaments, I will take off of my *katiba*. The gold buttons can be melted. My brooch and my necklace, with twelve strings of pearls, I will also sell; and, if it is necessary, even the gold pins from my velvet cap must go. Let it all go! I will sacrifice everything for my Nato. I would give my head to keep the young man from slipping through my hands.

[*Exit hastily at left.*

Scene VI

Ossep. Chacho.

OSSEP. Have you ever seen anything like it, aunt? I ask you, aunt, does that seem right?

CHACHO. My son, who takes a thing like that to heart?

OSSEP. She is obstinate as a mule. Say, does she not deserve to be soundly beaten, now?

CHACHO. It only needed this—that you should say such a thing! As many years as you have lived together you have never harmed a hair of her head; then all of a sudden you begin to talk like this. Is that generous?

OSSEP. O aunt! I have had enough of it all. Were another man in my place, he would have had a separation long ago. [*Sits down.*] If she sees on anyone a new dress that pleases her, I must buy one like it for her; if a thing pleases her anywhere in a house, she wants one in her house; and if I don't get it for her she loses her senses. It is, for all the world, as though she belonged to the monkey tribe. Can a man endure it any longer?

CHACHO. The women are all so, my son. Why do you fret yourself so much on that account?

OSSEP. Yes, yes; you have the habit of making out that all women are alike—all! all! If other people break their heads against a stone, shall I do the same? No; I do what pleases myself, and not what pleases others.

CHACHO. Ossep, what nonsense are you talking? As I was coming here, even, I saw a laborer's wife so dressed up that a princess could hardly be compared with her. She had on a lilac silk dress and a splendid shawl on her head, fine, well-fitting gloves, and in her hand she held a satin parasol. I stood staring, open-mouthed, as she passed. Moreover, she trailed behind her a train three yards long. I tell you my heart was sad when I saw how she swept the street with that beautiful dress and dragged along all sorts of rubbish with it. I really do not see why they still have street-sweepers. It was a long time before I could turn my eyes from her, and thought to myself, Lord, one can't tell the high from the low nowadays! And what can one say to the others if a laborer's wife puts on so much style?

OSSEP. I said that very thing. I have just spoken of it. A new public official has just arrived. She sees that others want to marry their daughters to him, and she runs, head first, against the wall to get ahead of them.

CHACHO. You are really peculiar. You have, you say, not enough money to provide a dowry for your daughter, and yet you brought her up and educated her in the fashion. For what has she learned to play the piano, then? Consider everything carefully.

OSSEP. Devil take this education! Of what good is this education if it ruins me? Is that sort of an education for the like of us? Ought we not to live as our fathers lived and stay in our own sphere, so that we could eat our bread with a good appetite? What kind of a life is that of the present day? Where is the appetizing bread of earlier times? Everything that one eats is smeared with gall! For what do I need a *salon* and a parlor, a cook and a footman? If a man stretches himself too much in his coat the seams must burst!

CHACHO. If you don't want to have all those things can't you manage the house another way? Who is to blame for it?

OSSEP. Have I managed it so? I wish he may break his neck who brought it all to pass! I haven't done it; it came of itself, and how it happened I don't know. Oftentimes when I look back over my early days I see that things

were very different twenty years ago. It seems to me I have to live like an ambassador! [*Stands up.*] We are all the same, yes, we all go the same pace. Wherever you go you find the same conditions, and no one questions whether his means permit it. If a man who has 10,000 rubles lives so, I say nothing; but if one with an income of 1,000 rubles imitates him, then my good-nature stops. What are the poorer people to learn from us if we give them such an example? Weren't the old times much better? In a single *darbas*[1] we all lived together; three or four brothers and their families. We saved in light and heat, and the blessing of God was with us. Now in that respect it is wholly different. If one brother spends fifty rubles, the other spends double the sum, so as not to be behind him. And what kind of brothers are there now, as a rule? And what kind of sisters and fathers and mothers? If you were to chain them together you could not hold them together a week at a time. If it is not a punishment from God, I don't know what is.

CHACHO. My dear Ossep, why do you revive those old memories? It gives me the heartache to recall those old times. I remember very well how it was. In the room stood a long broad sofa that was covered with a carpet. When evening came there would be a fire-pan lighted in the middle of the room and we children would sit around it. That was our chandelier. Then a blue table-cloth was spread on the sofa and something to eat, and everything that tasted good in those days was placed on it. Then we sat around it, happy as could be: grandfather, father, uncle, aunt, brothers, and sisters. The wine pitcher poured out sparkling wine into the glasses, and it wandered from one end of the table to the other. Many times there were twenty of us. Now if for any reason five persons come together in a room one is likely to be suffocated. [*Points to the ceiling.*] With us there was an opening for smoke in the ceiling that was worth twenty windows. When it became bright in the morning the daylight pressed in on us, and when it grew dark the twi-

[1] Hall.

light came in there, and the stars glimmered through. Then we spread our bed-things out, and we went to sleep together with play and frolic. We had a kettle and a roasting-spit in the house, and also a pot-ladle and strainer, and the men brought in the stock of provisions in bags. Of the things they brought, one thing was as appetizing as the other. Now, it seems the cooks and servants eat all the best bits. God preserve me from them! Our homes are ruined by the new ways!

OSSEP. Do you know what, aunt? I wager it will not be long before the whole city is bankrupt. On one side extravagance and the new mode of life will be to blame, and on the other our stupidity. Can we go on living so? It is God's punishment, and nothing more. You will scarcely believe it when I tell you that I pay out ten rubles every month for pastry for the children alone.

CHACHO. No! Reduce your expenses a little, my son. Retrench!

OSSEP. That is easily said. Retrench, is it? Well, come over here and do it. I would like to see once how you would begin. Listen, now! Lately I bought a pair of children's shoes at the bazaar for three abaces.[2] The lad threw them to the ceiling. "I want boots at two and a half rubles," said the six-year-old rascal. He was ready to burst out crying. What could I do but buy new ones? If others would do the same I could let the youngster run in cheap boots. How can one retrench here? Twenty years, already, I have struggled and see no way out. To-day or to-morrow my head will burst, or I may beat it to pieces against a stone wall. Isn't it an effort at retrenchment when I say that I cannot afford it? but with whom am I to speak here? Does anyone understand me? Yes, reduce your expenses!

[*Goes toward the ante-room to the right and meets Nato with four sheets of music in her hand.*

[2] Abace—20 kopecks.

Scene VII

Nato, Ossep, Chacho.

OSSEP. Yes, yes, reduce your expenses!

CHACHO. Little girl, how quickly you have come back!

NATO. I did not go far, aunt.

CHACHO. What have you in your hand, sweetheart?

NATO. I have bought some new music.

OSSEP [*stepping up to them*]. Yes, yes, retrench! [*Taking a sheet of music out of her hand.*] What did you pay for this?

NATO. Four abaces.

OSSEP. And for this [*taking another*]?

NATO [*looking at it*]. Six abaces.

OSSEP [*taking a third*]. And for this?

NATO [*fretfully*]. One ruble and a half.

OSSEP [*taking the last*]. And certainly as much for this?

NATO. No, papa; I paid two rubles and a half for that.

OSSEP [*angrily*]. And one is to economize! Am I to blame for this? What have you bought four pieces for? Was not one or two enough?

NATO [*frightened*]. I need them.

OSSEP [*still more angrily*]. Tell me one thing—is this to be endured? If she could play properly at least, but she only drums two or three pieces and says she can play. I cannot play myself, but I have heard persons who played well. They could use these things, but not we. I wish the devil had the man who introduced this! [*Throws the music on the floor.*] I'll cut off my hand if she can play properly.

CHACHO. There, there, stop, now!

OSSEP. Whatever she tries to do is only half done: music, languages—she has only half learned. Tell me, what can she do? Is she able to sew anything? or to cut out a dress for herself? Yes, that one seems like a European girl! Ha! ha! Five times I have been in Leipsic, and the daughter of the merest pauper there can do more than she can. What have I not seen in the way of needlework! I gaped with admiration. And she cannot even speak Armenian properly, and that is her mother tongue! Can

she write a page without mistakes? Can she pronounce ten French words fluently? Yes, tell me, what can she do? What does she understand? She will make a fine housekeeper for you! The man who takes her for his wife is to be pitied. She be able to share with him the troubles of life! Some day or other she will be a mother and must bring up children. Ha, ha! they will have a fine bringing-up! She is here to make a show; but for nothing beside! She is an adept at spending money. Yes, give her money, money, so that she can rig herself out and go to balls and parties! [*Nato cries.*] Can I stand this any longer? Can I go on with these doings? Retrench, you say. What is this [*taking a corner of Nato's tunic in his hand*]? How is this for a twelve-story building? Does it warm the back? How am I to reduce expenses here? And if I do it, will others do it also? I'd like to see the man who could do it! [*Nato still crying.*

CHACHO. Do all these things you have said in my presence amount to anything? You yourself said that you troubled yourself little about what others did. What do you want, then? Why should you poison the heart of this innocent girl? [*All are silent awhile.*

OSSEP [*lays his hand on his forehead and recovers himself*]. O just heaven, what am I doing? I am beside myself. [*Goes up to Nato.*] Not to you, not to you, my Nato, should I say all this! [*Embraces her.*] No, you do not deserve it; you are innocent. We are to blame for all. I am to blame, I! because I imitated the others and brought you up as others brought up their daughters. Don't cry! I did not wish to hurt you. I was in bad humor, for everything has vexed me to-day, and unfortunately you came in at the wrong moment. [*Picks up the music and gives it to her.*] Here, take the music, my child. [*Embraces her again.*] Go and buy some more. Do what you wish everywhere, and be behind no one. Until to-day you have wanted nothing, and, with God's help, you shall want nothing in the future.

[*Kisses her and turns to go.*

CHACHO. Now, Ossep, think it over; come to some decision in the matter.

OSSEP. I should like to, indeed; but what I cannot do I cannot do. [*Goes off at the right.*

Scene VIII

Nato, Chacho, then Salome.

NATO [*falling sobbing in Chacho's arms*]. O dear, dear aunt.

CHACHO. Stop; don't cry, my dear, my precious child. It is indeed your father. Stop; stop, Salome.

SALOME [*coming in smiling*]. Dear aunt, I have arranged everything. [*Stops.*] What is this now? Why are you crying?

[*Nato wipes away her tears and goes toward the divan.*

CHACHO. You know her father, don't you? He has been scolding her, and has made her cry.

SALOME. If her father has been troubling her, then I will make her happy again. Nato, dear, I have betrothed you. [*Nato looks at her in wonderment.*] Yes, my love, be happy—what have you to say about it? Mr. Alexander Marmarow is now your betrothed.

NATO. Is it really true, mamma dear?

CHACHO [*at the same time*]. Is it true?

SALOME. It is true, be assured.

NATO [*embracing Salome*]. O my dear, dear mother.

SALOME [*seizing her daughter and kissing her*]. Now I am rid of my worries about you. I hope it will bring you joy. Go and put on another dress, for your betrothed is coming.

NATO. Now?

SALOME. Certainly, at once. You know, I presume, that you must make yourself pretty.

NATO [*happy and speaking quickly*]. Certainly. I will wear the white barège with blue ribbons, the little cross on black velvet ribbon, and a blue ribbon in my hair. [*Hugs Chacho.*] O my precious auntie!

CHACHO [*embracing and kissing her*]. May this hour bring you good-fortune! I wish it for you with all my heart.

NATO [*hugging and kissing Salome again*]. O you dear, you dearest mamma. [*Runs out of the room.*

Scene IX

Salome. Chacho.

CHACHO. What does all this mean? Am I dreaming or am I still awake?

SALOME. What are you saying about dreams? His sister Champera was here, and about five minutes later he himself came. They live very near here.

CHACHO. If it was arranged so easily, why have you wrangled and quarrelled so much?

SALOME [*in a whisper*]. But what do you think, aunt? I have arranged the affair for 7,000 rubles, and I have had to promise his sister 200 rubles beside.

CHACHO. May I be struck blind! And you have done this without Ossep's knowing it?

SALOME [*whispering*]. He will not kill me for it, and let him talk as much as he will. It could not go through otherwise. Get up and let us go into that room where Ossep will not hear us. [*Helps her to rise.*

CHACHO. O just heaven! What women we have in these days!

Scene X

OSSEP [*alone, buckling his belt and holding his cap in his hand, comes in through the right-hand door, stands awhile in deep thought while he wrings his hands several times*]. Give me money! Give me money! I would like to know where I am to get it. It is hard for me to give what I have promised. And what if it cannot be arranged for that sum? Am I, then, to make a mess of this!—I who have always been willing to make any sacrifice for my children? It must, indeed, lie in this—that the suitor does not please; for I could not find 2,000 to add to the 6,000 that I have promised. Yes, that's it! The man is not the one I want for her. If he were an ordinary fellow, he would not treat with me. At any rate, what he is after will show itself now; yes, we shall soon see what kind of man he is! Up to this day I have always kept my word, and the best thing I can do is to keep it now.

Enter Gewo.

OSSEP [*meeting him as he enters from the right*]. Oh, it is you, dear Gewo! What brings you to our house? [*Offering him his hand.*] I love you; come again, and often!

GEWO. You know well that if I had not need of you, I would not come.

OSSEP. How can I serve you? Pray, sit down.

GEWO [*seating himself*]. What are you saying about serving? Do you think that this confounded Santurian has——

OSSEP [*interrupting him anxiously*]. What has happened?

GEWO. The dear God knows what has happened to the fellow!

OSSEP. But go on, what has happened?

GEWO. What could happen? The fellow has cleared out everything.

OSSEP [*disturbed and speaking softly*]. What did you say, Gewo? Then I am lost, body and soul; then I am ruined!

GEWO. I hope he will go to the bottom. How is one to trust any human being nowadays? Everyone who saw his way of living must have taken him for an honest man.

OSSEP [*softly*]. You kill me, man!

GEWO. God in heaven should have destroyed him long ago, so that this could not have happened. But who could have foreseen it? When one went into his store everything was always in the best order. He kept his word, paid promptly when the money was due; but what lay behind that, no one knew.

OSSEP. I have depended on him so much. What do you say, Gewo? He owes me 10,000 rubles! I was going to satisfy my creditors with this sum. To-morrow his payment was due, and the next day mine. How can I satisfy them now? Can I say that I cannot pay them because Santurian has given me nothing? Am I to be a bankrupt as well as he? May the earth swallow me rather!

GEWO. I wish the earth would swallow him, or rather that he had never come into the world! I have just 2,000 rubles on hand; if you wish I will give them to you to-morrow.

OSSEP. Good; I will be very thankful for them. But what

do you say to that shameless fellow? Have you seen him? Have you spoken with him?

GEWO. Of course. I have just come from him.

OSSEP. What did he say? Will he really give nothing?

GEWO. If he does not lie, he will settle with you alone. Let the others kick, he said. Go to him right off, dear Ossep. Before the thing becomes known perhaps you can still get something out of him.

OSSEP. Come with me, Gewo. Yes, we must do something, or else I am lost.

GEWO. The devil take the scoundrel!

Scene XI

SALOME [*coming in from the left*]. May I lose my sight if he is not coming already. He is already on the walk. [*Looking out of the window and then walking toward the entry.*] How my heart beats!

[*Goes into the ante-room. Alexander appears at the window and then at the door of the ante-room.*]

Alexander enters.

SALOME [*at the door*]. Come; pray come in. [*Offers her hand.*] May your coming into our house bring blessings!

ALEXANDER [*making a bow*]. Madame Salome [*kisses her hand*], I am happy that from now on I dare call myself your son.

SALOME [*kissing him on the brow*]. May God make you as happy as your mother wishes. Please, please sit down! Nato will be here immediately. [*They sit down.*

ALEXANDER. How are you, Madame Salome? What is Miss Natalie doing? Since that evening I have not had the pleasure of seeing her.

SALOME. Thank you, she is very well. The concert that evening pleased me exceedingly. Thank heaven that so good a fashion has found entrance among us. In this way we have a perfect bazaar for the marriageable girls, for had not this concert taken place where would you two have found an opportunity to make each other's acquaint-

ance? Where else could you have caught sight of each other?

ALEXANDER. Dear lady, Miss Natalie must please everybody without concerts, and awaken love in them. Oh, how I bless my fate that it is my happy lot to win her love!

SALOME. And my Nato pleases you, dear son-in-law?

ALEXANDER. Oh, I love her with all my heart, dear madame!

SALOME. If you love her so much, dear son, why did you exact so much money? For the sake of 1,000 rubles this affair almost went to pieces. Your sister Champera swore to me that if we did not give 1,000 rubles more you would this very day betroth yourself to the daughter of Barssegh Leproink.

ALEXANDER. I wonder, Madame Salome, that you should credit such things. I marry Leproink's daughter! I refuse Miss Natalie on her account! forget her beautiful black eyes and her good heart, and run after money! Would not that be shameful in me! I must confess to you freely, dear madame, that my sister's way of doing things is hateful to me. *Fi mauvais genre!* But let us say no more about it. If only God will help us to a good ending!

SALOME. God grant that neither of you may have anything to regret!—[*rising*] I will come back immediately, dear son-in-law; I am only going to see what is keeping Nato. [*Alexander also rises.*] Keep your seat, I beg of you. How ceremonious you are! I will come right back.

[*Exit right.*

Scene XII

ALEXANDER [*alone*]. At last my burning wish is fulfilled! Now I have both a pretty wife and money. Without money a man is not of the least importance. Let him give himself what trouble he may, if he has no money, no one will pay any attention to him. I have made only one mistake in the business. I have been in too much of a hurry. If I had held out a little longer they would have given me 8,000 rubles; now I must be satisfied with 7,000. Still, what was to be done? It would not have gone through otherwise; and for that matter, I may, perhaps,

somehow make up for it in other ways. In any case, I stand here on a fat pasture-land where they seem to be pretty rich. The principal thing is that I should make myself popular among them, then I shall have succeeded in getting my fill out of them. Ha, ha, ha! How they worry themselves! Yes, the whole office will be in an uproar to-morrow. [*With affected voice:*] "Have you heard the news? Marmarow is engaged, and has received 7,000 rubles dowry. And such a beautiful girl! Such a lovely creature! [*Clucking with his tongue and changing his voice:*] "Is it possible!" [*In his own voice:*] Charming, charming, Marmarow! [*Looking at his clothing:*] *Chic!* A true gentleman am I! Yes, I am getting on. I must now think only of to-morrow and the next day, and how to get on further. The principal thing is for a man to know the value of money, for without money nothing can be undertaken. First, I shall have the interest on my capital; then my salary, and last some hundred rubles beside. That makes 3,000 or 4,000 rubles a year. If I lay aside 1,000 rubles every year, I have in seven or eight years 10,000; in fifteen years double that, and so on. Yes, Monsieur Marmarow, you understand it! Be happy, therefore, and let the others burst with envy.

Salome and Nato enter at the right, Salome holding Nato's hand.

ALEXANDER. Miss Natalie, the whole night long I thought only of you! [*Kisses her hand.*]

SALOME. Kiss her on the cheek and give her the engagement ring.

ALEXANDER. Oh, you are the sun of my existence! [*Draws a ring from his finger and gives it to Natalie.*] From now on you are mine. Please! [*Kisses her.*]

SALOME. Be happy and may you reach old age together. [*Kisses Alexander; then Nato.*] God bless you, my children. Sit down, I pray you, Alexander [*pointing to the sofa on which Alexander and Nato sit down*]. Your father will soon be here. [*Walks to and fro in joyful excitement.*]

ALEXANDER [*looking at Nato*]. Dear Natalie, why are you so silent? Let me hear your sweet voice, I beg of you.

NATO. I am speechless, Monsieur Marmarow.

ALEXANDER. Monsieur!

NATO. Dear Alexander.

ALEXANDER [*seizing her hand*]. So! That sounds much sweeter! [*Kisses her hand.*]

Enter Chacho.

SALOME. Come in, dear aunt.

CHACHO. Such a thing has never happened to me before! Could you not wait till the man of the house arrived?

SALOME. Oh, it is all the same; he will be here soon enough. Give them your blessing, I beg of you.

CHACHO. May God bestow all good things upon you. May heaven grant the prayer of me, a sinner. [*Alexander and Nato stand up.*] May you have nothing to regret. May you flourish and prosper and grow old together on the same pillow. [*Ossep comes to the door and stands astonished.*]

CHACHO [*continuing*]. God grant that your first may be a boy! Love and respect each other! May the eye of the Czar look down on you with mercy! [*Sees Ossep.*] Let the father now offer you his good wishes.

SALOME. Dear Ossep, congratulate your daughter.

NATO. Dear papa!

[*Goes up to Ossep and kisses his hand. Ossep stands motionless.*

ALEXANDER [*seizing Ossep's hand*]. From now on, dear father, count me among your children. [*Turning to Nato offended:*] What is this?

SALOME. Don't be impolite, Ossep.

CHACHO. What has happened to you, Ossep?

ALEXANDER [*to Salome*]. I understand nothing of this. [*To Ossep:*] My father, you seem dissatisfied.

OSSEP [*recovering himself*]. I dissatisfied! No—yes—I am dizzy.

ALEXANDER [*offering him a chair*]. Sit down, I pray, my father.

OSSEP [*to Alexander*]. Do not trouble yourself. It is already passed.

SALOME. Can one meet his son-in-law like that? And such a son-in-law, beside! Say something, do.

OSSEP. What shall I say, then? You have consummated the betrothal. God grant that all will end well. [*To Alexander:*] Please be seated.

ALEXANDER. My father, when do you wish the betrothal to be celebrated?

OSSEP. That depends upon you. Do as you wish.

ALEXANDER. I will invite twenty persons and bring them with me. My superiors I must invite also; it would not do to omit them.

OSSEP. Do as you see fit.

ALEXANDER [*to Salome*]. Perhaps he is angry with me. If there is any reason for it, pray tell me now.

SALOME. What are you saying? That cannot be!

[*They move away a little and speak softly together.*

OSSEP [*on the other side of the stage to Chacho*]. You God-forsaken! Could you not wait a moment?

CHACHO. What is the matter now?

OSSEP. Only God in heaven knows how I stand! Think of it! Santurian has failed.

CHACHO. Great heaven!

ALEXANDER [*offering Nato his arm*]. Something must have happened! [*They go off at the left, Salome following.*

OSSEP. Righteous God, why dost thou punish me thus?

SALOME [*returning to Ossep*]. Do with me as you will, but it could not have been helped. I have promised him 7,000 rubles as dowry. [*Turning to Chacho as she leaves the room:*] Pray come with me, aunt. You come, too, Ossep. [*Exit Salome.*

Scene XIII

OSSEP [*much excited*]. What do I hear? Has she spoken the truth? Do you hear? Why do you not answer me? Why are you silent? [*Still more excited.*] It is true, then! Yes, yes, I see that it is true! O God, let lightning strike this unlucky house that we may all die together. I have

just lost an important sum and come home to prevent further negotiations. And see there!

CHACHO. I am to blame for it. Do not get excited. I will add 1,000 rubles to it, if need be, from the money I have laid by for my burial.

OSSEP. From your burial money? Have I already fallen so low that I must ask alms? Keep your money for yourself! I do not want it. Drop that complaint also, for I am still rich, very rich. How can it injure me that Santurian has failed? I stand here firm and unshakable, and have inexhaustible money resources. [*Tearing his hair.*] O God! O God! [*Walks to and fro excitedly.*] Now I will go and wish my son-in-law joy. Yes, I must go so that I shall not make myself ridiculous to him. The man is a government official!

[*Exit right, laughing bitterly.*

CHACHO. Gracious heaven, be thou our saviour and deliverer.

CURTAIN.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A richly furnished sales-room in Barssegh's house.

MICHO. Two, three, four, five, six and this little piece. It does not measure so much!

BARSSEGH [*standing up and giving Micho a rap on the nose*]. You have what is lacking there. Measure again. Now you've got what is lacking. I will tear your soul out of your body if you measure so that in seven arschin[1] it comes out one werschok short.

MICHO [*measuring again*]. O dear, O dear!

BARSSEGH. Look out, or I will take that "O dear" out of your ear. Be up and at it now!

MICHO. Oh, Mr. Barssegh! [*Measuring.*] One, two, three——

BARSSEGH. Stretch it, you blockhead.

MICHO [*stretching the cotton*]. Three, four. [*Wipes the perspiration from his brow.*]

BARSSEGH. What is the matter with you? You sweat as though you had a mule-pack on your back.

MICHO. Five.

BARSSEGH. Pull it out more.

MICHO. Six and this little piece. It lacks three werschok again.

BARSSEGH [*pulling his ears*]. It lacks three werschok? There they are!

MICHO. Oh my, oh my!

BARSSEGH. You calf; will you ever develop into a man?

MICHO. O dear mother!

BARSSEGH [*pulling him again by the ear*]. Doesn't it grow longer?

MICHO [*crying*]. Dear Mr. Barssegh, dear sir, let me go.

BARSSEGH. I want to teach you how to measure.

[1] Russian measure of length.

MICHO. It reaches, I say; it reaches, indeed; it reaches. Let me measure again.

BARSSEGH. Now take care that you make it seven arschin.

MICHO [*aside*]. Holy Karapet, help me. [*Measuring.*] One, two ——

BARSSEGH. O you blockhead!

MICHO. Three.

BARSSEGH. Wake up!

MICHO. Four.

BARSSEGH. Haven't you seen how Dartscho measures?

MICHO. Five.

BARSSEGH. Will you ever learn how to do it?

MICHO. Five.

BARSSEGH. If you keep on being so stupid my business will be ruined.

MICHO. Five—five.

BARSSEGH. I give you my word that I will give you the sack.

MICHO. Five—five.

BARSSEGH. Measure further.

MICHO. Five—[*aside:*]; Holy George, help me! [*Aloud:*] Six. I cannot stretch it any more or I shall tear it.

BARSSEGH. Measure, now.

MICHO. O dear; I believe it is already torn.

BARSSEGH [*looking at the cloth*]. I see nothing. God forbid!

MICHO [*looking at the measure*]. It is short a half werschok of seven arschin every time.

The madman, Mosi, comes in at the middle door and stands in the background.

Scene II

Mosi.

BARSSEGH [*hitting Micho on the head*]. What are you good for? Can't you get that half werschok out of it?

MICHO [*howling*]. What am I to do when the cloth is too short?

BARSSEGH [*pulling his hair*]. Are you sure you're not lying?

MICHO [*yelling*]. How can you say that? Measure it yourself and we shall see whether there are seven arschin here.

BARSSEGH [*angry; taking measure and calico*]. You say there are not seven here? Wait, I will show you [*measuring*]. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, and a quarter left over for a present to you. What do you say about it now? You must learn to measure if you burst doing it. But you think only of your week's pay. Now, hurry up; be lively there!

MICHO. O heaven! How shall I begin? One, two——

BARSSEGH. Be careful and don't tear it.

MICHO [*crying*]. What do you want of me? If I pull on the stuff I tear it; and if I don't stretch it, no seven arschin will come out of it.

MOSI [*coming near*]. Ha! ha! ha! Who is the toper? Who? 'Tis I; the mad Mosi. Ha! ha! ha!

BARSSEGH [*aside*]. How comes this crazy fellow here?

MOSI [*seizing the measure and calico*]. Give it to me, you booby! There are not only seven arschin here, but twenty-seven [*measuring quickly*]. One, two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, and here are thirteen and fourteen. Do you want me to make still more out of it? You must shove the stick back in measuring. Can't you understand that? [*Throws the stick and calico upon Micho.*] Here, take it and be a man at last. You the shop-boy of such a great merchant and not find out a little thing like that. Haven't you learned yet how to steal half a werschok? Ha, ha, ha!

[*Micho tries to free himself but becomes more entangled in the cloth.*

BARSSEGH [*to Mosi*]. I forbid such impudent talk in my presence! Be silent, or I'll show you.

MOSI. That's the way with all mankind. They never appreciate good intentions. [*Pointing to Micho.*] I only wanted to make something of him. Go, go, my son, be a man! Learn from your master! You surely see how much money he has scraped together! [*To Barssegh:*] How is it about eating? It's time for dinner! Have the table set; I have come as a guest. What have you to-day? Coal-soup, perhaps, or water-soup? Yes, yes; you will entertain me finely! Ha, ha!

BARSSEGH [*aside*]. This confounded fellow is drunk again! [*To Micho:*] Get out of the room!

[*Exit Micho middle door.*

Scene III

MOSI. From this stuff you can make a shroud for yourself. To-day or to-morrow you must die, that's sure.

BARSSEGH. You'd better be still!

[*Enter Khali at left.*

KHALI. Do you know the latest?

BARSSEGH. What has happened?

KHALI. What has happened? Marmarow was betrothed yesterday.

BARSSEGH. No!

KHALI. By heaven!

BARSSEGH. To whom?

KHALI. To the daughter of Ossep Gulabianz.

BARSSEGH. Is that really true?

KHALI. Do you think I am lying? They promised him 10,000 rubles dowry. I always said you should have saved something. Now you have it! They have snatched him away from you. And such a man, too! They puff themselves up entirely too much. Where did they get the money, I would like to know?

[*Micho appears at the middle door.*

BARSSEGH. Run right off down to the Tapitach.[1] You know where Ossep Gulabianz's store is?

MICHO. Gulabianz? The one who brought money to-day?

BARSSEGH. Yes, that one. Go and look for him wherever he is likely to be. Tell him he must bring the rest of the money at once. Now, run quickly. What else do I want to say? Oh, yes [*pointing to the calico*]; take that winding-sheet with you.

MOSI. Ha, ha, ha! Listen to him!

BARSSEGH. By heaven! What am I chattering about? I am crazed! [*Angrily, to Micho:*] What are you gaping at? Do you hear? Take this calico. Go to the store and tell Dartscho to come here. Lively, now!

[*Exit Micho with goods.*

BARSSEGH [*going on*]. I would like to see how he is going to give 10,000 rubles dowry. I would like to know whose money it is?

[1] A district of Tiflis.

KHALI. That stuck-up Salome has gotten my son-in-law away from me.

BARSSEGH. Never mind. I will soon put them into a hole.

MOSI. Oh, don't brag about things you can't perform. What has Ossep done to you that you want revenge? How can Ossep help it if your daughter is as dumb as straw and has a mouth three ells long? And what have Micho's ears to do with it? You should simply have given what the man asked.

BARSSEGH [*rising*]. O you wretch, you!

MOSI. Yes, you should certainly have paid it. Why didn't you? For whom are you saving? To-morrow or the day after you will have to die and leave it here.

BARSSEGH. Stop, or——

KHALI [*to Mosi*]. Why do you anger him? Haven't we trouble and anxiety enough?

MOSI. Well, I will be still. But I swear that this young man may call himself lucky that he has freed himself from you and closed with Ossep. Both of you together are not worth Ossep's finger-tips.

BARSSEGH. Leave me in peace or I will shake off all my anger on to you.

MOSI. What can you do to me? You cannot put my store under the hammer. What a man you are, indeed!

BARSSEGH. A better man than you any day.

MOSI. In what are you better?

BARSSEGH. In the first place, I am master of my five senses, and you are cracked.

MOSI [*laughs*]. Ha, ha, ha! If you were rational you would not have said that. Am I crazy because I show up your villanies? You are wise, you say? Perhaps you are as wise as Solomon!

BARSSEGH. I am wealthy.

MOSI. Take your money and— [*Whispers something in his ear.*] You have stolen it here and there. You have swindled me out of something, too. Me and this one and that one, and so you became rich! You have provided yourself with a carriage, and go riding in it and make yourself important. Yes, that is the way with your money. Did your father Matus come riding to his store in a

carriage, eh? You say you are rich? True, there is scarcely anyone richer than you; but if we reckon together all the money you have gained honorably, we shall see which of us two has most. [*Drawing his purse from his pocket and slapping it.*] See! I have earned all this by the sweat of my brow. Oh, no, like you I collected it for the church and put it in my own pocket. Are you going to fail again soon?

BARSSEGH. Heaven preserve me from it!

MOSI. It would not be the first time. When you are dead they will shake whole sacks full of money in your grave for you.

BARSSEGH. Will you never stop?

KHALI. Are you not ashamed to make such speeches?

MOSI. Till you die I will not let you rest. As long as you live I will gnaw at you like a worm, for you deserve it for your villany. What! Haven't you committed every crime? You robbed your brother of his inheritance; you cheated your partner; you have repudiated debts, and held others to false debts. Haven't you set your neighbors' stores on fire? If people knew everything they would hang you. But the world is stone-blind, and so you walk God's earth in peace. Good-by! I would like to go to Ossep and warn him against you; for if he falls into your clutches he is lost.

Scene IV

BARSSEGH. Yes, yes; go and never come back.

KHALI. I wish water lay in front of him and a drawn sword behind.

BARSSEGH. This fellow is a veritable curse!

KHALI. Yes, he is, indeed.

BARSSEGH. The devil take him! If he is going to utter such slanders, I hope he will always do it here, and not do me harm with outsiders.

KHALI. You are to blame for it yourself. Why do you have anything to do with the good-for-nothing fellow?

BARSSEGH. There you go! Do I have anything to do with him? He is always at my heels, like my own shadow.

KHALI. Can't you forbid him to enter your doors?

BARSSEGH. So that he will not let me pass by in the streets? Do you want him to make me the talk of the town?

KHALI. Then don't speak to him any more.

BARSSEGH. As if I took pleasure in it! It is all the same to him whether one speaks to him or not.

KHALI. What are we to do with him, then?

BARSSEGH [*angrily*]. Why do you fasten yourself on to me like a gadfly? Have I not trouble enough already? [*Beating his hands together.*] How could you let him escape? You are good for nothing!

KHALI. What could I do, then, if you were stingy about the money? If you had promised the 10,000 rubles, you would have seen how easily and quickly everything would have been arranged.

BARSSEGH. If he insists upon so much he may go to the devil. For 10,000 rubles I will find a better man for my daughter.

KHALI. I know whom you mean. Give me the money and I will arrange the thing to-day.

BARSSEGH [*derisively*]. Give it! How easily you can say it! Is that a mulberry-tree, then, that one has only to shake and thousands will fall from it? Don't hold my rubles so cheaply; for every one of them I have sold my soul twenty times.

KHALI. If I can only get sight of that insolent Salome, I'll shake a cart-load of dirt over her head. Only let her meet me! [*Exit, left.*

Scene V

BARSSEGH [*alone*]. And you shall see what I will do! Only wait, my dear Ossep! I am getting a day of joy ready for you and you will shed tears as thick as my thumb. I have been looking for the chance a long time, and now fate has delivered you into my hands. You braggart, you shall see how you will lie at my feet. I am the son of the cobbler Matus. There are certain simpletons who shake their heads over those who had nothing and suddenly amount to something. But I tell you that this world is nothing more than a great honey-cask. He who carries away the best part for himself, without letting the others come near it, he is the

man to whom praise and honor are due. But a man who stands aside, like Ossep, and waits till his turn comes is an ass.

Enter Dartscho.

BARSSEGH. Ah, Dartscho! How quickly you have come!

DARTSCHO. I met Micho just now, and he told me that you had sent for me.

BARSSEGH. I have something important to speak with you about. [*He sits down.*] Where were you just now?

DARTSCHO. At George's, the coal man. He owed us some money, and I have been to see him seven times this week on that account.

BARSSEGH. He is very unpunctual. But how does it stand? Has he paid?

DARTSCHO. Of course! What do you take me for? I stayed in the store as if nailed there, and when a new customer came in I repeated my demand. There was nothing left for him to do but to pay me, for shame's sake.

BARSSEGH. That pleases me in you, my son. Go on like that and you will get on in the world. Look at me! There was a time when they beat me over the head and called me by my given name. Then they called me Barssegh, and finally "Mr." Barssegh. When I was as old as you are I was nothing, and now I am a man who stands for something. If my father, Matus, were still alive he would be proud of me. I tell you all this so that you will spare no pains to make yourself a master and make people forget that you are the son of a driver. A son can raise up the name of his father; he can also drag it down into the dust.

DARTSCHO. You see best of all what trouble I take, Mr. Barssegh. When I open the store in the morning, I never wait until Micho comes, but I take the broom in my hand and sweep out the store. And how I behave with the customers, you yourself see.

BARSSEGH. Yes, I see it; I see it, my son, and it is on that account I am so good to you. Only wait till next year and you shall be my partner. I will supply the money and you the labor.

DARTSCHO. May God give you a long life for that! I seem to myself like a tree which you have planted. I hope I will still bear fruit and you will have your joy in me. Do you know that I have gotten rid of those damaged goods?

BARSSEGH. Is it possible?

DARTSCHO. It's a fact.

BARSSEGH. To whom have you sold them?

DARTSCHO. To a man from Signach. I laid two good pieces on top so that he did not notice it. Let him groan now.

BARSSEGH. And how? On credit?

DARTSCHO. Am I then crazy? Have I ever sold damaged goods on credit, that you make such a supposition? Of course I took something off for it, but made believe I only did it to please him. He paid me the full sum at once; and if he is now boasting how cheap he bought the goods, I hope he will sing my praises also.

BARSSEGH. Do you know, dear Dartscho, you are a fine fellow? Yes, I have always said that you would amount to something.

DARTSCHO. God grant it! What commands have you, Mr. Barssegh? There is no one in the store.

BARSSEGH. Oh, right! I had almost forgotten. If Ossep Gulabianz comes to borrow money, give him nothing.

DARTSCHO. What has happened?

BARSSEGH. I am terribly angry at him.

DARTSCHO. And I have even more reason to be angry at him; he is altogether too stuck-up. But what has occurred?

BARSSEGH. I will show him now who I am. His whole business is just like a hayrick; a match is enough to set the whole thing ablaze.

DARTSCHO. I would not be sorry for ten matches! Tell me what I can do about it? The rest I know already.

BARSSEGH. Think of it! The fellow has snatched away a fine fat morsel from my very mouth. I had found an excellent husband for my daughter. For a whole week we carried on negotiations with him and everything was near final settlement when this Ossep came in and bid over us. On the very same day he betrothed his daughter to the man.

DARTSCHO. The devil take him for it!

BARSSEGH. And do you know, also, whose money he is going to use? It is my money he is going to give him.

DARTSCHO. That is just it! That is it!

BARSSEGH. Things look bad for his pocket. Now he is going to marry off his daughter and put himself in a tight place. Go, therefore, and get out an execution against him; otherwise nothing can be squeezed out of him.

DARTSCHO. We shall see. I will go at once and demand our money.

BARSSEGH. I have already sent Micho, but I hardly believe he will give it up so easily. On that account I sent for you to find out someone who can help us.

DARTSCHO. I know a lawyer who can manage so that in three hours they will put an attachment on his store.

BARSSEGH. Go on so forever, dear Dartscho! Yes, I have long known that you were going to be the right sort of fellow!

DARTSCHO. The apprentice of a right good master always gets on in the world.

BARSSEGH. Go quickly then; lose no time.

DARTSCHO. I will not waste an hour.

BARSSEGH. Go! May you succeed!

[*Exit Dartscho, middle door.*

BARSSEGH [*alone*]. Yes, yes, friend Ossep, now show what you can do! I would burn ten candles to have you in my power. [*Exit, right, taking the account book.*

Scene VI

Khali. Salome.

KHALI [*entering from the left*]. Such a bold creature I never saw before in my life! [*Calling through the window:*] Come in! come in! I pray! Do you hear, Salome? I am calling you. Come in here a moment [*coming back from the window*]. She is coming. Wait, you insolent thing! I will give you a setting-out such as no one has ever given you before!

SALOME [*dressed in the latest fashion, with a parasol in her*

hand; enters at middle door]. Why did you call me? Good-morning! How are you? [*They shake hands.*

KHALI. Thank you. Pray sit down. [*They both sit down.*] So you have betrothed your daughter?

SALOME. Yes, dear Khali. God grant that we soon hear of your Nino's like good-fortune! I betrothed her last evening. I found a good husband for her. He is as handsome as a god. I can scarcely stand for joy!

KHALI. Yes, make yourself important about it!

SALOME [*offended*]. What is this? What does it mean?

KHALI. You owed us a favor, and you have done it for us.

SALOME. What have I done to you?

KHALI. You could not do more, indeed. You have cheated me out of a son-in-law. Is not that enough?

SALOME. But, my dear Khali, what kind of things are you saying to me? What do you mean by it?

KHALI. Be still! be still! I know well enough how it was.

SALOME. May I go blind if I know what you are talking about!

KHALI. Didn't you know very well that I wished to give my daughter to him?

SALOME. I don't understand you! You said no earthly word to me about it.

KHALI. Even if I have not said anything about it, someone has certainly told you of it.

SALOME. No one has said a word about it.

KHALI. She lies about it, beside! Isn't that shameful?

SALOME. Satan lies. What are you accusing me of?

KHALI. And you really did not know that I wished to give him my daughter?

SALOME. And if I had known it? When a man wants to marry, they always speak of ten, and yet he marries only one.

KHALI. So you knew it very well? Why did you lie, then?

SALOME. You are out of your head! How was I to find it out? Did you send word by anyone that you were going to give your daughter to the man? In what way am I to blame for it? You knew as much as I did. You treated with him just as I did and sent marriage brokers to him.

KHALI. I approached him first.

SALOME. O my dear, the flowers in the meadow belong not to those who see them first, but to those who pluck them.

KHALI. You did not wait. Perhaps I would have plucked them.

SALOME. And why didn't you pluck them?

KHALI. You wouldn't let me. Do you think I do not know that you promised him more than we did?

SALOME. May I go blind! Khali, how can you say that? How much did you promise him?

KHALI. How much did we promise him? Ha! ha! as though you did not know it! Eight thousand rubles.

SALOME. Then you promised more than we did, for we can give him only 7,000.

KHALI. You surely do not think me so stupid as to believe that!

SALOME. As sure as I wish my Nato all good fortune, what I say is true.

KHALI. And you think that I believe you?

SALOME. What? What do you say? Would I swear falsely about my daughter?

KHALI. Of course it is so! Would he let my 8,000 go to take your 7,000?

SALOME. I am not to blame for that. Probably your daughter did not please him, since he did not want her.

KHALI. What fault have you to find with my daughter? As though yours were prettier, you insolent woman, you!

SALOME [*standing up*]. You are insolent! Is it for this you called me in? Can your daughter be compared to my Nato? Is it my fault that your daughter has a wide mouth?

KHALI. You have a wide mouth yourself; and your forward daughter is not a bit prettier than mine!

SALOME. What! you say she is forward? Everyone knows her as a modest and well-behaved girl, while everybody calls yours stupid. Yes, that is true; and if you want to know the truth, I can tell it to you—it is just on that account that he would not have her.

KHALI. Oh, you witch, you! You have caught the poor young man in your nets and deceived him. I would like to know where you are going to get the 7,000 rubles.

SALOME. That is our affair. I would rather have broken my leg than to have come in here.

KHALI. He is up to the ears in debt and is going to give such a dowry!

SALOME [*coming back*]. Even if we are in debt, we have robbed nobody, as you have.

KHALI [*springing up*]. 'Tis you who steal; you! You are a thief! Look out for yourself that I do not tear the veil off your head, you wicked witch, you!

SALOME [*holding her veil toward her*]. Try it once. I would like to see how you begin it. You have altogether too long a tongue, and are only the daughter-in-law of the cobbler Matus.

KHALI. And what better are you? You are a gardener's daughter, you insolent thing!

SALOME. You are insolent, yourself! Do not think so much of yourself—everyone knows that you have robbed the whole world, and only in that way have gotten up in the world.

KHALI. Oh, you good-for-nothing!

[*Throws herself on Salome and tears her veil off.*

SALOME. Oh! oh! [*Gets hold of Khali's hair.*

KHALI. Oh! oh!

SALOME. I'll pull all your hair out!

[*Astonished, she holds a lock in her hand.*

Enter Ossep.

OSSEP. What do I see?

KHALI [*tearing the lock from Salome's hand*]. May I be blind!

[*Exit embarrassed.*

SALOME [*arranging her veil*]. Oh, you monkey, you!

OSSEP. What is the meaning of this?

SALOME. God only knows how it came to this. I was walking quietly in the street and she called me in and tore the veil from my head because I, as she said, took her daughter's suitor away from her.

OSSEP. It serves you right! That comes from your having secrets from me and promising him 7,000 rubles instead of 6,000.

SALOME. I would rather have broken a leg than come into this horrid house. I did it only out of politeness. I wish these people might lose everything they have got [*pinning her veil*]. At any rate, I punished her for it by pulling off her false hair. If she tells on herself now, she may also tell about me. She got out of the room quickly, so that no one would find out that her hair was as false as everything else.

OSSEP. It would be best for us if the earth opened and swallowed us up.

SALOME [*crying*]. Am I, then, so much to blame here?

OSSEP. Really, you look splendid! Go! go! that no one sees you here. It is not the first time that you have put me in a dilemma. Go! and pray God to change noon into midnight and make the streets dark, so that no one sees that you have a torn veil on your head.

SALOME [*wiping away her tears*]. God only knows everything I have to suffer from you!

OSSEP [*alone*]. Great heaven! how this world is arranged! When one trouble comes to a man a second comes along, too, and waits at his door. When I am just about ready to cope with the first, in comes the second and caps the climax. I don't know which way to turn with all my debts; and now this women's quarrel will be laid at my door.

Scene VII

BARSSEGH [*coming in, angry*]. I will show him that I am a man!

OSSEP. Good-morning!

BARSSEGH. I want neither "good-morning" nor any other wish from you. You have, I suppose, come to help your wife. Give me a blow, too, so the measure will be full. This is surely the interest on the money you owe me.

OSSEP. Calm yourself. What, indeed, do you want?

BARSSEGH. Do you, then, believe that I will overlook my wife's hair being pulled out? That I will not pardon.

OSSEP. What is there to pardon? Your wife tore my wife's veil from her head.

BARSSEGH. A veil is not hair.

OSSEP. For heaven's sake, stop! Is a women's spat our affair?

BARSSEGH. Say what you wish, but I will do what pleases me.

OSSEP. Calm yourself; calm yourself.

BARSSEGH. Yes, yes; I will calm you, too.

OSSEP. Believe me; it is unworthy of you.

BARSSEGH. She has torn her veil, he says. What is a veil, then? A thing that one can buy, and at most costs two rubles.

OSSEP. The hair was also not her own. Why do you worry yourself about it? For a two-ruble veil she tore a two-kopeck band. The band is there, and she can fasten the hair on again.

BARSSEGH. No, you can't get out of it that way. I will not pardon her for this insolence.

OSSEP [*aside*]. Great heaven!

BARSSEGH. You'll see! you'll see!

OSSEP. Do what you will! I did not come to you on that account. You sent for me by Micho?

BARSSEGH. Yes, you are right. Have you brought me my money? Give it to me, quick!

OSSEP. How you speak to me! Am I your servant, that you speak so roughly? You surely do not know whom you have before you. Look out, for if I go for you, you will sing another tune.

BARSSEGH. That has not happened to me yet! He owes me money, and even here he makes himself important!

OSSEP. Do you think because I owe you money I shall stand your insults? I speak politely to you, and I demand the same from you.

BARSSEGH. Enough of that! Tell me whether you have brought the money or not.

OSSEP. Have I ever kept back from you any of your money? Why should I do it to-day?

BARSSEGH. Then give it to me now.

OSSEP. You said at that time——

BARSSEGH. I know nothing of that time.

OSSEP. What is the matter with you? You speak as if in a dream.

BARSSEGH. Whether I speak as in a dream or not, give me the money, and have done with it.

OSSEP [*takes a chair and sits down*]. You are mistaken, my dear Mr. Barssegh; you are mistaken. Sit down, pray.

BARSSEGH [*ironically*]. Thank you very much.

OSSEP. You will surely not take back your word?

BARSSEGH. Hand over the money.

OSSEP. What has happened to you? You speak like a madman.

BARSSEGH. It is all the same to me however I speak.

OSSEP. When I gave you the 5,000 rubles that time, did not you say that I was to pay the rest in a month?

BARSSEGH [*sitting down*]. And if I did say so, what does it amount to? I need it now.

OSSEP. You should have said so at the time and I would not have paid out my money in other ways. How comes it that you demand it so suddenly? I am no wizard, I am sure, to procure it from the stars for you.

BARSSEGH. You may get it wherever you want to. I need it, and that settles it.

OSSEP. Just heaven! Why did you give me a month's grace and reckon on an additional twelve per cent. for it?

BARSSEGH. What kind of grace? Have you anything to show for it?

OSSEP. Isn't your word enough? Why do we need a paper in addition?

BARSSEGH. I didn't give you my word.

OSSEP. What? You did not give it? You admitted it just a few minutes ago.

BARSSEGH. No, I said nothing about it.

OSSEP [*standing*]. My God! what do I see and hear? You are a merchant and tread your word under foot. Shame on you! [*Takes him by the arm and leads him to the mirror.*] Look! look at your face! Why do you turn pale?

BARSSEGH. Let me go!

OSSEP [*holding him fast by the sleeve*]. How can you be so unscrupulous? Look! How pale your lips are!

BARSSEGH. Let me go! [*Freeing himself.*] You act exactly as though you were the creditor.

OSSEP. No, you are the creditor. I would rather be swallowed

up alive by the earth than be such a creditor as you are. What do you think you will be in my eyes after this?

BARSSEGH. I tell you, hand out my money or I will lay your note before the court immediately! I would only like to know where you are going to get the dowry for your daughter. You will pay over my money to your son-in-law, will you, and give me the go-by?

OSSEP. Give yourself no trouble! Even if you should beg me now, I would not keep your money. To-morrow at this time you shall have it, and then may the faces turn black of those who still look at you.

BARSSEGH. I want it at once.

OSSEP. Then come with me. You shall have it. The sooner a man is rid of a bad thing, the better it is. Give me the note! No, don't give it to me, for you don't trust me. You are not worthy of trusting me. Take it yourself and come with me. We will go at once to the bazaar, sell it, then you can have your money. I may lose something by it. It makes no difference. It is easier to bear this misfortune than to talk to you. Do you hear? Shall we go?

BARSSEGH. What do you mean?

OSSEP. Get the note, I tell you! Don't you hear?

BARSSEGH. What kind of a note?

OSSEP. Rostom's note.

BARSSEGH. Rostom's note? What is this note to you?

OSSEP. What is it to me? It is no word, indeed, that you can deny. It is a document.

BARSSEGH. What is it to you that I have this document in my hands? That is mine and Rostom's business.

OSSEP. Yours and Rostom's business! [*Pauses.*] It is, I see, not yet enough that you lie. You are a thief and a robber beside. What people say of you is really true; namely, that you have robbed everybody, and by this means have acquired your wealth. Yes, it is true that you have ruined twenty-five families; that you have put out their candle and lighted yours by it. Now I see, for the first time, that everything that people say about you is true. Now I believe, indeed, that these chairs, this sofa, this mirror, your coat, your cane—in a word, every article that you call yours—represents some person you have robbed. Take

my bones and add to them. Make the measure full. You have made your conscience a stone and will hear nothing; but I tell you, one day it will awake, and every object that lies or stands here will begin to speak and hold up to you your villanies. Then you can go and justify yourself before your Maker. Shame upon him who still calls you a human being! [*Exit by the middle door.*

BARSSEGH. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit at the right.*

CURTAIN.

ACT THIRD

Scene I—Ossep's House

NATO [*stands before the mirror elegantly dressed, and, while she prinks, hums a European melody. Then she draws out of her pocket a little photograph and speaks to herself while looking in the mirror*]. O my treasure! my treasure! [*Presses the photo to her breast and kisses it.*] *Mon chèr!* Come; we will dance. [*Dances around the table.*] Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la. [*Sits down at the right.*] Alexander; my Alexander; dear Alexander! Yes, you are really an angel. Why are you so handsome? You have black eyes and I also have black. Then arched eyebrows just like me. [*Touches her eyebrows.*] A pretty little mustache, which I lack. Which of us is more beautiful, I or you? You are handsomest; no, I am handsomest [*springing up*]. We will see at once.

[*Looks at herself in the mirror and then at the photograph. Enter Alexander at the middle door.*

NATO [*without noticing Alexander*]. No, you are the more beautiful! [*Kisses the photograph.*

[*Alexander approaches softly and kisses Nato.*

NATO [*frightened*]. Oh!

ALEXANDER. No, you are the more beautiful, Natalie, dear. *Ma chère Nathalie!*

NATO. O *mon chèr Alexandre!* How you frightened me!

ALEXANDER [*putting his arm around her*]. Let me kiss you again, and your fright will pass away. [*Kisses her.*] Give me a kiss just once!

NATO [*kissing him*]. There, you have one.

ALEXANDER. Well, I ought to allow you to kiss me. Am I not worth more than that piece of paper?

[*Takes her by the hand; they sit down on sofa at the right.*

NATO. They have come to congratulate us.

ALEXANDER. Yes, your grandmother, your aunts, and your cousins. Nato, shall you give evening parties like this?

NATO [*smiling*]. Ha! ha! ha! No such *soirées* as this, my dear Alexander. Two evenings every month we will give little dances, either on Tuesdays or Thursdays. Which is better? Do you not think, Alexander, that Thursday will be best?

ALEXANDER [*with a grimace*]. As you wish, *chère Nathalie.* If you like, you can give a *soirée* every week.

NATO. No, twice a month is better. Sophie, who is now Madame Jarinskaja, gives only two *soirées* in a month.

ALEXANDER. Very well, Nato dear.

NATO. That is agreed, then. And every Thursday we will dance at the Casino. [*Alexander makes another grimace.*] Mind, now! every Thursday.

ALEXANDER. Do you like to visit the Casino?

NATO [*laying her hand on his shoulder*]. Who doesn't like to visit it? Is there another place where one can amuse one's self better? The beautiful long *salon!* the *boudoir!* the beautiful music and the rich costumes! How beautiful they all are! [*Embracing Alexander.*] We will dance together, and when we are tired, we will go into the mirror-room and rest ourselves and talk and laugh.

ALEXANDER. And then we will dance again and rest ourselves, and talk and laugh again.

NATO. It will be splendid! [*Kisses him.*] I will dress beautifully *à la mode,* so that everyone will say, "Look! look! what a charming woman Madame Marmarow is!" And then, dear Alexander, we will subscribe for a box at the theatre for Fridays.

ALEXANDER [*making another grimace aside*]. She's piling it on.

NATO. And do you know where? In the upper tier at the left, near the foyer.

ALEXANDER. Wouldn't it be better to subscribe for two evenings a week?

NATO. Wouldn't it cost too much?

ALEXANDER. What has that to do with it? Do you think I could deny you any pleasure? No! no! you shall have everything.

NATO [*embracing him*]. *Chèr Alexandre!* do you really love me so much?

ALEXANDER. I cannot tell you at all how much I love you. Right at our first meeting I fell in love with you!

NATO. I don't believe it! I don't believe it! All young men talk so!

ALEXANDER. Ha! ha! ha! Do you think I am like them? With them the tongues have nothing to do with the heart; but my tongue speaks what is here!

[*Strikes himself on the breast.*

NATO [*ironically*]. I know! I know! If I had no dowry you would not marry me.

ALEXANDER. Nato dear, you wrong me! *ma chère!* As if the dowry made any difference! *Fi donc!*

NATO. Then you really love me so much?

ALEXANDER. Very, very much, Nato dear. You can put me to the test if you will.

NATO. Do you know, my piano is not fit to use!

ALEXANDER [*smoothing his hair—aside*]. Something new again.

NATO. Buy me a new piano. To-day I saw one at a store; it cost 500 rubles.

ALEXANDER. Five hundred rubles! You cannot buy a decent piano for that!

NATO. Dear Alexander!

ALEXANDER. Be patient awhile, Nato dear. One of my friends brought a piano from abroad that cost 1,000; yes, even 1,500 rubles.

NATO. My sweetheart; my dear sweetheart! [*Kissing him.*] I will come right back. [*Rises.*] I must go and prepare for our reception or mamma will be angry. Tra-la-la.

[*Exit at left.*

ALEXANDER [*alone, springing up*]. Ha! ha! ha! *soirées,* balls at the club, box at the theatre, dresses and ornaments after the latest fashion! Am I a millionaire? I would have nothing against it if I had the money to do it. She acts as though she was going to bring 50,000 rubles dowry into the house. No, Natalie, that will all come later. In ten or twenty years, perhaps, I will set up a carriage; but it is not even to be thought of now. Indeed, I don't know

where it will lead to if she makes such demands on me every day. It will lead to quarrels and unpleasantness, and it will be all up with my economizing. No, indeed, Natalie, it will be no easy thing to satisfy you. Why did I not think of this sooner? Let her talk, and demand what she will. I will do what pleases me.

NATO [*enter right; speaks to someone behind the scenes*]. I will come at once. I am coming. Come, Alexander, let us go into the garden. Mamma must go upstairs, and the guests will be all alone in the garden.

ALEXANDER. I am waiting for your father, Nato dear. I have something important to discuss with him.

NATO. Why, we will soon return, and by that time father will be home. Do you want to sit here alone?

ALEXANDER. Well, we will go.

NATO. Come! come! I want to introduce you to my coquettish aunt.

[*Mimics her while making a courtesy, and makes faces. Alexander, shaking his head, goes out with Nato noisily through middle door.*

Scene II

Salome. Chacho.

CHACHO. No, indeed, Salome. She behaves too boldly. You must give her a warning. Such self-confidence I have never before seen in a girl.

SALOME. That is all a matter of fashion! What is to be done? [*Shuffling the cards.*

CHACHO [*seating herself*]. When one thinks how the times have changed, one grows dizzy! When I was engaged, my love, I dared not open my mouth; it was as if they had put a lock on it. Indeed, I dared not look anyone in the face, even, and kept my eyes always cast down, as if glued fast to the floor.

SALOME. How could anyone endure all that? The eyes are made to look with, I hope, and the tongue to speak! I wouldn't have borne it. It is well that those times are past. I should die of such a life.

CHACHO. Oh, your present times are the true ones! Isn't this shameful, now, what goes on here? All the money that the husband can make in a week, the wife loses at play in a single evening. Is that widow, the stout one, going to play with you? She is surely more than fifty years old.

SALOME. Of course! we wouldn't play at all without her.

CHACHO. That is the best of all. Why, she has a married daughter as old as you are!

SALOME. What of that? Whoever has money can always play. But what do you say to the wife of blind Gigoli? She hasn't enough to eat, but gives herself airs before us just the same.

CHACHO. Don't talk to me about her! A few weeks ago she pawned a silver pitcher to one of our neighbors for five rubles without her husband's knowledge. God punished her for it, for that same evening she lost it all at cards. I should like to know how she is going to redeem the pitcher.

SALOME [*arranging her dress before the mirror*]. Yes, yes; no one can take her measure better than I.

[*Enter Ossep.*

OSSEP [*angrily*]. And what have you gotten ready for again?

SALOME. What was to be done? Look and see how many guests there are in the garden!

OSSEP. It was very wrong of them to come here. Has no one invited them, then? They should have asked me first.

SALOME. You are a singular being! We have betrothed our daughter and they were obliged to come and congratulate us.

OSSEP. Congratulate! As though my joy went to their hearts! On the contrary, they would enjoy it if I had a misfortune; they could put their heads together and criticise and laugh at me.

CHACHO. What are you so ill-humored about? For the last two days you have been intolerable.

OSSEP. If I could unbosom myself to you and show you my heart, you would comprehend what the cause of it is.

CHACHO. God protect you from all evil!

OSSEP. Am I not right? Tell me yourself! This is not the time for card-playing. Why have they come, then? If they wished to congratulate us, they could come separately.

How does it happen that they all thought of us at once? Perhaps each has sent word to the other that Salome has betrothed her daughter and they have all taken advantage of the opportunity to come. Of course only for the sake of those damned cards! This one or that one has probably been invited by her [*pointing to Salome*]. She sent word to them, "Come to us, I pray! X and Z are already here." [*To Salome:*] Say, isn't that so?

SALOME. What nonsense he talks! Ought they not to know at your uncle's house that we have betrothed our daughter? I was obliged to give them some information about it, was I not?

OSSEP. And to whom beside?

SALOME. Whom else? Your cousins. And I have just sent for your sister-in-law.

OSSEP [*anxiously*]. For what purpose? She could have come another time just as well.

SALOME. How useless it is to talk so! You understand nothing at all about the matter. Your relatives would take offence in every possible way if I did not invite them. They would not speak to me for a year!

OSSEP. Great heaven! I wish they were struck blind! [*Sits down and pulls at the end of the table-cloth.*] I would take pleasure in throwing them all out!

SALOME. I have no time to dispute with you.

[*Exit at left, angry.*

OSSEP. Great heaven! have women been created only to bleed the men?

CHACHO. Don't excite yourself so, dear Ossep. What you say is in every way pure facts. But you must overlook something now and then. It can't be helped now; they are all here; you cannot chase them out of the house. The whole city would be stirred up about it.

OSSEP. And what will people say when to-morrow or the day after my creditors come and chase me out of my house?

CHACHO. Oh, don't talk about such things!

OSSEP [*sitting down at the card-table*]. That's easily said. But let me tell you, I feel as though the house was going to fall down on top of me.

CHACHO. What has happened, Ossep?

OSSEP. They say Barssegh Leproink has brought action against me.

CHACHO. What? Brought action against you?

OSSEP. I owe him money, and on that account he holds the knife at my throat.

CHACHO. God bless me!

OSSEP. The wicked fellow has my note, and another security beside, and yet he will not wait.

CHACHO. His match for wickedness cannot be found in the whole world.

OSSEP. No, not another such miserable scoundrel! I expect every moment to be notified, and have no idea where I can get the money. Everyone I have asked to help me has refused me. I can borrow no more on my note, and I cannot sell my goods at half price. That everyone must understand. They all show their claws as soon as they find out the position I am in. Salome is to blame for all this; the 7,000 rubles she promised is the cause of it all. I would like to know who will pay them to him now.

CHACHO. You talk nonsense! You will make your daughter unhappy forever, Ossep.

OSSEP. I am still more unhappy myself. But let us see what the coming day brings forth. I still have hope of one. Perhaps he will supply me with money.

CHACHO. How could you trust the scamp so blindly? Is such want of thought consistent with reason?

OSSEP. What is the use of reason in this? I have always said I could not stand the expense that now everybody assumes. If a man conducts his business honestly, he makes little profit; and as for a dishonest business, I am not fit for that! So I have suffered one reverse after another; and where I was most vulnerable I have been hit at last.

CHACHO. Heavens! what do I hear? Why don't I sink into the earth?

OSSEP. In our line of trade only a few persons carry on their business with their own money. Most of us have to borrow. When I sell goods to one, I pay my debt to the other. I sell goods to the third and pay to the fourth; and so it goes in a circle, like a wheel drawing water, until one falls in the hands of a man who draws the needle out of the knit-

ting and everything falls in pieces. Who is in a position to fight against such conditions? One must pay the store rent and the clerk's salary, and beside that the interest on the working capital. Then there are the goods that are spoiled or stolen—and here at home! [*Striking the cards.*] All this rubbish and more beside! [*Striking the table again.*] And the women are to blame for all this; if my wife had not promised 7,000 rubles, without my knowledge, the betrothal would not have taken place, and this bad luck would not have come to me. But where does one find among our women insight and forethought? For model women give me some foreign countries. There the women stand by the men in everything: the wife of a cook is a cook; the wife of a writer, a writer; the wife of a merchant is in every case a merchant. They earn jointly and spend jointly. With us the man is here only to make money for them, so that they [*striking the table*] may kill time with foolish things like this.

CHACHO. Say, rather, that times are changed; for the men also sit at the club all day and play cards.

OSSEP. Ho! ho! As though women did not play cards also! Formerly the cards were solely our diversion; but they have taken them away from us. Don't worry yourself; with God's help they will be learning to play billiards. Why do you dwell upon the fact that the men play cards? One in a thousand plays; while of a thousand women, nine hundred play. Men are always more moderate. They see that the times are hard, and have given up most of their earlier pleasures. Where are the banquets that used to be given, one after another? Where are the drinking-places where the music played? They have given them up; and the women are just like they were, only worse. To-day they arrange a picnic, to-morrow a little party, and so on. The men stand gaping at them, and the children are left to the servants. If I could take the law into my own hands, I'd soon set them right. [*Paces to and fro in anger.*

CHACHO [*rising, aside*]. He is right. All that he says is pure truth. [*Exit left.*

Scene III

Ossep. Then Alexander.

OSSEP. O dear! O dear!

[*Stands near fireplace; rests head on hand and remains motionless.*

ALEXANDER [*enter right*]. You have come, father? [*Silence —comes near Ossep.*] Father.

OSSEP. Ah! Alexander [*offering his hand*]. Please sit down. Have you just come?

ALEXANDER. No; I have been here a long time. I was in the garden.

OSSEP. What is the news? [*Both sit down.*

ALEXANDER. Nothing, except that I wish to have a wedding next week.

OSSEP. So soon?

ALEXANDER. Yes; my chief goes soon to Petersburg, and I want him to be at the wedding.

OSSEP. And can't we wait till he comes back?

ALEXANDER. That would be too long.

OSSEP. Very well. As you wish.

ALEXANDER [*stammering*]. But—my dear father——

OSSEP. I understand; I understand. You want me to pay over the money at once?

ALEXANDER. Yes, my dear father, if it is possible.

OSSEP. I am sorry to confess that at the present moment I have no money at hand. You must wait a little. If you wish to marry without money, that is your affair.

ALEXANDER. You amaze me!

OSSEP. It is better for me to tell you this than to deceive you. You know the law to some extent. Tell me, if I owe someone money on a note, can my creditor bring action against me and put an execution on me without having me called before the court?

ALEXANDER. Is the note attested by a notary?

OSSEP. Yes.

ALEXANDER. He has the right to come to your house and have everything put under seal.

OSSEP. Without first bringing me into court?

ALEXANDER. Yes, without court proceedings.

OSSEP. But if he has received on account of this debt the note of a third person?

ALEXANDER. That is another thing. Have you a receipt for it?

OSSEP. No; but I can take my oath on it.

ALEXANDER. According to law you must first pay the money and then produce proofs that you gave him the other document.

OSSEP [*excited*]. Is that true?

ALEXANDER. Yes, it is so.

OSSEP [*wringing his hands and springing up*]. Then I am ruined. [*A silence. Nato's voice is heard outside.*] Alexander, they are calling you.

ALEXANDER [*approaching Ossep*]. What is it? For God's sake tell me the truth.

OSSEP. There, there. Go out first. They are calling you.

ALEXANDER [*aside, taking his hat*]. So far as I see, I am ruined also. [*Exit.*

OSSEP [*alone*]. What do I not suffer! If they really come here I shall perish through shame. Where can I find so much money in such a hurry? One must have time for it, and that fellow may come to-day even—perhaps this minute. Then I am lost—who will trust me then? My creditors will tie a rope around my neck and prevent me from saying a word in my own behalf. "Pay us," they will cry; "pay us!" O Salome, Salome!

Enter Gewo.

OSSEP. There he is.

GEWO. Good-evening, Ossep.

OSSEP. You have come, too. You want your money, too? Yes, choke me; double my debt; say that I owe you, not 2,000 rubles, but 4,000. Speak! You are my creditor; speak! Have no pity on me. You want your money—why do you wait, then? Slay me; tear my heart out of my body; hack me in pieces and sell it piece by piece, so that your money shall not be lost. [*Gewo wipes his eyes.*] Weep, weep, for your money is lost. I am bankrupt—bankrupt!

GEWO [*embracing Ossep*]. Dear Ossep, dear Ossep!

OSSEP. You say "dear" to me? Yet you are my creditor.

GEWO. Take courage; be a man!

OSSEP. What kind of a man? I am a good-for-nothing; I have lost my good name [*weeping*]. My good name is gone. [*Wipes his eyes.*]

GEWO. God is merciful, dear Ossep.

OSSEP. God and heaven have taken their mercy from me. You see now where the marriage of my daughter has led me? If I could at least pay you everything I owe you—that I must do at any price.

GEWO. What are you saying, Ossep? If I had the means I would go on your bond. Why should I be your friend otherwise?

OSSEP. If you had money, dear Gewo, you would not be my friend, nor have such a good heart. Stay poor as you are, so that I shall not lose your friendship. Only your sympathy is left me in this world. I would not like to lose your friendship. In this one day I have suffered everything. No one has shown interest in me; no one has given proof of his sympathy—neither my uncle, nor my brother, nor my nephew. When they saw I was near my last breath, they all forsook me and shut the door in my face.

GEWO. Come with me; perhaps we will find help somewhere.

OSSEP. There can be no more talk of help.

GEWO. Come, come; there is still a way out.

OSSEP. What way out can there be?

GEWO. Come, come; let us not delay.

OSSEP. But tell me how is it to be managed?

GEWO. Come, come! I will tell you on the way.

OSSEP. What you say sounds very strange; tell me what it is. Speak, what has occurred? Don't fear! Don't spare me! Whatever happens cannot be worse than what has happened; they have already sent a bullet into my heart, and what worse can they do to me, except tear open my breast and take my heart out? Speak; what is it? Have they put seals on my store?

GEWO. Come and you will see.

OSSEP. They have put seals on it, then?

GEWO. I tell——

OSSEP. You are ruined, Ossep. [*Rushes to the table, seizes the box and scatters the cards; some fall on the floor.*] Now you may play; now you may play. [*Exit.*

GEWO. Too bad; too bad about him! [*Follows him.*

Scene IV

Enter Salome, Martha, Nino, Pepel, and many well-dressed ladies, followed by two footmen carrying candelabra and lamps, which they put on the table.

SALOME. Take seats, please. The cards are already here.

MARTHA. How pretty it is, isn't it? The cards are already dealt.

[*The ladies converse smilingly with one another.*

SALOME [*stepping forward and noticing the cards on the floor*]. What is this? Who can have done it?

MARTHA. Probably the cats ran over the table.

SALOME. I cannot think how it could have happened! Please sit down.

Enter Nato and her friends.

SALOME [*collecting the cards*]. Who can have done it? Nato, did you do it?

NATO. No, mamma, I did not touch them.

SALOME [*to the guests*]. Sit down, I beg.

[*All the guests sit down at the table, Nato and her friends sit on the other side of the stage. Salome, standing, deals the cards which the guests hand one to the other. Then they pay in the stakes to Salome, which she lays on the table in front of her.*

Enter Alexander.

NATO [*going to meet Alexander*]. Alexander, why were you so long?

ALEXANDER. I was obliged to be [*leading Nato aside excitedly, and in a whisper:*] I have something to say to you.

NATO [*in a whisper*]. What makes your hand tremble?

ALEXANDER. They have brought action against your father in the courts.

NATO. What! For what reason?
ALEXANDER. Because of debts.
NATO. Who told you so?
ALEXANDER. Your father himself.
NATO [*laughing aloud*]. Ha! ha! ha! [*Whispering:*] My father has no debts.
ALEXANDER. Well, he told me so himself.
NATO. He was joking. Don't believe him.
[*Goes over to her friends, laughing.*
ALEXANDER. Well, I can't make it out. I am not so stupid, however. Until I have the money in my hands I will not cross this threshold again.
SALOME. Let us begin. [*Guests begin to play.*

Scene V

Enter Chacho.

CHACHO [*coming from left*]. Get this stuff out of the way.
SALOME. What is the matter? What has happened?
CHACHO. What was to happen? We are ruined. [*Behind the scenes are heard threatening voices:*] "Here! Yes! No." [*Then Ossep's voice:*] "Come in, come in."
CHACHO [*to Salome*]. Do you not hear them?

Enter Barssegh through middle door.

BARSSEGH. This is really splendid! I work for my daily bread, and you illuminate your house on my money.
CHACHO [*to Salome*]. Now you have it.
SALOME [*rising*]. Are you mad? Show him out.
BARSSEGH. I will show you pretty soon who is to be shown out.
SALOME. Alexander, show this man out.
ALEXANDER [*to Barssegh*]. What do you want, sir? How can you indulge in such insolence?
BARSSEGH. That is not your affair, sir! I demand my money. Demand yours also if you can. You will be obliged to wait a long while for it.
CHACHO [*to Barssegh*]. Have you no conscience?
BARSSEGH. I want my money, and nothing more.

Enter Ossep, Gewo, a sheriff and his secretary, Dartscho, and several others.

Ossep [*opening the door with both hands as he enters*]. Come in! come in! [*The others follow him.*] Play, play and laugh as much as you will over my misfortunes!

Chacho [*aside*]. Now it is all over with us!

Salome. Tell me, for God's sake, the meaning of this.

Ossep. God will judge you and me also. [*To sheriff and others:*] Come, make your inventory, put your seals on everything—the house, the furniture, and on the cards, too.

Barssegh. Make an inventory of everything.

[*The sheriff lists furniture in the background and puts a ticket on each piece. The guests assemble, frightened, on the left side of the table.*

Salome [*beating her head*]. Good heavens!

Martha. This is a disgrace for us as well.

Chacho [*in a low voice to Martha*]. You at least should be silent.

Ossep [*pointing to Barssegh*]. He has stripped me of my honor. Now you will honor and esteem him. He will arrange for your parties. Yes, he, the man who takes the shirt from my back and possesses himself of all my property.

Alexander [*aside*]. I have my sister to thank for all this, who dragged me into this house.

Ossep [*ironically*]. Alexander, look for a dowry elsewhere, for I can no longer give my daughter one.

Alexander [*angry*]. What, you deride me as well! I don't belong to your class, sir!

Ossep. And has it come to this!

Alexander [*taking his hat*]. I have not acquired my present dignity to lose it through you.

Ossep. Ha! ha! ha! His dignity!

Alexander [*coming near Nato*]. I have loved you truly, Miss Nato, but I must give you up. I am not to blame for it. Farewell. [*Goes to the door.*

[*Barssegh laughs for joy.*

Ossep [*approaching Salome, who stands dismayed, takes her by the arm and points to the departing Alexander*]. There goes your official!

NATO [*standing at the left near the sofa*]. Alexander! Alexander! [*Exit Alexander.*] Dear Alexander.

[*Sitting down on the sofa, begins to cry.*

SALOME [*in a low tone, striking her brow with both hands*]. Why doesn't the earth open and swallow me?

OSSEP [*to Salome*]. Now you are punished, are you not? [*Turning to Barssegh:*] Take it all, now! Satisfy yourself! [*Takes off his coat.*] Take this also! [*Throws it to Barssegh.*] Yes, take it! [*Takes his cap from the table and throws it to Barssegh.*] Make off with this also; I need it no longer.

[*Runs to and fro as if distracted.*

BARSSEGH [*in a low voice*]. Keep on giving!

[*Turns to sheriff and speaks softly to him.*

OSSEP [*taking up different articles from card table and throwing them on the floor*]. Take these also! Take these also! [*Taking a lighted candelabra and smashing it on the floor*] Stick that also down your throat!

SEVERAL OF THE GUESTS. The poor fellow is losing his wits.

[*Nato crying; her friends comfort her. Salome faints.*

CHACHO. Ossep! My dear Ossep!

GEWO [*embracing Ossep*]. Be calm, dear Ossep. You behave like a madman.

OSSEP [*after a pause*]. Gewo, I was mad when I settled in this city. This life is too much for me; it was not for me. I am ruined. I am a beggar. He is to be praised who comes off better than I. [*Exit.*

SALOME [*with her hand on her brow sinks down on the sofa, groaning loudly*]. Ah!

GEWO. Poor Ossep!

BARSSEGH [*turns from Dartscho, to whom he has been speaking, to the sheriff*]. What are you gazing around for, sir? Keep on with your writing.

[*Sheriff looks at Barssegh in disgust, sits down by card table and writes.*

MARTHA [*to the guests*]. We have nothing more to look for here. [*Aside:*] A charming set!

[*Goes toward middle door; some ladies follow; others stand offended.*

CHACHO [*raising her eyes*]. Would that I had died long ago, so that I had not lived to see this unfortunate day!

CURTAIN.